THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by B[illegible]klin

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this magazine, place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

JUNE 22, 1918

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PAINTED
BY NEYSA McMEIN

The Horrors of Moonlight—By George Pattullo

The rug illustrated is Congoleum Art-Rug No. 340. The 6 x 9 ft. size retails for $8.50. It is impossible to show here the many charming colors in this design.

Artistic Patterns—For Every Room in the Home

THE one big, outstanding feature of Congoleum Art-Rugs is that they combine all the artistry of design and coloring found in fabric rugs, with *superior* qualities of sanitation, durability, and economy.

Just *see* how beautiful this rug is! Observe the delicate colors, the effective pattern, the harmonious border-design.

Think how simply stunning one of these Art-Rugs would look in that room you plan to furnish.

Artists Have Designed Them

The patterns have been designed by men who understand the requirements of the average American home, and the color-harmonies have been planned to match most any decorative scheme.

Of course, we show but one of the artistic patterns here, but even this will serve to indicate what you may expect to find in the dealer's stock. You may be certain that there is a size and design suitable for any room in the house where a low-priced fabric rug would be used.

High in Quality—Low in Cost

There is nothing in Congoleum Art-Rugs for the water to rot. The felt base has no tendency to curl or "kick up" at the edges, so the rugs lie flat without fastening of any kind.

They are water-proof, so it's easy to keep them clean. No beating and sweeping to fill your lungs with dust; a damp mop is all you need.

Your Dealer Has Them

You can get Congoleum Art-Rugs in any of the popular sizes, from 3 feet x 4½ feet up to 9 feet x 12 feet. They are made in a variety of beautiful patterns, from which you can easily select one to meet your taste and requirements perfectly.

Look for the Gold Seal—Note the Guarantee

When you ask for Congoleum, you expect to get Congoleum quality. You want the genuine because the colors and patterns are splendid, because it lies flat without fastening, because it wears better than other printed floor-coverings, and because it costs so little.

The new Gold Seal helps you make sure of what you are getting. It is visible evidence of our guarantee that Congoleum will give you *satisfaction*. Look for the Gold Seal. If you don't see it, *insist* that the salesman show you the name "Congoleum" stamped on the back.

Send for our Free Rug Color-Chart

If you want to see the other pretty patterns before you call on the dealer, get this rug-chart that shows the actual colors. A convenient guide in picking out the patterns you like best. Send your name and address to the nearest office, and let us show you how to beautify your floors for little money.

The Congoleum Company

Department of
The Barrett Company

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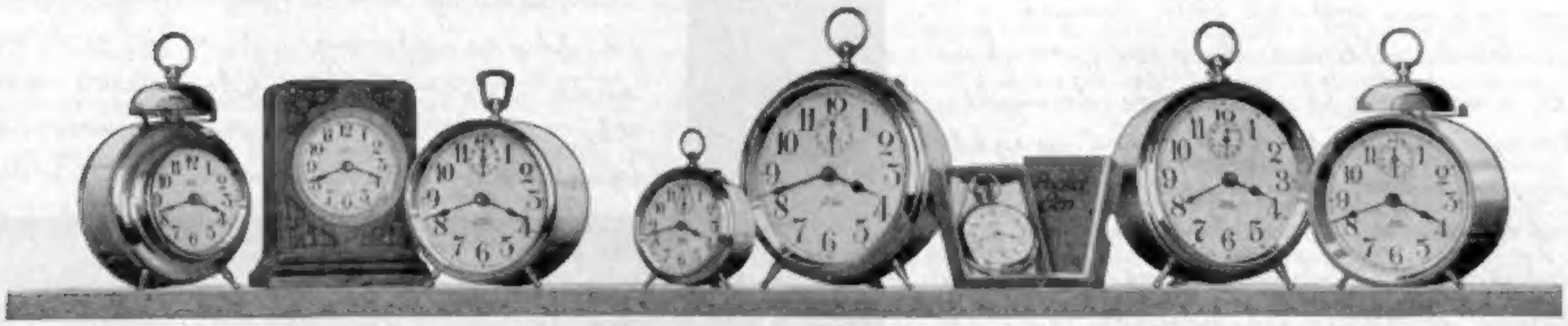

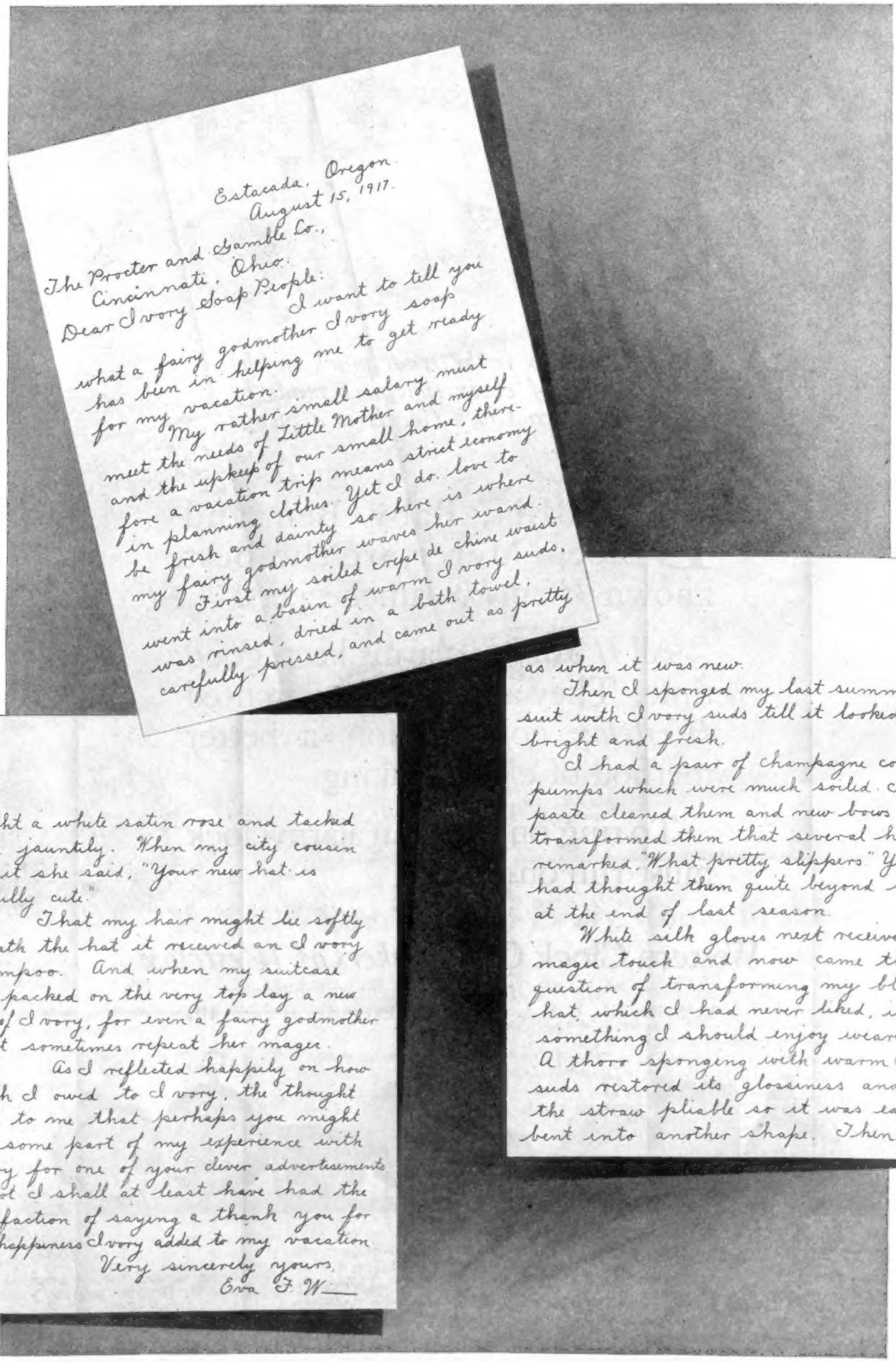

Estacada, Oregon
August 15, 1917.

The Procter and Gamble Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Ivory Soap People:

I want to tell you what a fairy godmother Ivory soap has been in helping me to get ready for my vacation.

My rather small salary must meet the needs of Little Mother and myself and the upkeep of our small home, therefore a vacation trip means strict economy in planning clothes. Yet I do love to be fresh and dainty so here is where my fairy godmother waves her wand.

First my soiled crepe de chine waist went into a basin of warm Ivory suds. was rinsed, dried in a bath towel, carefully pressed, and came out as pretty as when it was new.

Then I sponged my last summer's suit with Ivory suds till it looked bright and fresh.

I had a pair of champagne colored pumps which were much soiled. Ivory paste cleaned them and new bows so transformed them that several have remarked, "What pretty slippers." Yet I had thought them quite beyond hope at the end of last season.

White silk gloves next received the magic touch and now came the question of transforming my black hat, which I had never liked, into something I should enjoy wearing. A thoro sponging with warm Ivory suds restored its glossiness and made the straw pliable so it was easily bent into another shape. Then I bought a white satin rose and tacked it on jauntily. When my city cousin saw it she said, "Your new hat is awfully cute."

That my hair might lie softly beneath the hat it received an Ivory shampoo. And when my suitcase was packed on the very top lay a new bar of Ivory, for even a fairy godmother must sometimes repeat her magic.

As I reflected happily on how much I owed to Ivory, the thought came to me that perhaps you might use some part of my experience with Ivory for one of your clever advertisements. If not I shall at least have had the satisfaction of saying a thank you for the happiness Ivory added to my vacation.

Very sincerely yours,
Eva F. W——

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The Horrors of Moonlight

By GEORGE PATTULLO

NO MAN can know the depths of terror until he beds in a frail shack somewhere out on a hill, with the rending crashes of exploding bombs rocking the world round him, and in his ears the peculiar throbbing drone of a boche machine circling above to get the drop for another. He may have been in air raids in London and Paris—he may even have listened to a few moonlight sonatas in towns like Nancy or Toul—but he doesn't know anything of air raids and he ain't heard nothin' unless he's been at the receiving end of a night foray where there was nothing else in the vicinity for the scoundrels to hit.

Air raids are hard enough on the populations of cities, heaven knows; they constitute wanton murder, from any standpoint you may regard them; but the dweller in a city has one consolation—it's a mighty big target and there are so many others who might get it instead of him. But when you are in an isolated hospital somewhere in the bosque or resting in a tiny village with troops, and you know that the assassin of the dark is trying for you and nobody else; that the antiaircraft guns barking all about are almost as futile as pea shooters to drive him off; and you have counted two he has dropped, which probably means there are two more to come; and the only thing you can do is lie quiet, in shuddering silence—boy howdy!

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This Photograph From an Aëroplane Shows the City of Rheims Ablaze From Shells Dropped by the Germans

The hell of it is there's no place to run. In the trenches a man has a measure of protection. He can drop flat or duck round a traverse or make a dive for a dugout when he hears the scream of a shell. But a bomb from the sky gives no warning; it can get you in one place as well as another, or possibly more so; and the only thing to be done is to sit tight and trust to luck. Sit tight! With a terrible death perhaps hurtling through the air toward you any minute. That requires some self-control. You feel an irresistible impulse to move somewhere—anywhere; yet you can't. It represents the very acme of fear and helplessness.

Happy Nights With Fog and Clouds

I HAVE seen men who had gone gallantly over the top, who had shown fine nerve under fire in the front lines, cower beneath the blankets as the house quivered from the shocks; and I have bumped heads with them getting there. For I am not of those who sing as they go into battle; the ambition to be a hero departed long ago. I don't mind admitting, without risk of exaggeration, that I am fed up on air raids. Boy howdy, yes!

The first three or four aren't so bad. An air raid is a novelty then, and possibly you haven't seen the size of the hole the accursed bomb makes in the ground. But wait until you have been through twenty-two! Then a moonlight night will become a thing of horror, and you will learn to love fog and rain.

In other, thoughtless days we used to rail at the climate of France because of the eternal clouds and drizzle. Some of the boys still do, but they are the ones who have not yet experienced successive waves of Gothas. But no more moonlight nights for me; lowering skies, with threat of storm, every time!

Poets may rave of moonlight as they will; a poet's a hopeless proposition anyhow, and you don't expect any better sense. But I'm off a moonlight for life, as they say in the Army. Let others stroll in the soft languor of the summer nights; let others hug in the enchantment of its silvery rays. As for me, I'm headed for the nearest storm cellar. That has become a fixed habit.

It is fascinating to watch how air raids affect one's fellow men. Of course there are air raids and air raids. There are our perfectly legitimate excursions into the enemy's territory to give the rascals what is coming to them; and there are the Huns' barbarous attacks on us.

Seven of us were sitting in a genteel poker game. I had walked round my chair three times, with the happy result of seeing a pair finally, and had just said to the dealer "Gimme three off the roof," when suddenly we caught the unmistakable hum of an airplane motor. Everybody paused; for a moment the dealer's fingers grew stiff and he hesitated. Then he smiled and did his duty, for the noise was a steady cheerful purr, which is the sound a French machine makes.

We all leaned back comfortably and gave a tilt to our cigars. The hum increased in volume and passed overhead. It was as beautiful as Handel's Largo, for our gallant allies were off to bomb the blue blazes out of the dirty boches, and we wished those daring airmen a safe journey and a bull's-eye with every shot.

How it Feels to be the Target

BUT now the scene is changed. A little later came another sound; again there was a pause in the game. Everybody listened. The noise was like the drone of a giant bee, rising and falling. It was sinister, threatening.

The dealer folded the cards and laid them on the table. The whole crowd tried to smile, but their faces were too stiff. Somebody attempted a joke, but his voice turned thin and reedy. Anyway, it was no joking matter, for a boche airman was approaching. Yes, the murderous enemies of the human race were about their dirty work again.

Next instant we were startled by the thunder of a gun that seemed to have been planted out in the back garden, and a shrapnel shell whistled heavenward in search of the invisible foe. Another and another; the house quivered to its foundation and all the windows rattled. Our air defenses were putting up a barrage to head off the raider.

The airman didn't appear to be aware that they were shooting at him. He came tearing along toward his objective without a break—and we were his objective. You see, the antiaircraft guns don't aim directly at the machines, possibly because they cannot see them. They throw up a barrage of bursting shrapnel shells in the hope that the invader cannot penetrate it; but if, outside of the official communiqués, a night

barrage ever drove an enemy airman back I have still to hear of it. So far as I have been able to discover, the chief dangers of an antiaircraft barrage fall to stray pedestrians in the streets.

Well, along he came. Without my being conscious of how it happened the game stopped. The players were gazing at each other thoughtfully and some of them looked wan round the gills. I had long realized, to a degree, how atrocious war can be, but the low-down unfairness and full horror of this one only came home to me now.

The guns were belching an angry chorus, and from high above descended echoes in the form of muffled explosions. Those were the bursting shrapnel. Much good they did; the throbbing drone of Heinie's twin motor swelled to a mighty diapason that drowned out every other sound in our ears. He seemed to be directly above us.

And then there came a blinding flash. A heavier explosion than any I had ever heard sent a shiver through the house and to the marrow of our bones. The village teetered. A crash and tinkle of falling glass; mingled with it a hurried scraping of chairs; the party was breaking up.

Somebody cried out "Hey, take your foot out of my face!" and we became aware that seven make too many in a poker game. One table could not shelter them all.

More deafening vibrations, an interval of agonizing suspense—and quiet settled down again. The drone of the raider grew fainter and fainter. Perhaps he would come back, but in the meantime we were safe, and in this business a man reckons from hour to hour. "All right so far!" is the motto at the Front.

After it was all over, everybody made light of the affair of course, and a lot of merry jests were cracked. Most of the jokes you hear in the Army are cracked, anyway. This lasted perhaps three minutes; it lasted, in fact, until the discovery was made that the chips had been tampered with and were inexplicably jumbled.

Certain winners instantly raised a howl about a shortage, more especially a lieutenant colonel who had been chirping like a peewee all evening, due to the fact that he could hold up a kicker to a pair and draw a full house. The colonel became quite heated over it and hinted at courts-martial and such. Also he let fall some general remarks that would be fighting words in civil life.

A Quick Thinker in Emergencies

ON THE other hand a second lieutenant of the Reserve Corps exhibited a manly resignation. Though he had lost steadily all evening he never once whimpered, and he didn't complain now. When it comes to that, he had small reason, for there stood a nice fat pile of blues and reds in front of him.

The colonel continued to storm, but it got him nowhere. Money talks, in any corner of the globe; and chips are ready interpreters. So the game was adjusted on the basis of what each man held, and when I commiserated with the lieutenant later on his hard luck he displayed surprise and admitted that he broke a few francs ahead.

"But I'm offa that kind of game for life!" he declared. "Too much rank in it. How the Sam Hill can I tilt a colonel out of a pot without getting in bad?"

This young man has received favorable mention several times for his quick thinking in emergency. I predict a brilliant future for him, in either the Army or a second-story career.

The first occasion on which I was at the receiving end of Heinie's drop curve chanced to be in Paris, in the latter part of July, 1917. Ah, those were carefree, happy days! An air raid meant nothing to me but a spicy adventure—a little dash of the romance of war. And now war means nothing to me but a drab, dirty, rotten, insane business of sleepless work and filthy living; of sickening wounds and bloody death; of foul smells and ruined homes; of fleeing women; of broken hearts crying for their loved ones; of tears and curses and praying hands.

I remember how, in that first raid, we sallied forth from our hotel and hurried up to the Etoile in order to get a clear view of the lights of the French aircraft scouring the skies for the invaders and the barrage bursting against the softly illumined clouds. To be sure, the guns made a prodigious racket, but it was all very unreal and a truly magnificent spectacle. It seemed strange to me then how the population of a vast city could ever become worked up over such a trivial incident. A second and a third raid failed to dispel this idea.

Toward the end of January I returned to Paris from the American Front. Came a starry night and about sixty-five Gothas, in successive waves. The warning sirens brought us all from bed and we watched the raid from the windows of the hotel. The heavens swarmed with planes; it was one continuous ear-quaking hum. Searchlights played athwart the sky; the guns were barking from a hundred points. Soon, above the whine and pop of the shrapnel, came the thundering crash of fallen bombs, and the building shuddered. One tore out the three top stories of an apartment house less than two hundred yards distant.

Yet even then an air raid held no terrors for me, and the wonder of it dwarfed for the moment one's horror against such barbarous slaughter. To wing one's way hundreds of miles through the dim void of night seemed such a colossal thing for mankind to have achieved. It was not until next day, when we learned that more than two score of helpless noncombatants had been killed and well over two hundred wounded, that the despicable undertaking assumed its real character. Unless it be torpedoing passenger ships there is no more cowardly form of murder.

However, I had not yet learned personally the full horror of a raid from the sky. That was to come.

I had been up in the front-line trenches with Company M of the Steenth Infantry for a few days and nights. It is the nights that make you long for the old homestead. Anyway, I had been up there awhile, and after a few days I got a wound—a wound in the jaw. It hurt considerably and took away from the enjoyment of the slum at meals. The thing swelled and kept on swelling, until finally I had to walk out of there to see the doctor.

"Pretty soft for you," remarked the captain enviously. "Boy howdy! You'll be sittin' on the world back there in a hospital."

A youthful medico who possessed scant experience of war wounds diagnosed my ailment as mumps, and despite vehement protests ordered me back to a field hospital.

"But, doc," I pleaded, "listen here! A man of thirty-eight doesn't have mumps. It isn't reasonable. Besides, I've got to go back there. And anyway ——"

He yawned. "Twenty-one days for you," was all he said.

So they piled me into an ambulance that night, together with five doughboys similarly afflicted, and we drove cautiously along a frequently shelled road to Field Hospital Number Thirteen. Note that number—thirteen. I ought to have known there would be a jinx on it.

They put me to bed in a separate room. Only a full colonel, a member of the General Staff or a correspondent with mumps can hope to obtain a separate room. There were some officers and second lieutenants in the next ward—sixteen in all. They had various ailments. Some had wounds, and a couple had pneumonia, and three were glee-club singers. All will probably recover, except the trio.

I had expected that my services at the Front would at least command respect and my present affliction gain me sympathy. Instead I got nothing but jeers. From the commanding officer, who tittered when he looked at me, to Old Man Junius Wood, who brought a teething ring for a gift, my predicament extracted nothing but levity. Even Mr. E. H. Sothern grinned at sight of my face. Often and often I have paid two dollars to see that man act, whereas he can buy my entertainment for a nickel, yet his return call consisted of sticking his head inside the door to remark that I looked nice and fat.

Finally a doctor from somewhere in the South strolled in and contemplated me meditatively.

"Down in Kaintucky," he said softly, "they tie a pink silk ribbon round the neck in case of mumps. Perhaps ——"

But he got no further. There is a limit to human forbearance. If that guy's wife should read this paragraph she will know how he met his end and what his last words were. The name on his identity disk was Smith.

That night an Irish lieutenant from St. Louis entered my chamber of horrors to smoke a cigar, explaining first that he had had mumps once and carried a full line of insurance anyway; and who was going to win the pennant this year? Well, we were passing the time pleasantly, each recounting some of the heroic stunts he had pulled at the Front whilst the other fidgeted impatiently for a chance to spring what he himself had done—when we became aware of the approach of an airplane.

When the Hospital Was Bombed

"SOME Frenchman coming back," remarked the officer. "I hope he busted a few of 'em."

But it was no Frenchman. The drone of the motor was very different. Instead of the steady, cheerful hum of a French machine winging its way back from punishing the barbarous Hun it was an intermittent, throbbing drone—the noise made by the murderous night raiders of the Kaiser.

"Put out the candle!" exclaimed the lieutenant; and the candle went out.

We sat there and waited. Nearer and nearer he came. The sound became appalling in its note of threat. Why the mischief didn't they try to stop him? Hadn't we any antiaircraft guns at all?

It appeared not. The raider was flying very low—so low that we began to wonder whether he would miss the top of the hospital. And at last one of our defenders woke to life. A machine gun started to chatter at him. Another opened up. Whether this second gun belonged to the boche and he was peppering the village street or whether it was one of our own I could never learn; but the sounds made by the two guns were markedly dissimilar.

"Somepin's about to come off," observed the lieutenant softly. His cigar was still burning; I could see the end glow brighter as he calmly puffed on it. Silence had fallen over the ward beyond the partition. Not a light showed in the place.

Heinie was apparently circling above us for a sure shot. We could follow the course of his machine. Would he never let fly and have done with it? The tension was terrific—to sit there helplessly, waiting for his bombs. To have moved would have done no earthly good. Other refuge had we none; merely that frail shack on a hill. And the hospital was his only target—that and the village close to it.

"I hope he aims at us, and then he'll hit beyond the town," muttered the officer.

Whang! Whang! Whang! The hospital shook and rocked and shivered, and there was a tinkle of falling glass. A voice from the next room: "Listen to the damn fool!"

Another patient whistled shrilly.

"Hey, get out of my bed!" cried a third; and there rose a crackling laugh. Nothing that has occurred since we came to France has made me prouder of American manhood than the behavior of those young officers that night.

Meanwhile another invader was circling overhead. So far as we could judge only three bombs had been dropped, and every man there knew that three didn't constitute a full load for two machines. The savage drone of his motors swelled to a roar.

"Well, you've got the drop on us! You're right

(Continued on Page 30)

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French Aviators Drop Aërial Torpedoes on Triest, the Great Austrian Naval Base

THE SHADOWY GLASS

By Sinclair Lewis

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

THE wall paper in Lelia's bedroom was cream-colored—a cream soured and streaky—with a pattern of ingeniously hideous chrysanthemums in faded red. The brown woodwork was grained in a cheap paint, which had cracked into thousands of jagged squares. The iron bedstead shouldered a large, costly, intolerant bureau of black walnut. No amount of window opening ever got rid of the stale smell of soap and musty linen. Lelia always compared this thin odor with the drained light of the sunless room.

The only sign of breathing life was Lelia, at the window. She was a winged spirit, slender and quick, and full of generous gayety. Those little ankles were meant for dancing out in the sunlight, but they were still now as she stared at her only view, the Barnes Mansion next door. The mansion, with its square two-story tower, its windows of colored glass under Moorish arches, had once been fashionable. But society had moved away; the mansion was a boarding house; on the porch was a couch, once gilt and brocade, now broken-backed and played upon by dirty children.

Lelia listlessly watched an old woman, whose hair was confined in a dust cap made of a dish towel, come out on the porch of the mansion and shake a duster. She followed every motion attentively. She had nothing else to do, nothing else to look at. When the old woman disappeared Lelia sighed and wandered to her dressing table.

"Capable—I want to make myself look capable; not so silly and useless," she said. She sat and thought about it, her elbows among the pretty things of silver and ivory she had brought to this sparse room, her hands pressing her cheeks and making a triangle of her face. "I will be a somebody!" she declared, her lips moving with the words.

She studied her coiffure, the swirl across one side of her head. Her hair was of the bright brown color of a new-fallen maple leaf. She brushed it with long strokes, which made it glitter like falling water, and put it up in a severe straight parting.

"Now I look like a business woman," she told herself delightedly. She leaned forward to stare at her reflection, patting her lips, trying to make them narrow and stern. Her lips persisted in curving into a smile. But they were suddenly fixed in horror. She peered into the mirror. Like a shadow in the glass, like the shadow of a ghost, she saw the image of her mother-in-law standing back of her at the door, sneaking to spy on her.

That gaunt woman disappeared from the doorway, silent as a bat. Lelia sprang up, faced the door, her hands, behind her, catching the linen cover of the dressing table and twisting it into folds. She rushed out, ran through the flat into the sitting room. Her mother-in-law was there, knitting and rocking as though she had not stirred. She glanced at Lelia contemptuously, mutely asking:

"Why are you running about in this idiotic fashion?"

"I won't submit! I won't be imprisoned like this!" Lelia vowed.

So She Was Left Alone to Face These Slinking Forms of Discontent and Disapproval That Crept Through the Flat by Day and Night

As an orphan of fair means, Lelia had been reared in a convent. She loved the sisters; but when she left them and came to Vernon to visit her cousins she was as excited as a student newly arrived in Paris. She believed that the dances at the Lakeside Country Club and the Sunday-evening suppers, at which Otis Corvalan was witty over chicken à la King, were the most splendid entertainments in the world.

Her cousins weren't quite society. In Vernon, that principal city of the state of North Iosota, there is a real society which is as definite about itself as the House of Lords. Its members are mostly of the old pioneer families, running clear back to 1840, at which date the pioneers left their farms in the East and hastened to North Iosota to rend the furs and land from the dastard redmen. Vernon society goes to Palm Beach and New York; it is in wholesaling, the professions or the railroad; it attends either Saint Simeon's P. E. Church or Pilgrim Congregational; and it frowns upon vulgarity, labor unions and all art except polite portrait painting.

Lelia's cousins lived five blocks from the Boulevard of the Lakes, and from clime to clime it is a matter of common knowledge that anybody in Vernon who lives more than three blocks from the Boulevard is out of it. The cousins yearned to be in it. They told Lelia, even before she had met him, that Otis Corvalan had been in it. Otis and his mother belonged to the *nouveau pauvre* now and did not live on the Boulevard. His father had lost most of his money, and had immediately and expensively died. His mother owned two small apartment houses, but the Corvalans could not afford to play with the Boulevard set. Otis gallantly faced his poverty, joked about it, and came to play with the set who owned flivvers and sat in the orchestra—twenty cents—instead of the boxes—thirty cents—at the aristocratic movie theater in Vernon.

Lelia first saw Otis Corvalan across the room at the party her cousins gave for her. He was a vigorous figure—young, ruddy-lipped; his dark brown hair so curly that it was like a close-fitting cap. She heard him sing out to Charlie Kane:

"Drunk again last night, Charlie? They're going to station a special cop at your house to help you to bed."

Everybody laughed, for Charlie Kane was notoriously the steadiest, most gleaming-spectacled of all the young married men in their group.

"Otis always is the life of the party. Don't you think he's terribly clever?" Lelia's youngest cousin whispered.

They were introduced. Lelia felt Otis Corvalan's strong, square, manicured hand warming hers; saw close those crisp adorable curls; heard his hearty "Welcome to town. Hope you won't find Vernon dull. Lots of excitement in this burg. We had three nights of grand opera two years ago; and last year Charlie Kane fell off a toboggan and broke his *ne plus ultra*."

Afterward, peeping from a corner like a young-breasted dryad in a primrose taffeta party frock, Lelia glanced about the room and glowed. This was the world outside, as she had fancied it in the convent; this raftered living room, with a fireplace and magnificently colored photographs of the Canadian Rockies, and, on an art taboret, a Russian samovar, the use of which no one exactly understood.

This was life—friendship with these laughing noisy people; such nice girls, such jolly young married couples, and, in the center, this Otis Corvalan of the magic cap of curls.

She was quite sure the lad she had visioned in the hidden dream place under the catalpa tree in the convent garden looked exactly like Otis.

It was an exclamatory party. Otis dressed up as Napoleon, with a sofa pillow crushed into a cocked hat. They danced to phonograph music and said funny things about their acquaintances who were not there. Otis spoke to Lelia three times; and once he danced with her. He was the best dancer in the room; while she knew only the waltz and a one-step consisting of walking like a high-school cadet.

She was abashed; but with him leading, his arm boldly lifting her, she had enchanted wings.

They all helped to get the refreshments. The cousins made the Waldorf salad and sent Lelia and Otis down to the basement to bring up the apples. In this not very romantic cellar, with its cement floor and whitewashed brick walls, its flyspecked electric globe and smell of decayed potatoes, Lelia was stirred to have Otis beside her like a young knight, his square shoulders three inches above hers.

He stopped, twirled the grape basket of apples, and sighed to her: "Dull party, isn't it? Same old jazz records; same old Charlie telling same old story 'bout Roosevelt. But there's one swell thing about yon salubrious e'en."

She looked, questioning.

"And that's you!" he answered.

"Me?"

"Yea, verily—thou!"

"Why?"

Otis the bold seemed to have become as shy as herself. He glanced away from her; he stammered:

"You're so—you aren't settled down; and you don't spend all your time gossiping, like a lot of these people who've never been more than fifty miles from Vernon. You and I know how it is in the East—I've been in Chicago a lot of times."

"But, heavens, Mr. Corvalan, I'm just a scared baby out of an Indiana convent! I don't know ——"

"But you like to have me—huh? You like to have me like you, don't you?"

"Y-yes ——"

He seized her hand, thrust it among the apples, and cried: "Why, see this apple! Best one in the bunch! Not going to waste this one on salad! Eat it!" He snatched her hand out of the basket and kissed it.

She looked at him, helpless. His glance came to hers and confessed his admiration. Untrained in the art of pretending to be indignant, Lelia stared back.

His voice was trembling as he muttered:

"You little light fairy thing—I believe I could lift you with two fingers. I will!"

He caught the handle of the basket between his teeth. It dangled grotesquely below his chin. He stooped, picked her up and, with one arm encircling her shoulders, one tightly pressing her knees, he carried her up the steps, into the kitchen, into the midst of the giggling party. Charlie Kane cried:

"Look who's here! Otis P. Lochinvar, trying to steal Lelia!"

Otis set her down on the kitchen table, put down the basket of apples, and ranted:

"Am I a horse that thee should say me nay? Seest thouest whomest I have foundest in the cellarest? I mean the cellaret. 'Tis the sleeping princess; and I'll say she's some cute kid. For—loest—when Lord Corvalan didest approach she saidest 'Oh! 'Tis Otis!'"

Everybody applauded very much. Lelia blushed. She did not heed their noisy comments. She knew that in the quick desperate grasp of those arms about her there had been something more real than a desire to be humorous. Otis left her there on the table; seemed to ignore her while he bustlingly brought in the ice-cream freezer. But in the midst of his arm-waving pranks his eyes looked full at her, and he seemed frightened.

When the guests were going they two had a moment together in the room at the end of the hall.

"You," he said shakily—"you are so wonderful! And you do like me!"

An agonizing look of confession between them; a sudden kiss. He was gone. But his spirit remained with her, hiding the world.

The almost-near-the-Boulevard group commented that Otis Corvalan was attentive to Lelia. He took her and the cousins to the cabaret at the Vernon Hotel; to a dance at the Lakeside Club. He borrowed a motor car

and gave them a picnic, and showed what a good driver he was by passing much more expensive cars.

She had, in that excited night after meeting him, believed that he would love like a young god, with a poetic and grandiose humility like that of the lovers in such novels as had been smuggled into the convent. She found that he was not a young god, but a young man living in Vernon. He never kissed her glove, nor knelt and wailed "I am unworthy of thee." Instead, he sat on the railing of the porch and teased her about shoes. And when he kissed her, after the Iosota Club dance, she discovered that kisses were not the respectful bloodless things they had seemed in the novels.

He Came Back to Roar That He Would Shame Them by Going to Work as a Roustabout

But, just as a young man, he was masterful. His waistcoats fitted dashingly, his barred ties of heavy crinkly silk were ahead of the styles, and he always labored to lift parties up out of dullness. He was not merely ornamental, however. He said such good things—things which showed that, though he was only twenty-seven, he was a man of profound thought and wide experience. Lelia was open-lipped with admiration of his pronouncements. He criticized the cuisine of the Vernon Hotel, the acting of the Garrick Stock Company, the manners of Claude Manahan, the politics of the Nonpartisan League, and the floor arrangement of Whalley & Baumgarten's Department Store. Especially regarding motor cars was he accurate and inspiring. He could tell any car from a rear view, and give the horse power, the carburization, the cost.

Her cousins hinted that, however clever Otis might be in pointing out the faults of others, he himself hadn't succeeded very well. He had held half a dozen jobs—assistant teller in the Exchange National Bank, salesman of advertising, a vague something in the office of a firm of contractors—and now he was doing nothing at all, they said spitefully, except living on his mother. But Lelia understood this better than they did. Otis had explained. He had left his job at the advertising agency because he, and he alone, had refused to endure the tyranny of the jealous manager. "I told him just where he got off!" announced Otis. And now, instead of being idle, he was "looking into something that's got millions in it!" He confided to Lelia:

"These conservative old bucks that sit round and feed their faces at the Iosota Club and think they put the busy bee in business—maybe they can't see it, but I do; and I'm right in on the ground floor. Chance of a lifetime! 'Have a million plunks, Sir Otis?' 'Thanks, m' man; don't care if I do, Meadows.'"

This chance of a lifetime was a newly discovered iron region in Northern Minnesota; one that would unquestionably rival the Mesaba Iron Range. Otis was trying to get his mother to invest; but she was prejudiced, Otis sadly admitted.

Rarely did he speak of his mother. She was out of town now, visiting a sister. From Otis' patient reticence about her, and from the ejaculation of one of her cousins—"Mrs. Corvalan sure is one nice large gloom!"—Lelia gathered that Mrs. Corvalan had been deeply saddened by her husband's death. Lelia caught herself resolving that when she had married Otis she would try to cheer up the poor dear old lady. Then, because nothing had ever been said of her marrying Otis, she flushed, and was surprised and frightened by the first pang of a hunger for love.

Of marriage Otis did begin to talk. He held her in his arms and swore that till he had seen her he had not known how miraculous life could be. She was to marry him; and as soon as he had put through the iron-land deal, as soon as he had persuaded his mother to buy a large block of stock and craftily sell it on the inevitable rise, they would have a roadster and a concrete house way out on the Boulevard, and give parties at the Lakeside Club.

He was uneasy about his mother's approval. She had, he said, never been herself since his father's death. Lelia wanted to win Mrs. Corvalan's friendship before marriage. But one day Otis burst in with the news that his friend, Tom McNevin, in charge of a small railroad construction camp in Wisconsin, had to go South two weeks from now and wanted Otis to take charge during his absence. Two weeks—that gave them time for a flying honeymoon. They were married the next day.

Of choosing a place of habitation, of hiring maids and buying a fireless cooker and intimidating the iceman Lelia knew nothing. In the mild activities she had learned in the convent she was industrious, but always her environment had been ready made. She was disappointed but not anxious when, during the honey-colored days of canoeing and of whispering beneath the Northern oaks, he said casually that just for the time being they would go to his mother's flat.

Lelia had never seen the flat. Otis said it was on a backwater that had once been the "swellest street in town." She pictured elm trees; yards returned to a shy, beautiful wildness. She would be more happy there than in the newer streets, with their glaring stucco.

Back from their journey, coming from the station in the luxury of a taxicab, they drove through a region of large drab frame houses, all alike and very near together, the rows of them broken by new four-family apartment houses, all of tapestry brick and brightened by sun parlors in front. It was a region of clerkships and worry about raises and about sending the boys to small colleges. They passed into a district that was a series of small towns. Here were no flats and movie theaters, but only frame houses, with barns behind them and washing on the lines; here lived the workmen who worried not about colleges, but about meat bills.

Lelia felt uneasy. This was not the metropolitan Vernon she had known. But they were coming into a quarter at once more impressive and more depressing: decayed streets; mansions fashionable long ago, but now, with their tower windows boarded up and their mighty wooden pillars rotted, turned into boarding houses. Where the Honorable Gerard Randall had once spun his gilded top, two staring Italian children lurked behind a rusty Gothic fence. Lelia was chill. Then on a street lamp she noticed the name of the street. It was the street on which the Corvalans lived. It was the street on which she was to begin her married life.

The taxicab drew up in front of an apartment house constructed in the experimental period of 1880. The whole basement story was above ground, giving it the appearance of having been washed out by a flood. The windows were stingy. The porches were of wood, painted in a sour shade of red, like underdone roast beef. The building was of that peculiar dirty yellow brick which at one time was invariably used for school buildings and prisons.

"Here we are!" said Otis, trying to make it cheerful.

"B-but I thought your mother's flats were those nice new ones, with the sun parlors."

"She's got a couple of those, but she says we have to stick here and save money. Dad built this shack a couple of centuries ago. Mother is just a little bit tightwad. Maybe we can get her to move." The voice of her hero sounded weak and complaining.

She followed him into a lower hall made more depressing by a sickly blue light dribbling through colored glass above the door. She crept after him up two flights of stairs and along a stale upper hall to the door of the flat.

The sitting room, facing on the street, had light enough, but the furniture was huge and ugly, damp with age and unhappiness. She tried to assure herself that she could make the room cheerful. But it was so ponderously silent. She shuddered as she felt the invisible presence of Otis' mother.

While he was looking at his mail she slipped away, down the railroad hall, to the bedrooms. They were dim. They were grudgingly clean. The furniture was an assortment inherited from the big house the Corvalans had once occupied, together with new pieces bought on the principles of economy and grim utility; large stuffed chairs of tattered fringes beside small nasty iron washstands. On the bed in the farthest room Lelia cried till her eyes ached.

She was ashamed that she had thought of herself; not of her gay lad, who had so long been confined in this tomb. She ran into the sitting room.

Otis was at the window, looking out, rigid. She kissed him and caroled: "We'll cheer up your mother; and we'll get some chintz and nice pictures, and make the flat a regular cage of canaries."

"I hope so," he said bravely. He was stuffing a letter into his pocket.

"What is it?"

"Just a letter from my mother—a sweet billet-doux answering my letter about our marriage. She—er—she won't be back here for some time."

"Let me see it."

"It would just bother you."

"Please! Aren't we going to share all our troubles?"

"Well ——"

Again she chilled to the sound of dilatory weakness in his voice.

She read the letter. She did not weep now. She laid the envelope on the center table and sat down, gazing at him calmly. But her nails were gouging her palms. Mrs. Corvalan had written:

I suppose it is useless for me to protest against your taking this somewhat important step without even doing me the courtesy of letting me know beforehand. I have so often tried to give you counsel that I cannot think of anything new to say. But I do wonder what sort of a young woman would permit you to marry her in this hasty illicit way. Is she too young and ignorant to know better, or is there some less excusable reason?

On the evening before Otis left for his month's absence, to take charge of railroad construction for his friend, Tom McNevin, Lelia and he had McNevin for dinner. They had no maid and Lelia tried to prepare dinner. She was plucky about it for an hour; but in the midst of burnt fingers and worse-burnt roast chicken, watery potatoes and sandy spinach, she broke down and howled.

Otis laughed at her in his most adorable way, held her in his arms to kiss her, and shouted "You funny little crying thing!" till she smiled feebly. He insisted on sending down to the Vernon Hotel for a complete dinner, with wine. She remonstrated that they ought to economize; but he chuckled and would not listen. With mock funeral rites they dumped the late lamented attempt at dinner into the garbage pail, and danced to a new and expensive jazz record he had brought home.

Her Otis, the light of parties, did not shine much in the presence of Mr. McNevin, who was a mustached, quizzical man, much older than Otis. Otis boasted of his knowledge of aviation, French literature and brass molding; but, as McNevin asked him questions with grave insulting reverence, he promptly abandoned the attempt to be impressive and began to ask questions in turn.

Lelia had a feeling of being permitted to look into Otis' soul. She watched him lay up a stock of that diversified and accurate knowledge for which she had admired him. He who had impressed her with his knowledge of the Northwest and ignition was asking McNevin about the Northwest and—"Say, Mac—you take your car—how does this darn' ignition on it work anyway?"

Lelia was amiable—less inclined to swing from boisterousness to a mood of dreamy brooding than she had been on the honeymoon. But under this even surface she was thinking—thinking—thinking.

Then Otis was off for his month in charge of McNevin's camp. Lelia was alone in the flat.

Her cousins came to call on her, with fluttering and rather smirking curiosity about the cabala of marriage. She discovered the tradition that all conversational bars were suddenly down as soon as she was married. They overwhelmed her with the frankness of the stories they had breathlessly extracted from other brides; and they more than hinted that they expected her to oblige, in return, and add to their private library of curious literature.

Lelia Caught in the Mirror the Image of Her Mother-in-Law, Spying on Her From the Doorway

As she listened to them Lelia fancied she was changing, physically, visibly, from a gentle, fragile being into a sturdy, abrupt woman. She smiled placidly at her cousins and gave them a detailed and peculiarly tedious account of towns, trains and dining-car service. The cousins gave her up. They mechanically invited her to stay with them during Otis' absence. She felt that they were sorry for her. She promised to come to dinner often, and to "run in on them—oh, very, very often"; but she refused to stay with them for even one night.

So she was left alone to face those slinking forms of disapproval that crept through the flat by day and night. For a week she never sat down without wanting to look back of her at the something that was standing there, waiting.

Her mother-in-law, who had been negligible during the honeymoon days, small and far-off and feeble, had swollen into a mighty form that filled the flat. It was her spirit that darkened the rooms, her contemptuous murmurs that made up this noisy silence.

At first Lelia tried—with much consideration of economy but without much knowledge of the belligerent art of shopping—to get some decorations to enliven the flat. She bought rosy cretonne curtains for the sitting-room windows, a cretonne cover for the biggest and ugliest chair, a print of a hollyhock lane; and she was almost happy as she lost herself in the activity of cutting out the curtains. But she didn't dare to put them up. The spectral figure of Mrs. Corvalan seemed to stand beside her, forbidding her. And—since this was a year or two before the appearance of war relief and the Red Cross—there was nothing more for her to do. She was mentally marooned.

After a week she no longer started at the sound of imaginary footsteps; but she settled into the brooding of the lonely woman, a meditation inarticulate and inconclusive, yet so absorbing, so enmeshing will and desire, that she didn't even trouble to prepare meals. For evening supper she contented herself with tea and toast.

She was thinking about Otis. She was being frank about him. She was not seditious in her thoughts. She did not blame him for bringing her to this dust heap of the soul; she tried to forget her glimpse of the easy sources of his information; she barred out memories of his sappy complaints about his mother. But she did portray him as a boy, not yet grown up.

As a lass in the convent, her hours of meditation had been rose-misted and sweet with the promise of love. No such fairy dreams were her long hours of thinking now. They were gray; they were as bitterly real as the frozen earth of winter. But they grew from mere contemplation into the first constructive thinking she had ever done in her life of pleasant evasions.

She determined that, since Otis was a child, she would rear him; and that to do this she would rear herself.

A solemn little figure, like a girl in big spectacles and a trailing skirt playing grandmother, Lelia went to the public library and took out two unromantic treatises—a cookbook and a volume on railroad construction. From her own small pocket money she invested in meats and sauces and vegetables that in their virgin state were strangers to her. She began a laboratory course in cooking, alternated with headachy attempts to find out why, how and what was this railroad construction that Otis was doing.

She became content. And her contentment was vastly increased by a letter for herself, which finally emerged from her mother-in-law's silence:

I have been trying to get myself to write to you. You must have thought me very discourteous. But, you see, I don't know much about you. Otis' letters present you as a paragon in general but vague in particular. However, you have my best wishes.

Sincerely yours,

REBECCA C. CORVALAN.

P. S. You will find Otis' thick socks, if he needs them in present work, in drawer beneath wardrobe in my room.

That day Lelia hemmed and dared to put up the new cretonne curtains. She stood back and looked at them—at the impertinent little crimson parrots flying among the blue orchids, all very bright against windows glazed by the reflected light from the sunset.

She patted the curtains with fingers sensitive to the crisp newness of the material, and sighed: "Oh, I hope she'll like them!"

She was equally optimistic in her plans for Otis. His letters were buoyant. He was "showing them!" McNevin was "a good scout, but not very long on system; and I am bringing the men up to scratch. Expect the Big Boss soon on an inspection trip and am sure he will hand me a real job. Would like it fine!"

She was proud of him. She imagined him appointed by the Big Boss as superintendent of an important camp. She would go to him; she would be glad to live in a shack among mountains or woods; she would cook for him and clean his mud-reddened boots. She sang and experimentally cooked such wilderness dishes as flapjacks and beans and doughnuts—and she ate them, too, as her appetite came back.

It was on a morning two weeks after Otis had gone that the bell rang briskly and she hastened out with the hope that it was the postman. She skipped down the hall. Slow, heavy steps were on the stairs. As she reached them she saw Otis himself coming up. He was bedraggled. He was in a torn blue-denim shirt and his mouth sagged.

She stopped, her hand to her breast, marveling.

"What are you —— You poor dear thing! You look so —— Oh, what is it?"

Then at Last Mrs. Corvalan Showed Herself the Traditional Mother-in-Law, Taking the Part of Her Child Against the Interloper

"Well, you'd be tired, too, if you'd sat up all night on the train!"

He slammed past her into the flat. She followed him into their bedroom, wailing:

"What is it? What is it? Why are you here?"

"Is that all the welcome I get from the girl I married just one month ago?"

"Why, dear, you have all the welcome in my heart!"

Standing behind him, she wound her arms about him—tried to catch his arms. He roughly drew away from her and growled in a voice not so much defiant as small-boyishly ashamed:

"Well, you don't need to start in with reproaches."

"What would I reproach you for? What have you done?"

"I've been fired! The Big Boss came —— Say, he's a devil! You simply can't understand what hogs some of those business men are! And he found a lot of fault, and all. And I up and told him just where he got off; and—and I quit."

"Oh!"

She sat on the edge of the bed, looking at him blankly, while he burst out:

"Go on! Tell me I'm no good, like mother always does. You women are all alike. You don't know the difficulties a fellow has. And then some fellow does him dirt, and you blame him for it; and you just deliberately try to think up all the cutting things you can ——"

"Otis, I have nothing to say. I had no thought of reproaches. You'd better lie down now and get some sleep. You'll find clean pyjamas in the top drawer."

She started toward the door, while he begged, his bravado gone:

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going downtown to do some shopping. You don't seem to care for my sympathy."

"Listen; please listen!"

He ran after her, all his pert assurance lost in a whining suppliance. She attended with cold courtesy while he howled:

"I was a chump! I didn't mean to be so cranky; but I was so tired ——" With a sudden terrifying wail he cried: "Oh, I'm no good!" And he threw himself upon the bed.

Tenderness overwhelmed her. She knelt by the bed, begging in her turn—begging him to forgive her. He lifted her up beside him and their unhappiness was forgotten in a long kiss, while his hungry hand stroked her hair, her shoulder.

Two weeks afterward Mrs. Corvalan announced that she was coming home, and Lelia began a terrified cleaning of every inch of the flat, while Otis, in a new suit, made plans for getting his mother to invest in the iron lands.

Lelia was sure, while they were waiting at the station for her, that Mrs. Corvalan would be large, plump and silver-haired. She would run to her and call her "Mother!" The dear old lady would splutter and capitulate damply.

The train was in, with its inevitable straggle of people with suitcases, its inevitable wonder: "Didn't she come, after all?" Then Otis shouted: "There she is!"

Lelia saw a tall, thin-cheeked woman, not in mourning but in a suit of lusterless black that was more gloomy than any mourning. Her eyes were dark, her complexion was sallow, her thin hands were brown, her hair was intensely black under her plain black-straw hat. Otis was crying "How are you, old honey?" with much effusiveness. Mrs. Corvalan merely nodded to him and fixed her eyes on Lelia; looked her over. Those dead eyes showed no emotion save uninterested prejudice.

"Mother!" Lelia tried to say; but the word choked her and she heard herself stammering: "So glad to meet you, Mrs. Corvalan."

"How do you do, Lelia?" grated the mother-in-law.

Otis was clamoring:

"Just a second, mammy, and I'll go buy a taxi."

"We will take a street car, thank you!"

Lelia trudged after the Corvalans—she was not a Corvalan herself, but a lonely little girl. On the car she tried to talk about the weather. Mrs. Corvalan listened, with a steady, speculative stare. In silence they came into the flat, Lelia's heart beating fast with the hope that her mother-in-law would like the cretonne curtains, or else savagely dislike them, rave about them—do anything to break this dreadful silence.

Mrs. Corvalan strode into the sitting room, glanced at the curtains, and, without a word, passed on to her own room and closed the door.

Steady eyes, contemptuously watching; secret eyes that peered at her and never overlooked her smallest nervous gesture; soft prowling footsteps that followed her from room to room; jealousy that enveloped her while she dressed or read, or dared to be so young as to kiss her boy of a husband—watching, listening, creeping.

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LABOR AND THE WAR

By William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor

IF THERE had not been a Federal Department of Labor when the United States declared war upon Germany last spring, Congress must speedily have created one. Never before in history was it so essential as now for a government at war to have a central labor administration and a consistent labor policy. In this particular the present struggle differs most from the great wars of the past in that it is a war of materials, a war of factory products.

Bring back any of the great military figures of centuries gone; bring back Cæsar, or Napoleon, or even our own Grant. Let them examine the vast machinery of destruction which the nations to-day have constructed, and they would be in a world utterly unknown to them. The days when armies could largely maintain themselves, when lines of communication were important but not vital, when invading hosts could live casually upon the country they occupied, are gone forever, gone to the limbo of the battle champions of chivalry and the victories won by the individual magnetism and daring of intrepid leaders.

War to-day is industry. The manufacturer as well as the strategist is determining the issues. Even courage itself is not the only important element, because military discipline can instill the necessary courage by wholesale, even in the ordinarily timorous; while the most valorous of troops are powerless if without the material for combat as we have come to know it. Given enough men to operate the tools of warfare, the question of victory then becomes merely a question of supplies. If you have the preponderance of materials you win—there can be no other outcome.

Consequently it becomes one of the first concerns of the belligerent country to keep in motion the wheels of its industrial machine; and to this end every country at war, if it did not already have the organization for the work, hastened to form its labor administration and adopt its labor policy. Labor was suddenly seen to be the determining factor. Without a loyal, contented and even enthusiastic labor at home the flow of supplies to the Front would be curtailed; and this, if continued, would invite disaster. In autocratic countries, no doubt, the policies were imposed upon the workmen, with or without their consent; but in the democratic nations these policies have been adopted after compromise and amicable agreement among all three parties to the transaction—the governments themselves, the employers and the employees. That is the course we are following in the United States.

Federal Conciliation

IN THE Department of Labor this nation had the agency that put the Government in touch with the workers. Among its several duties the most important was that of acting as conciliator in labor disputes and as arbiter when strikes had been called. The organic law of the department gave it this function. There was nothing compulsory about it; the Department of Labor held itself ready to step in, upon the invitation from either side in a contention. The appropriations of money granted by Congress to pay the expenses of such work were often meager; yet the department more and more became an effective force for industrial peace. In the four years of our existence prior to the declaration of war our organization had become expert in handling these matters. We found it to be often true that the Federal mediator could bring about an adjustment where the local committee or the State Arbitration Board had failed. There seemed to be a prestige attaching to the government officer that gave to his judgments an authority that neither side cared to disregard. Ours was not the dictatorial method of bumping heads together, but we sought for basic agreements that would bring permanent results.

Such was the situation when war was declared. At once the mediation work of the Department of Labor took on an importance that it had not had before, because now the public opinion of the country was jealous of even the smallest stoppage of work that might aid in retarding the national effort to supply ships, weapons, ammunition and other essentials to the army we were about to send to Europe. The work of the department in this respect was greatly increased, not because there was an increase in the number of labor disputes but because now, whenever these disputes rose, one side or the other, and frequently both, hastened to call upon the Federal Government to prevent any cessation of work.

Peace in the labor world was maintained by these methods for several months during the early period of the war. Then, when a threatening situation rose in the West, where the philosophy of the I. W. W. seemed to be gaining headway within the migratory classes of labor in certain districts, the President appointed a special Mediation Commission to analyze the causes of industrial unrest, to compose difficulties so far as it was able to do so, and from its observations to recommend the direction that any American labor policy should take during the period of the war.

This commission spent several months in constant travel and investigation, visiting the copper districts of Arizona, where the deportation of I. W. W. propagandists had created an ugly condition, the oil fields of California, the Pacific Northwest timber district, and other sections where industry was disturbed by labor unrest. Starting out in the early fall of 1917 this commission finished its labors in December in Chicago, where there was a threatened strike in the meat-packing establishments. In that time hundreds of witnesses gave their testimony to the commission. Its members, of whom I was one, thus had an extraordinary opportunity to study at first-hand the American labor problem as modified by the war.

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Cutting the Top Off a Big Douglas Fir to be Used in Wooden Ship Building

The Loyalty of Labor

IS LABOR loyal to the war cause? What does labor want? These questions I frequently meet. The first can be quickly and simply answered: Labor is loyal. Its attitude is in hearty accord with the war policies of the Government—let there be no mistake made about that. Maybe there is a small element of socialists and I. W. W.'s antagonistic to the war; but it is a very, very small group compared with the whole body of American labor—far smaller than the public supposes. The rest of American labor is practically unanimous in supporting the war program of the nation.

Indeed, the loyalty of labor would not be questioned to-day were it not for the tendency of the public to assume that whenever there is a strike the strikers are responsible for it. But this is an inconsistent attitude for the public to take. The real situation is that a stoppage of work takes place because there is a failure to agree. It takes two to make an agreement. The employer in an industrial dispute is just as responsible as his employees are to see to it that no stoppage occurs. Surely it is going far to assume that the employers are always right and the employees always wrong; just as far as it would be to assume that the employees were always right. The fact is that when a strike occurs that ties up some essential part of the Government's war machine the responsibility rests with the employer or the employee as either is wrong in the position he has taken.

As to the question of labor's desires, the matter is not so simple. You can say that labor wants only what is fair, that it is not seeking preferential treatment; and still you have not simplified the matter. Labor, at any rate, does not propose to surrender the basic principles for which it has fought for the past generation unless it becomes absolutely necessary for the preservation of democracy. It realizes that if democracy is destroyed the principles for which it has contended and the standards it has established will be entirely dependent upon the whim of the autocracy set up over it. It will not see its temple battered down, leaving it when

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WANTED: A FOOLPROOF WAR

Seeing the War

By IRVIN S. COBB

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THERE was a transportload of newly made officers coming over for service here in France. There was on board one gentleman in uniform who bore himself, as the saying goes, with an air. By reason of that air and by reason of a certain intangible atmospheric something about him difficult to define in words he seemed intent upon establishing himself upon a plane far remote from and inaccessible to these fellow voyagers of his who were crossing the sea to serve in the line, or to act as interpreters, or to go on staffs, or to work with the Red Cross or the Y. M. C. A. or the K. of C. or what not. He had what is called the superior manner, if you get what I mean—and you should get what I mean, reader, if ever you had lived, as I have, for a period of years hard by and adjacent to that particular stretch of the eastern seaboard of North America where, as nowhere else along the Atlantic Ocean or in the interior, are to be found in numbers those favored beings who acquire merit unutterable by belonging to, or by being distantly related to, or by being socially acquainted with, the families that have nothing but.

Nevertheless, and to the contrary notwithstanding, divers of his brother travelers failed to keep their distance. Toward this distinguished gentleman they deported themselves with a familiarity and an offhandedness that must have been acutely distasteful to one unaccustomed to moving in a mixed and miscellaneous company.

The Joshing of Bejones of Tuxedo

ACCORDINGLY he took steps on the second day out to put them in their proper places. A list was being circulated to get up a subscription for something or other, and almost the very first person to whom this list came in its rounds of the first cabin was the person in question. He took out a gold-mounted fountain pen from his pocket and in a fair round hand inscribed himself thus:

"BEJONES OF TUXEDO"

There were no initials—royalty hath not need for initials—but just the family name and the name of the town so fortunate as to number among its residents this notable—which names for good reasons I have purposely changed. Otherwise the impressive incident occurred as here narrated.

But those others just naturally refused to be either abashed or abated. They must have been an irreverent, sacrilegious lot, by all accounts. The next man to whom the subscription was carried took note of the new fashion in signatures and then gravely wrote himself down as "Spirits of Niter"; and the next man called himself "Henri of Navarre"; and the third, it developed, was no other than "Cream of Tartar"; and the next was "Timon of Athens"; and the next "Mother of Vinegar"—and so on and so forth, while waves of ribald and raucous laughter shook the good ship from stem to stern.

However, the derisive ones reckoned without their host. For them the superior mortal had a yet more formidable shot in the locker. On the following day he approached three of the least impressed of his temporary associates as they stood upon the promenade deck, and apropos of nothing that was being said or done at the moment he, speaking in a clear voice, delivered himself of the following crushing remark:

"When I was born there were only two houses in the city that had porte-cochères, and I—I was born in one of them."

Inconceivable though it may appear, the fact is to be recorded that even this disclosure failed to silence the tongues of ridicule aboard that packet boat. Rather did it enhance them, seeming but to spur the misguided vulgarians on and on to further evidences of disrespect. There are reasons for believing that Bejones of Tuxedo, who had been born in the drafty semipublicity of a porte-cochère, left the vessel upon its arrival with some passing sense of relief, though it should be stated that up until the moment of his debarkation he continued ever, while under the eye of the plebes and commoners about him, to bear himself after a mode and a port befitting the station to which Nature had called him. He vanished into the hinterland of France and was gone to take up his duties; but he left behind him, among those who had traveled hither in his company, a recollection which neither time nor vicissitude can efface. Presumably he is still in the service, unless it be that ere now the service has found out what was the matter with it.

I have taken the little story concerning him as a text for this article, not because Bejones of Tuxedo is in any way typical of any group or subgroup of men in our new Army—indeed I am sure that he, like the blooming of the century plant, is a thing which happens only once in a hundred years, and not then unless all the conditions are salubrious. I have chosen the little tale to keynote my narrative for the reason that I believe it may serve in illustration of a situation that has arisen in Europe, and especially in France, these last few months—a condition that does not affect our Army so much as it affects sundry side issues connected more or less indirectly with the presence on European soil of an army from the United States.

Like most of the nations having representative forms of government that have gone into this war, we went in as an amateur nation so far as knowledge of the actual business of modern warfare was concerned. Like them, we have had to learn the same hard lessons that they learned, in the same hard school of experience. Our national amateurishness beforehand was not altogether to our discredit; neither was it altogether to our credit. Nobody now denies that we should have been better prepared for eventualities than we were. On the other hand it was hardly to be expected that a peaceful commercial country such as ours—which until lately had been politically remote as it was geographically aloof upon its own hemisphere from the political storm-centers of the Old World, and in which there was no taint of the militarism that has been Germany's curse, and will yet be her undoing—should in times of peace greatly concern itself with any save the broad general details of the game of war, except as a heart-moving spectacle enacted upon the stage of another continent and viewed by us with sympathetic and sorrowing eyes across three or four thousand miles of salt water. This was prior to our advent into it and had no great appeal upon the popular conscience of the United States. Out of the fullness of our hearts and out of the abundance of our prosperity we gave our dollars, and gave and gave and kept on giving them for the succor of the victims of the world catastrophe; but a sense of the impending peril for our own institutions came home to but few among us. Here and there were individuals who scented the danger; but they were as prophets crying in the wilderness; the masses either could not or would not see it. They would not make ready against the evil days ahead.

Flaws in a Glorious Record

SO WE went into this most highly specialized industry, which war has become, as amateurs mainly. Our Navy was no amateur navy, as very speedily developed, and before this year's fighting is over our enemy is going to realize that our Army is not an amateur army. We may have been greenhorns at the trade wherein Germans were experts by training and education; still we fancy ourselves as a reasonably adaptable breed. But if the truth is to be told it must be confessed that in certain of the Allied branches of the business we are yet behaving like amateurs. After more than a year of actual and potential participation in the conflict we even now are doing things and suffering things to be done which would make us the laughingstock of our allies if they had time or temper for laughing. I am not speaking of the conduct of our operations in the field or in the camps or on the high seas. I am speaking with particular reference to what might be called some of the by-products.

None of us is apt to forget, or cease to remember with pride, the flood of patriotic sacrifice that swept our country in the spring of 1917. No other self-governing people

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HARPOONED

By HENRY LEVERAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

SHE was the steam whaler Grimsby, out of the port of the same name.

Micky McMasters was her skipper. Red Landyard, a tall Yankee from New Bedford, was the Grimsby's ice pilot. The rest of the whaling crew—boat steerers, mates, harpooners, engineers and water-front scum—had been garnered from the British ports before the declaration of war by the Central Powers.

Ice, a bad season and a northeaster drove the Grimsby well down in Hudson Bay, where she wintered for two seasons, so far away from civilization that Micky McMasters wore his patient soul out wondering when the floes would clear and allow him to break through to civilization.

The longest winters, like the sweetest dreams, however, have a habit of passing. The steel-sheathed whaler finally thrust her stumpy jib boom through the last of the spring ice and steamed for the whaling grounds and the home of the bowhead whale.

"Go 'way!" Shouted McMasters. "You'll Gaily Our Whale! Clear Out, You Rotters, and Let a Poor Whaler 'ave a Chance. It's the First for Three Seasons"

Little Micky McMasters knew that it was all up with his captaincy if he reached England without baleen—or whalebone—'tween the Grimsby's oil-soaked decks. Two hard Scotch speculators owned the whaler and they would brook no excuse. Micky had an idea that these owners were anxious to turn the whaler into a trawler. He hated trawling as he hated the fogs of the Doggerbank. He often said he could see "nothin' in 'errin's or penny bloaters."

This sovereign contempt steeled his determination to make a killing in the whale field that would be shouted from Rotherhithe to Land's End. The grind and the solitude of the winters in James Bay had driven the iron of strong resolve into the casklike chest of the little skipper. Where whale food showed—in oily patches upon the waves—Micky drove the Grimsby with all the sail her rotting spars would carry. He was nursing his slender bunkers of coal for the final attempt.

The winters had been spent in preparation. The whale lines and bomb guns had been gone over so often that the crew had rebelled at Micky's untimely energy. They had hoisted the crow's nest to the heel of the fore-topmast even before they blasted the way out of the ice. In this coign of vantage Micky had roosted, like a gamecock in a nest; and there he stayed, fair weather and foul, searching the waters of Baffin Bay for the first sign of fair game.

One whale would soften the hearts of the owners. Two bowheads would bring forth the black bottle of good cheer from beneath McPhearson's old teakwood desk. Three heads of bone or more would gladden a certain little home on the Humber, where Micky summered in the basking smiles of two boys, a collie dog, and the missus, who was the best cook from Casco Bay to the Baltic.

Micky, with his eyes glued upon the mists of the northern horizon, felt a tear well in his heart and rise up to his left optic. He feared the consequences of a barren voyage. He saw, in fancy, the pained faces of his dear ones when the news would be carried to them.

There was a do-or-die expression on his face—a square blocking of his jaw—as he thought of all that went with disaster. He would rather drive the blunt prow of the Grimsby upon the North Cape than come into the Humber with an empty hold. He felt like an African hunter who had stalked the veldt for years without sighting game.

The boats were ready, down to their bailing dippers. The whale lines were coiled in their tubs. The davits were oiled and half swung. The crew had been trained like the crack crews of liners, who went through the submarine zones with all lights out and the passengers sleeping in their life belts. Micky did not know anything about this, however.

The world had gone to war while he was nosing round James Bay. The air was filled with wireless and disaster when the Grimsby was locked in the ice. The southern seas were full-loaded with U-boats and floating mines. Micky didn't know; nor did Landyard, who swore he'd fasten to a bowhead or take up farming, which matched Micky's do-or-die resolution.

Bowhead whaling is a game for patient men. There are killer-whales and walruses in northern waters; but these have no value in the market. Whalebone alone counted. One head would pay for a voyage. Given the right position, Micky or his ice pilot would be reasonably sure to fasten the first bowhead sighted. Micky knew this. He strained his eyes to tears for the first sign of the horizon-low spout. He had the crew lined against the rail and on the spars, with a promise of a squareface of gin and a pound of cut plug to the first man who should sight white water or the bowhead's vapor when it rose for air.

There was no question of another winter. It was now or never for Micky and his mates. The Yankee ice pilot was convinced that theirs was the only ship in those seas. Whaling had become the poorest gamble in the world. Few ships had been spared for the service.

Trawling was far more profitable, because trawling was sure, despite the rise and the fall of the market. The steam whalers from American ports were barely making expenses. One thing only the Grimsby had in her favor: she was early upon the ground—due to the unfortunate wintering—and this might be the saving grace of the voyage. The Yankee had shared some of the little skipper's anxiety as the days passed and they dropped down their latitude. Ice was thick and stubborn. Bergs were everywhere. The old floes grated against the sides of the whaler in a manner to set teeth on edge.

Red Landyard nursed no delusions. They might sight bowheads in schools. They should find at least one old bull "carrying the mail."

The odds were that they would, for a ship breaking out of winter quarters has the best of the season by two or three weeks. The Yankee pilot knew that McMasters was a broken man if he had to report to the Scotch owners that they hadn't sighted a whale in two seasons. It would mean the end of the chase, for the Grimsby.

"Nice!" was Red's comment as they reached a long lane of open water that led southward. "Here's where we fasten," he commented as he ran up the rigging and squeezed into the crow's nest alongside the spare form of the skipper, whose eyes were glued to the cold end of a decrepit telescope. "How's she look?" he asked shifting a cud from one leathern cheek to the other. "I reckon we ought to cash in this lead."

McMasters didn't answer. There was nothing to say. It was the choicest spot his fifty-year-old eyes had ever searched; but there were no signs of bowheads. Food was everywhere in oily patches that had even lapped up on the ice floes. There was a smell of fish and bigger fish in the very air. There were seals and walruses in plenty. All life seemed to be there except the very thing he had come after. It was ever that way with the little whaler. He resented the ice pilot's remarks as a man resents the question "Have you found it?" when still searching.

"Seems to me, skipper," drawled the spare Yankee, "that there's a Jonah aboard. I never seed better indications for right whaling than right in this little spot; and there ain't none! What's the answer?"

The cockney captain shifted the glass to its pocket.

"I'm blymed hif I know!" he throated, with a shake of his head. "'Ere we are in the same spot we froze on to three times—three, mind you! It was just a day like this—oil on the water and ice a-plenty—when we raised that school from the deck of the Bedford. The Mary Ellen was hover there." Micky pointed the stump of his forefinger toward the Greenland shore. "She was hover there, but came up too late for the grandest killin' I ever had. Five boats fastened. We lost two to windward in the ice. The three other whales we bombed in high style. The bone came to all of five thousand pounds—and bone was high in them days. That was my big season."

"We're well down," commented the Yankee. "First thing we know we'll be in the North Sea, where thar ain't no whales. I'm ashamed to look the owners in the face."

"They won't come out," was McMaster's dry remark. "Old McPhearson's got the eye of a gimlet. 'E'll take one squint, and hif 'e don't see a broom at our forepeak when we anchor 'e'll not listen; 'e'll break us then and there."

The ice pilot stroked a beard that draped over the edge of the crow's nest like a tinted icicle. He fastened his eyes upon the flecked rim of the southern horizon; then swore under his breath. Birds circled there and hair seal sported, but no feathered spume showed. He swung about the mast and squinted to the north. Ice shone and the glint of more ice below the rim of the world; but the lane down which they sailed was free from higher game. They were somewhere between Cape Farewell and Labrador, and their last chances were fraying out like the end of a piece of rope yarn.

"Keep 'er south," said Micky as he climbed over the edge of the nest. "'Old 'er on this course till eight bells. I'm goin' down to the deck for a stretch. I'm cramped like a sardine in a can. That blymed crew are wall-eyed from earnin' that quart of gin. I'll raise the figger. Hif three squarefaces and ten pounds of the best cut plug don't bring a spout there's no whales in these seas—there's none this side o' the bay. They're all in the Bering and the western Arctic."

The Grimsby wallowed on. She was full and by, with a tiny haze over her squat funnel in case steam should be needed for a quick run to windward. The chief and his second had their orders to use the last of the coal. Six days of southern sailing and steaming would carry them through the last of the whaling grounds. It would be useless to cruise back. The ice was coming south like a pack of hungry white wolves.

The crew of the Grimsby brought to Red Landyard's mind the picture of the latter end of an Arctic exploring expedition. They were clothed in every sample of fauna and feathers that Hudson Bay had to offer. They were half starved and complained of scurvy. They had little to look forward to save an iron dollar, as the ice pilot called the shilling paid to unfortunate whalers who had signed on at a two-hundred lay without catching a whale. The big pilot allowed his eyes to drop from the unchanging sea as little Micky McMasters rounded up both watchers and explained that it was going to be to their interest to raise a spout before they reached the Shetlands. This they already knew.

They cheered, however, at the promise of three square-faces all in one armful. The dingy whaler took on new life as the sharpest-eyed of the two watches sprang aloft. Micky, dead for sleep, went aft to his cabin and turned in, furs and all. He squinted at the telltale compass over his head; then dreamed of an ocean of right whales and hatches bulging with fourteen-foot bone.

Cape Farewell was rounded, and the sails trimmed for the long reach over the cold shoulder of Iceland, without sighting a spout higher than a killer throws. They skirted the drift ice, under steam and sail, till they reached Jan Mayen Island. Then it was that Micky gave up. He had come to the end of his passage. It was useless to go back. Bowheads were seldom known to seek those seas. The food was short, the crew on the verge of mutiny. The Humber called with its promise of green shores. Great Grimsby, with its docks, was down below the southern bulge of the North Sea. Micky gave the order in a whisper.

It was three hours after in the day they had turned toward England when a shout went up from the forecastle deck. Micky sprang from his cabin as if shot from a bomb gun. He reached and drew himself up into the weather rigging. Smoke rimmed the horizon to leeward. A pall seemed to be floating up to them despite the direction of the wind. Out of this pall there flamed a crimson splotch. A solid shot screeched across the whaler's stumpy bow. The shot skipped from wave to wave until it vanished in a smother of white spume.

Micky clamped his jaws. It was a message to heave to. It could not be denied. He gave the order with a surprised shout, as if insult had been added to his injury. The Grimsby went up into the wind and hung there with every sail fluttering.

"A destroyer!" shouted the keen-eyed Yankee from the crow's nest. "It's a regular water snake, painted gray. It's got four funnels and the speed of the damned. See her come!"

Micky saw her come. He reached across the oily waters and shook his fist. He called on all the saints of those seas to bear witness that he was a peaceful whaler in an ocean of hard luck. No flag showed upon the leaping thing that seemed to be striking at them. No sign was there of the destroyer's nationality. Her deck bristled with cruel guns. Her funnels seemed four volcanoes. She swung a cable's length from the whaler, reeled as a dancer on one toe, and rounded. She was gone in a fog of smudge and burning oil before the Grimsby's crew could run from rail to rail. Micky rubbed his eyes; then descended from the rigging as the Yankee started to swear.

The anathema from aloft charmed the soul of the little skipper. It matched just what he wanted to say. It was classical. The destroyer disappeared below the horizon before Red Landyard had finished. At last the crew recovered from the vision they had seen. They recalled that someone had given a course and an order. The whaler dropped back to her former point as they trimmed the sails. Micky grinned despite the insult. He glanced aloft as if urging a second chapter from the indignant Yankee.

Red Landyard, however, had found solace in tobacco. The cud he had bitten off would have choked an ostrich. The lump it made in his cheek resembled a mainsail puffed by a heavy wind. His icicle-like beard worked up and down with each clamp of his jaws. He had seen a destroyer waltz round them. He had noted a deck dotted with dungaree-clad sailors. But, more than this, the whole performance had savored of war—grim, red strife.

The destroyer was British. He knew the type. The maneuver, however, was new. Sea wolves did not have a habit of Maypoling shipping unless something was stirring in the North Sea or the western ocean.

"I'll wager," shouted down Red Landyard, "that England is at war. I'll lay you my share of this voyage against a kippered herring. The day has come. Mark my words—that destroyer was stripped and ready. She wasn't burning good Mexican oil just to show us her deck guns."

McMasters had nothing to say. His mind had gone over to the empty run and hold below his seamy deck. The Flying Dutchman of a destroyer was in the same catalogue as the bowheads they had not seen. The sea had been most unkind and now it was getting hostile.

Micky was in and out of his cabin at every stroke of the bell, forward. He had grown plainly nervous since the inspection of the destroyer. A something he could not fathom rested upon his chest. There was a vague air of electric induction in the sea about him. Tremors agitated the waves. The horizon was tinged with a reddish hue to the southward. It was not sunset. It was not a volcano. It was as if the world was aflame or ships were burning.

"Blyme me, I'm seein' things!" he exclaimed as he climbed aloft to relieve the ice pilot.

He dropped into the cramped quarters of the crow's nest; then he mopped his brow with a dirty sleeve. The temperature was at the freezing mark, but Micky was perspiring. He glanced shrewdly at the tall Yankee.

The vista before the two was one of a heaving ocean, dark green and uneasy. The waves seemed to crisscross and to be without direction despite a steady wind from the north and west. Oil patches quivered like flabby jellyfishes resting upon the surface. Sea gulls wheeled and called as if they, too, felt the presence of something uncanny, unreal. They hovered for a time about the whaler; then went, as one, down the wind to a spot on the sea where more birds had gathered. Micky and the pilot glued their eyes to this spot.

"The gulls—see the gulls!" hissed the Yankee. "They're higher up 'an we are. They're following a big fish. They see it. They're a wise flock of geese. We'd better lower."

Micky squinted beneath rigid brows. His nose gathered up into a puckered button. He shouted for the boats.

The crew of the Grimsby realized that something more than suspicion was in the terse choppy order of the little skipper. They had seen the hovering gulls above the sea, ahead of the whaler. They had searched the surface without sighting the gleaming hump of a bowhead. The thought had come to them, as it had come to the two seamen aloft, that instinct was a deeper thing than human knowledge and experience. The birds of the air were wiser than the scum of the sea who went North in whalers. They had pointed the way. They were following some huge body below the surface. This body was moving south at a speed set with the uniformity of a fixed purpose. It promised much. Bowheads had been known to cruise in these waters. They had been sighted from the Shetlands.

Micky watched the first boat drop to the sea. He clutched the ice pilot's arm as a second and a third went down. He shouted to heave the whaler to. He leaned and ordered silence as they came up into the wind. Then he gripped the big Yankee's hamlike hand.

"Hif it hain't you and me! Come on! We'll leave th' ship to th' mate. That's a cagy old bullhead and it will take men to fasten to 'im. 'E's been gallied by that destroyer, and 'e's peevish. 'E's a whale of a whale! It's our last chance, Mr. Landyard. Wot d'ye say?"

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Water Poured in Over the Gunwale. More Water Followed. A Niagara Struck From Above. The Boat Was Jerked Through the Waves as if Tied to the Tail of a Comet

ACES HIGH

By Sergeant Pilot Harold E. Wright

OF THE FRENCH FLYING CORPS AND THE LAFAYETTE FLYING CORPS

FOLLOWING that first encounter, meeting boches in the air became quite common. We usually found them at altitudes ranging from seven thousand to nine thousand feet; seldom above that. Upon certain occasions I would see them when flying alone and other times while I was with a patrol detail. As a rule the enemy outnumbered us; we were perpetually handicapped and rarely met them over our own lines. Hardly a day went by that I did not get my Nieuport into a combat.

However, this did not necessarily mean that either plane would be hit. Frequently I would fly at full speed for a head-on meeting with Fritz and exchange a stream of bullets with him until we passed. Sometimes hits would be scored with no material damage. Seldom would Fritz make a turn and reattack after once passing, but many a time I used to do a *renversement* and give pursuit. Then it would depend upon how fast the German could fly. In pursuit work, when firing at a machine from behind, I always used to aim low at first and raise the fire by degrees until my sight caught the range—that is, *if I could*—rather than aiming above and pulling down, as in revolver shooting. The advantage of this was that in case the Hun pilot started to dive, in hope of getting away, he would dive into my fire. When pursued the chances were that he would not attempt to climb higher, for he would lose speed in so doing. He knew that a Nieuport could outclimb him.

At first it annoyed me to have to go over the enemy lines in order to find wings with Maltese crosses, but of course this had one advantage: Wherever our bullets fell they could not kill Frenchmen or Britishers, as the case might be. They would not muss up some poor poilu or Tommy.

The Ruins of a Cloister in Rheims

Work in the Third Level

JUST when it was that I shot down my first Fritz I do not know, for the simple reason that sometimes when I scored a hit without setting the enemy machine in flames the crafty boche would dive and fall in a *vrille*, apparently out of control. However, if there were clouds in the air and if we were at a very great height it might be impossible to tell whether or not the falling machine had straightened out again. On several occasions I dived after flyers I had winged, or appeared to have hit, and chased them down several thousand feet in hope of seeing what became of them, only to find that I had fallen into a nest of antiaircraft batteries. Then it would be the dickens of a job to get up and away again. Sometimes I would see three or four boches outside the antiaircraft-gun range, coming up to meet me.

However, the first combat in which I am positive I scored was a few weeks after my début. At a height of not less than eighteen thousand feet while on patrol with Lieutenant Martel and Sergeant Barbier, and incidentally having a very chilly ride indeed, not far from La Panne I sighted a gnatlike thing several thousand feet below. We were patrolling what we call the third level—between fifteen thousand and twenty thousand feet. Having ascertained that I could stand the highly rarefied air I was assigned to third-level work quite frequently. Many of the boys in the escadrille could not stay up in the air at this altitude without becoming ill, and these fellows patrolled the first level, five thousand to ten thousand feet. Strange to say the biggest and strongest appearing of the escadrille were usually the ones that high altitude affected most. Though I could stand it, the pressure on the eardrums was uncomfortable, and the chill atmosphere was oftentimes altogether too cold.

Searching for enemy machines is strange work. You can be watching the entire surrounding country carefully and see not a sign of another plane, though the enemy may be hovering about within a thousand feet. You shift your eyes from a certain direction to relieve them from the incessant strain, and then you look again. There, where but a moment before you had seen nothing, a tiny speck is hanging in the air. You watch it, and it hardly moves. Soon you can pick it out of the surrounding landscape. If it is camouflaged on top it is that much harder to distinguish. It may be far, far below—perhaps three thousand feet or more. If over Fritz' lines and there are no shells bursting round it you can be reasonably sure that it is a German machine, without waiting to distinguish the Maltese crosses.

It was a very cold day of which I now speak and my fingers were numb—almost too numb to pull a machine-gun trigger lever, but it was no time to worry about such a mere detail as that. There was an enemy machine which, in spite of its camouflage, I soon identified as a Rumpler biplane or two-seater, the pilot in front and the observer occupying the rear seat. Presently I saw a second Rumpler straight ahead of us. If we split up our group and pursued them there was little chance of the enemy's getting away, for our Nieuports could be maneuvered much quicker than the Hun planes. On the other hand, we should be decidedly handicapped in one way, for each Rumpler had two guns to our machine's one, and two men to operate those guns.

Probably my mates did not see the enemy below and we were so far above that he could not possibly see us. To go for him I had to dive through the air for about three thousand or four thousand feet. It was some drop! In diving there is no side motion of the wings, no wind resistance. They cut straight down through the air. When I reached my man I let go my fire at the observer and he returned the compliment, but he missed. Suddenly I saw him keel over in the seat, so I maneuvered to raise my aim and took a shot at the pilot. This took effect too. The machine went down in flames. It was all over in a few seconds.

This Old-Type Nieuport With the Lewis Gun Mounted on the Upper Plane Was Largely Responsible for Holding the Huns at the Battle of the Marne

Tactics at Close Range

FIGHTING a biplane or two-seater calls for different tactics from those used in a tilt with a chasse fighter, for the latter can only fire forward, whereas the two-man type has a rear gun mounted with a universal joint. You first make sure that your gun is not jammed, then the usual custom is to remove the right-hand glove in order to get a sensitive pull on the trigger lever. Throttle down the motor and push control stick forward, surely but gently. Never shut the motor down entirely—merely throttle. While diving try to get the enemy plane focused in the telescopic sight which is mounted on the cowl. This sight has within it a sort of bull's-eye arrangement, consisting of three concentric circles with a cross in the center. There is a head rest upon the sight to steady the pilot's forehead while he aims. This sight is mounted on the front of the nacelle or cockpit. When the enemy plane is in such position that the back of the pilot takes up the entire circle in the end of the telescopic sight, let go with the fire. The rear-seat man will shoot back at you in all probability, but if he does he can only hit the motor. Then you continue to let him have it! Don't waste ammunition, but don't be stingy with it. You must never stop to think whether he will shoot or not. You must simply remember that the man on top has the better end of it.

The important thing to remember in fighting a two-seater is to withhold fire until the very last instant, as distance in the air is even more deceiving than on the water. The aviator must say to himself: "I've got to wait! I've got to wait!" When on top of the Hun, within about two hundred feet, let him have it! Fire away!

Having fired at the two-seater remember the next essential: Do not pass underneath him! Level out just before reaching the enemy and keep going slightly in front of and above him. If you have missed keep on top if possible, within fifty feet or so. Sometimes we have gone so close that our wheels would miss by not more than a yard, and by watching the

boche's aileron action our machine could be guided accordingly. By leaning out of the seat and observing one of the enemy's ailerons every maneuver the boche machine makes can be followed. But be sure to concentrate attention on the tip of one wing only—not on the whole machine.

Then, still keeping on top, pass over him, and as soon as you are slightly in front and above, the Rumpler's upper plane will block the vision of the observer, who cannot hit you with his mitrailleuse bullets. Next you veer off suddenly to one side and start to climb, and by the time the observer in the Rumpler's rear seat is able to see you again he has to make two corrections in his shooting—one for your speed and one for altitude.

Meantime, being stationary, the pilot's gun is unable to catch your range. The rear-seat man operates the swivel gun rapidly, but the upper plane obscures his vision for some time, and as soon as he can aim he is forced to shoot at an imaginary spot in front of and above you to allow for your speed and climbing angle. If he hits it is largely a matter of luck.

The Germans use phosphorous tracer bullets for this work, with every fifth bullet an explosive one, and the gunner makes his correction by its smoke trail. He will aim and shoot, see his tracer go in front of and under your wings, perhaps, then raise his gun accordingly. Most of the French pilots use a belt with every fifth bullet a tracer, but no high explosives. The high explosives do not shoot straight, on account of the softened sensitive nose, which makes the forward end lighter than the rest of the bullet.

Always bear in mind that you must be gentle with your machine, particularly in diving. If the stick is pulled back too quickly your plane will fold up like a butterfly's wings. The faster the machine is, the more sensitive. The secret of skillful airplane manipulation is to be slow and deliberate in all controlling movements—to give a steady pull or push for each—far different from the way the average man drives an automobile.

When an Allied airman is victorious he turns in his report, stating the time, place and height according to his altimeter. If the battle took place in some out-of-the-way spot, not directly over a town, the map is used to locate the place, either by means of a crossroads, streams or trees. If the Allied official observer in his balloon sees the enemy machine go down in flames the pilot gets the credit; if the observer does not see it the pilot gets no credit.

An Encounter With Von Richthofen

BY FAR the most effective work done by the Germans is with their two enormous squadrons—the Tango Escadrille and the Traveling Circus. These sometimes number as many as sixty planes each, all flying in formation, the aces with three stripes painted on their planes and the lesser fry without distinguishing mark. Following the death of Captain Boelke and Captain Immelman, for a long time the late Baron von Richthofen was the chief German ace and was in command of the Tango Escadrille. At the time of his death he was reported to have sixty Allied machines to his credit. His was always a nasty bunch to meet and they invariably kept him well protected.

The baron's brother, Lieutenant Richthofen, commands the Traveling Circus, and at this writing is said to have forty-eight planes to his credit. However, the men of the French Flying Corps doubt the veracity of these figures.

The Tango Escadrille received its name because of the way they had to dance when the French, English and Americans would start an attack and fire at them. The Circus received its name because the entire troupe always travel together like a lot of clowns and fly in circles.

War Cross Decorations

Upon one occasion I met the late Baron von Richthofen at a height of more than twenty thousand feet. The encounter surprised both of us, for he seldom flew detached from his group, and as a rule none of his escadrille flew at such a great altitude. He was surprised to see me, I know. In all probability the rest of his boys were down below, only a short distance, beneath some voluminous clouds. Possibly he had gone up there in pursuit of one of our men who had teased him into it and had outclimbed him, and in the meantime the baron had lost his troupe.

It must not be inferred from this statement, however, that one of our men was cowardly in running away from a more experienced adversary in such manner. Bear in mind that the flying fighter's life is not really his own; nor is his valuable machine his own. He is under strict orders not to take chances of losing when odds are against him. It has cost his government much money to teach and maintain him, and if he falls on German soil there are chances that his machine may drop in such a way as to be only slightly injured and the enemy may be able to rebuild the plane and learn much from it. Or upon certain occasions a boche observer might use such a plane for reconnaissance work or photography and be mistaken by the Allies for a French Flying Corps man. Of course this would only be accomplished at a time when no other members of the German escadrille were in the air to shoot their man by mistake, and also at a time when other German escadrilles were not straying in the vicinity.

So therefore if a flyer's machine gun jams, as it frequently does, or something is not running just right, it is a piece of strategy for him to make his get-away before the enemy can bag him. Don't ever worry about an Allied fighting aviator showing yellow or getting cold feet. If a man has nerve enough to go through the mill up to the point where he becomes a chasse pilot there is not much cowardice in him.

An Exhibition of Trick Stuff

ANYWAY, the day I ran into Von Richthofen I went right at him, though much was in his favor. He was a far more experienced pilot than I. But my machine, with its 220-horse-power Hispano-Suiza motor, was so much faster than his that I could simply ride rings round him. For at least twenty minutes we went at it, and I really believe that I exasperated him. He did all sorts of marvelous acrobatics to fool me. There was not much he did not know about trick stuff. Finally he came at me with a mad rush, and when he missed me he kept right on going. Sometimes I am of the opinion that I am glad he kept on going, for my ammunition was almost exhausted from shooting at him.

Early in our fighting careers we fellows learn that antiaircraft guns are things to be shunned. The German guns of this sort for some time were superior to the French. Only recently have the French caught up with Fritz in this respect. Though it is true that only one shot in from five thousand to ten thousand actually brings down a plane, it is nevertheless quite true that that one shell is quite sufficient when it does hit. In fact, the principal function of antiaircraft guns is not to hit enemy planes but rather to force them to seek high altitudes.

Whenever the pilot can hear the shell burst above the noise of his motor he is far too close to the enemy's range for safety, for it shows that the gunners have the range down to hazardous accuracy. As the range shells burst they emit spherical clouds of white smoke—"cream puffs," we call them.

In pinches like this if we dive the enemy gunners will note it and drop their aim in hope of getting us. So we try to pancake, slowing down and dropping laterally, keeping the entire plane parallel to the ground, without visible dipping. In this way we can drop two hundred feet or more without having it detected, for it is very difficult for those on the ground to observe this maneuver. Sometimes we sideslip to avoid shells, and when flying ahead usually zigzag. Once in a while we fly in a straight line to fool Fritz.

(Continued on Page 66)

United States Marines Spend a Quiet Hour on a Bridge Over the Meuse. Above—An American Soldier in France

MISS POMFRET

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

Harpington Endeavored to Fix His Attention Upon What the Clerk Was Saying, to Learn Why the Bright-Eyed Frenchwoman So Often Said "Yes, Monsieur"

NOT even when Miss Pomfret spoke, assigning to her maid the duty of confirming the list of her possessions, her delicately modulated words falling crystal-clear into the silence of the steamship office, did Harpington suspect who Miss Pomfret was. The connection between them insinuated itself slowly, suggested first to his consciousness by the faint perfume from Miss Pomfret's clothes. Harpington's heart throbbed; his fine grave face, over which there seemed to be a gray light, quivered. It was not until the clerk had almost reached the end of the amazing list of Miss Pomfret's possessions, and her scarlet cloak was mentioned a second time, that Harpington knew certainly.

Harpington had come, with many others, to make affidavit that the submitted list of his belongings lost on the Eldorado was correct. Three weeks had passed since the wreck, and those three weeks Harpington had spent alone, either walking slowly about the streets or sitting in his bedroom at the hotel. He had not yet decided whether he was required to go on living, now that Lucy was gone and all purpose in life with her; and a slight incident might turn the scale one way or the other. He had not, as yet, thought very connectedly upon any subject—neither the teaching position he had come to America to take nor the wreck; nor the woman and child he had saved; nor Lucy, whom he had lost. He sat with folded arms or walked about with head bent, knowing only that he was desolate.

The twenty or thirty persons who had preceded Harpington did not leave the steamship office when their business was concluded. They represented various strata in society, various occupations, various varieties of temperament. Most of them had only the value of a single steamer trunk to claim. In one desire, however, all were alike: all wished to talk, to tell of their human and material losses, and of the incidents of their rescue. Their loquacity was hysterical and pathetic. Only Harpington, sitting at one end of a deep leather sofa, and a lady in mourning at the other, who, like Harpington, had not yet been called to testify, said nothing, either to each other or to anyone else.

Harpington's tongue was tied, and the lady in mourning seemed similarly affected. Between them, who were entire strangers and who seemed likely to remain so, there was a resemblance—not of feature, but of expression. Once or twice the lady looked kindly at Harpington; but he made no response. His gaze was fixed upon the floor; upon the pillar in the middle of the room, with its encircling seat; upon the ceiling; upon the walls—though he saw none of them.

Even Miss Pomfret's unusual beauty attracted Harpington's attention only for a second. There was never a difference of opinion about Miss Pomfret's beauty. Into Harpington's mind came a fragment of poetry to express that for which he, in common with most of the rest of mankind, had no words:

"In the beginning God made thee,
A woman well to look upon;
Thy tender body as a tree,
Whereon cool wind hath always blown
Till the clean branches be well grown."

Then Harpington forgot Miss Pomfret. Under other circumstances he might have studied her with interest, comparing her with Lady Hamilton in her most exquisite moments. Now she passed into his mind and out. The maid who followed her, dressed, like Miss Pomfret, in black, and carrying herself with that combination of humility toward her mistress and pride toward the rest of the world which only a perfectly trained Frenchwoman acquires, he did not see at all. He returned to his contemplation of the pillar and the ceiling and the floor.

Miss Pomfret and her maid presented themselves before the clerk's massive desk. They did not need to wait as other persons had waited there. Seeing them, the clerk quite forgot that two other claimants should have been heard first. At the approach of Miss Pomfret, whom he had hoped to see before this trying sitting was over, he rose, his face coloring.

"Miss Pomfret?"

Miss Pomfret had been too long accustomed to compliments to be surprised at her reception. Nor would she have been surprised if she had known that silence had descended suddenly upon many tongues.

"Yes."

"You have come to make affidavit to your claim?"

"Yes."

The clerk opened a drawer and took out a sheaf of thin papers. There were ten or a dozen, covered closely with single-spaced typewritten lines. Then he came from behind his desk and found a seat for Miss Pomfret. His observation of high life upon the stage told him that the other woman was a maid and that she would find a seat for herself.

Miss Pomfret sat down and her maid drew up another heavy chair beside her. The maid flushed a little. The clerk should see in a moment that of the two she was the important person. She straightened her shoulders and lifted her head. She liked an audience, liked to be the center of a dramatic situation; and she knew that a dramatic situation impended. These staring people, swiftly taken in by a glance of her black eyes, had never had such an experience as that which awaited them. She was not by nature affectionate, but she felt something that was like affection for the mistress who had made this moment possible.

"Are you ready to hear the list, Miss Pomfret?"

Miss Pomfret leaned forward. Her voice was as lovely as her body, but its perfection was not satisfying. A voice should reveal character, but Miss Pomfret's voice exhibited only perfection of modulation and tone.

"My maid, Celie Charpentier, will be able to testify more accurately than I."

"Is this Celie Charpentier?" The clerk was proud of his imitation of Miss Pomfret's pronunciation of the French name.

"Yes, monsieur," answered Celie.

"You are acquainted with Miss Pomfret's wardrobe?"

"I am the only one who is acquainted with mademoiselle's wardrobe."

"You have seen this list?"

"It was prepared by me." Celie's English was as like Miss Pomfret's as the clerk's French was like Miss Pomfret's French. "It was a simple matter. I had prepared, before sailing, as usual, a list of mademoiselle's property, and that was in my hand bag, which I saved. This list is a duplicate. The original is with mademoiselle's solicitor. Everything of mademoiselle's was lost except her red cloak and her fur-lined boots; and those were ruined—ruined!"

The clerk was proud, having read the list of Miss Pomfret's possessions in private, to read it now in public. It connected him with the rich and great, to whose company he aspired; it furnished him with a story to tell his friends, a story the like of which he had never heard. He read, first, the names of the lost articles; then their value. Curiously enough, before the first page was off his lips, he suffered a slight misgiving, even though Celie, with an eye to climactic effect, had tabulated there Miss Pomfret's hosiery, the least valuable of her property. It may have been that a recollection of the personal nature of Miss Pomfret's belongings embarrassed him. He began in a clear, slightly nervous tone, which reached all ears but Harpington's.

"Fifteen pairs black silk stockings, two hundred dollars."

In answer Celie said "Yes, monsieur," and gave her head a little toss. Already the audience looked surprised, and Miss Pomfret had a hundred expensive pairs of stockings!

"Four pairs fancy colored silk stockings, thirty dollars."

"Yes, monsieur."

Now Harpington glanced at Celie, who thought his glance was for her. But Harpington had not heard anything she said, even about the red cloak, though there was a red cloak in his mind. The faint delicate perfume of Miss Pomfret's sachets had reached him and established a recollection. He felt again the weight of a woman's body in his arms; felt against his breast the stirring of the little creature she carried. He saw her standing, blocking his way down the steep narrow stairway, already crazily aslant, her warm red cloak enveloping her and her burden. She had not spoken to him; she was beyond speech; she had only looked, terror-stricken, dumb.

In spite of her helplessness and the appeal of her burden, Harpington had meant, for a second, to thrust her out of his way. He was returning to Lucy, whom he had left a moment before when, springing out of bed at the first rending crash, he had gone on deck to learn what had happened. It was now the thought of Lucy that steadied him, which made him help the bewildered woman. Lucy would have said this was his duty; Lucy did say afterward that he was right. He could not have gone back to her if he had left the poor creature, with her baby. He had lifted her; had struggled up the steps with her; had seen her safely into one of the lifeboats. When he returned to Lucy ——

But Harpington had thus far refrained from reviewing that which he felt would drive him mad. He now endeavored to fix his attention upon what the clerk was saying, to learn why the bright-eyed Frenchwoman so often said "Yes, monsieur." He had tried similarly yesterday to fix his attention upon the commands of an engineer directing the lifting of long iron girders.

He tried, alas, in vain. The clerk had now read two pages; his voice was lower and less clear. In what he read there was nothing, as yet, to interest Harpington. Harpington's mind caught the antiphonal quality of his dialogue with Celie; but no more than that.

"Underwear, three hundred and forty-six dollars and ten cents," read the clerk.

"Yes, monsieur," said Celie.

"Six nightgowns, English style, wreath and bees, three hundred dollars."

"Yes, monsieur," said Celie.

"One dozen embroidered handkerchiefs, thirty dollars."

"Yes, monsieur," said Celie.

Harpington now looked at Miss Pomfret's audience; but of them and their intense absorption he could make nothing. They were still listening breathlessly to Miss Pomfret's list. Though Miss Pomfret was rich, and could probably replace her belongings without the help of the steamship company, she had doubtless lost, like themselves, some precious human possession. The steamer list had given no other person of her name; but human relationships were not always indicated by name. At any rate, she had suffered cold and hunger and a frightful nervous shock, like themselves. They all hoped to talk to Miss Pomfret. *(Concluded on Page 46)*

THE FIRE FLINGERS

VI

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

THE two ex-convicts had carried Richard Olwell's body inside the door of the little back parlor, had laid it on the floor, and had then turned the key in the lock. They knew that if anyone belonging to Olwell's household were to try the door inquiries would at once be made. They knew also that no one else would wish to enter the room. Nevertheless, they were grateful for the key.

They stood in silence, panic-stricken, scarcely breathing. The room was so dark that they could not even make out the position of the white walls. Apparently it had three windows they could barely distinguish the difference in the quality of the blackness. Through one of them a distant light glimmered faintly. The body on the floor was quite invisible.

As they stood inside with their ears to the door they heard a new knocking outside, this time at the side door that opened from the dining room upon the porch.

They had not been a moment too soon. The side door was unlocked, and the person knocking did not wait for a reply before turning the knob. Had they not had the warning of the bell they would have been caught red-handed.

Their time, however, had not yet come. Their door was safely closed. Nor had they left behind them in the dining room any evidences of their presence to lead an inquisitive observer to look farther.

"This won't do, partner," whispered Chris Cotteril. "We're losing our nerve."

"We may as well have light," said Richard Hatton.

Feeling along the wall he found the switch button and boldly pushed it. He then slipped over to the windows, where he carefully lowered the shades.

The visitor who had so unexpectedly frightened them was the important Miss Maggie Driver, Olwell's proofreader. Miss Driver, seated in the car outside, had become tired of waiting for the master of the house. She was therefore making inquiries. It must be said in her favor that she had seen Mrs. Olwell leave the premises.

"Dick!" called Maggie.

She waited a moment, listening. When there was no response she crossed to the switch and turned on the chandelier lights, making note of the fact that Olwell's hat was lying on the tray stand and his coat across a chair, where he had placed them. "Dick! Aren't you through shaving? I'm waiting for you."

She now went to the kitchen door and looked out. When she did not see the man she sought she went to the door of the back parlor.

"Dick!" she called. "Not in there!"

She then crossed the room to the hall entrance and again called "Dick!"

Again there was no answer. She looked back over the room, mystified. The carving knife on the floor caught her eye. She crossed to it, picked it up and laid it upon the table, smiling knowingly.

"I thought she seemed in a hurry. He said he'd make her leave the house, and I guess he did."

The visitor did not long remain without company. Ellen had been told by her mistress to stay in her room; Mr. Olwell had been drinking. But when Miss Maggie Driver's fresh young voice began calling for Dick, whoever that might be, she decided that it was time to investigate. She now appeared at the hall entrance.

"What do you want? Who are you?"

"Where is Mr. Olwell?" asked Maggie.

"I do not know," said Ellen with lofty disdain.

Unquestionably Someone Was Behind That Door—Someone Who Was Afraid to Open It Boldly

"He told me to wait for him outside," explained Maggie.

"That would be better," said Ellen.

"I guess you don't understand. I'm his proofreader."

"I heard he had one."

"Don't be impudent, young woman."

Maggie, ignoring Ellen, continued her inspection of the room. Seeing the broken cup on the floor she crossed to it, picked up the pieces and placed them on the table beside the carving knife.

"You never can tell from the outside what's going on in the dining room, can you?"

The newspaper package containing the twenty ten-thousand-dollar bills that Olwell had concealed between slices of bread now attracted her attention. She slipped off the rubber band and peered inside. Had she known it she was handling Aladdin's lamp, that would have given her her every wish for the asking. But she was a literal-minded soul and saw only that the contents looked edible.

"Sandwiches! How funny!"

She closed the package, readjusting the rubber band round it.

"He'll have to eat them himself! I'll not. The dining car for me."

"Does Mrs. Olwell know you're here?"

Maggie became sarcastic:

"Would you please tell her? Somebody asking for her husband, tell her."

"A lady?"

"I'm as good as you are!"

"That's what the Limburger cheese said to the pound-cake."

Maggie perhaps was not losing control of her dignity, but she undoubtedly was of her social effectiveness. "You're only the hired girl, anyhow," she said. "All I have to do is to tell Mr. Olwell, and he'll fire you like that!" And when Ellen made no reply: "Ain't you the close wad, though!"

Maggie, her chin in the air, remained confronting Ellen for a moment; but when the reply to her original question was still withheld, she changed her bearing to one of greater aggressiveness.

"I demand to find my employer!"

"I don't know where he went," said Ellen.

"Me for finding out!"

And the proofreader stalked past Ellen into the hall, where a moment later she was heard calling at the staircase:

"Dick! Where are you?"

Then she went upstairs. A little later Ellen, who had been listening, softly followed her.

The dining room, still brightly lighted, was very quiet. Richard, listening at the door, decided that it would be safe for them to leave their hiding place. He had exchanged clothing with Olwell; Chris had skillfully used his scissors; and the dead man to all appearances was an ill-clad tramp with papers in his pocket showing that he was Richard Hatton, discharged from the California State Penitentiary at San Quentin after serving the full term for which he was committed. It was gruesome business; only the fact that Olwell had been so brutal toward them and toward his wife made it endurable. His death somehow seemed like a stroke of poetic justice, of which this addition was a fitting symbol. Even now they could not feel sorry for him. The poor shell of him that remained was at least serving a useful purpose, as had not been the case before.

The two men softly unlocked the door, opened it and stepped out into the dining room.

Had Ellen returned at this moment she would have seen the two printers of the earlier evening, both still bearded and wearing their hair long, but the older now dressed in her master's familiar Scotch-tweed suit. She would have known at once that the clothes and the man did not belong together. But Ellen did not return, and the strangers proceeded with their task.

"We must find Olwell's razor," said Richard. "He must have had one, for he was preparing to shave."

"He may have left it upstairs," suggested Chris.

"How do they fit?"

Richard crossed the room and stood under the light, turning slowly round as Chris inspected him.

"As if they were made for you. As far as your clothes go you will do. If I can fix up your face ——"

"You can't," said Richard. "Even if you could I couldn't pass for Olwell longer than about two minutes. It's not only my clothes and my face—it's my voice, and my walk, and the people I ought to remember, and the things I ought to know, and five hundred thousand other details!

"There isn't a possible chance that we'll not be detected by the first policeman who arrives."

"If we are, we are. It's worth the try. If I can only manage to give you the looks ——"

"You gave Olwell the looks," said Richard. "After all, that was the important thing."

Richard now began his search for the missing razor. Crossing to Olwell's topcoat, he lifted it and felt in the pockets. Then he saw the grip under the table.

"Hello!"

Leaning down he brought it out and hungrily opened it, laying its contents upon the table. Underneath collars, shirts and underwear, hair brushes and tooth brushes, at the very end of the road, he found the article he was seeking—a safety razor, with half a dozen fresh blades. Instead of adding it last, Olwell had begun with it. He also brought forth a small hand mirror.

"Between us we'll need about two blades, I'm thinking."

"See the shirts and collars!" cried Chris. "White goods enough for both of us!"

But Richard vetoed the suggestion.

"No, Chris. Only what you have to wear to-night, and you must burn them the first thing in the morning. The one accident that must not happen is for you to be caught with any goods whatever of Olwell's in your possession, no matter how small. These articles can all be identified."

"Maybe you're right, partner."

Richard gathered them up in a pile on the table.

"Now for some hot water."

"I'll get it," said Chris.

While he was gone Richard replaced the articles in the grip. A moment later Chris came back with the teakettle, a wash basin and a towel, and the two men returned to the back parlor. Here Chris swiftly cut Richard's hair, snipped off his beard, shaved him, trimmed his eyebrows and otherwise altered his appearance; and when he was through, Richard performed the same offices for him. Richard then added a collar and tie to his equipment, and Chris changed his linen. By the time they had completed their preening they were well groomed and suitably clad and bore not the slightest resemblance to the dusty caterpillars of the earlier evening. No created animal is so much dependent upon grooming for his appearance as is man.

"You Told Me You Had the Money Where You Could Get It"

VII

AFTER she had explored the rooms upstairs without success, Maggie looked at some magazines in the library. Then she returned to the dining room, with Ellen at her heels. The magnet in the dining room was Olwell's hat and coat.

"It's darn strange!" she said elegantly. And then to Ellen: "Why are you following me round?"

"Just for reasons."

"Oh! Afraid I'll steal your mortgaged house?"

Ellen made no reply.

"Maybe you're looking for somebody too."

Ellen remained silent, still coldly aloof.

"I'll tell you something: She left this house half an hour ago. And she wasn't loafing, either. She was on the run. That's why I'm in here now looking for my somebody. And I'll tell you another something: I don't care what you or anybody else in this town thinks of me, because I'm going to California! And she isn't! So there!"

Ellen's presence in the dining room was explained only in part by her duty toward Maggie. She wished to be within sound of the kitchen. She liked to work in the kitchen at this hour, for sometimes she had a caller. Sergeant Powers, of the Borealis police force, was accustomed to drop in now and then for a few minutes' chat.

As Ellen, coldly aloof, stood awaiting Maggie's further pleasure, a knocking in code, three taps followed by two, twice repeated, was heard at the back door.

"Who's that?" asked Maggie.

"Nobody that concerns you," replied Ellen.

"Oh! Your beau! A signal!"

Ellen hesitated as if uncertain as to Maggie, who had started for the kitchen but had stopped in mid-flight; then, tossing her head, she turned her back upon her and went out into the kitchen, closing the door behind her. Maggie, who was many-sided, tiptoed to the door and listened.

What she heard was Ellen's calm announcement that Mr. Olwell's proofreader was in the house and that they had better go into the dining room to watch the silverware.

"His proofreader, eh?" replied a deep voice.

Maggie waited to hear no more, but hastily crossed to the hall entrance. She paused at the foot of the stairs; then the kitchen door opened and she had a glimpse of a police uniform. After that she was less interested in Ellen's caller, but again took herself off upstairs to Olwell's library.

"She's gone now," said Ellen. "Her father runs a billiard parlor."

"Maggie Driver. I know the family. What's she after?"

"It's Mr. Olwell. He's trying to force Mrs. Olwell to get a divorce so he can marry the hussy!"

Sergeant Powers, of the Borealis police force, shook his head negatively.

"My advice to your mistress is, don't let him," he said. "Time enough for a divorce when she has somebody else she can marry. A wedding certificate's just the same as money."

"He's been drinking," continued Ellen. "You wouldn't know him! He's shaving off his beard and mustache, and I don't know what all."

"Smooth-shaven, eh? The woman did that."

"He's a brute!"

"A little too gay, sometimes, all right."

"Gay!"

"But he has plenty of money, and he makes money. That Olwell Press is a mint."

"He never gives his wife any."

"Some men don't."

"Oh! Is that so?"

She walked away from him over to the table.

"Mrs. Olwell turned all her money over to him when he needed it," she said after a moment.

"Why? Because she wanted to."

"He's just the same as cheated her out of it."

"It isn't cheating if she let him, sweetheart. That's nothing against a man."

"Being gay is nothing against a man! Being mean is nothing against him! Being dishonest is nothing against him!"

"It isn't as if he had been arrested and sent to state's prison, you know, for a crime."

The policeman approached the table, and Ellen again turned her back upon him.

"Oh!" she cried.

"What's the matter, sweetheart?"

She moved away from him.

"Don't sweetheart me!"

"I'm sorry, little sweetheart. Are you very angry? I came near not getting here to-night!"

"What made you come?"

"My good luck brought me."

Ellen sniffed and Powers continued:

"This morning the chief sent us to looking for two crooks from California, and this noon I picked them up. They led me one merry chase, believe me! Just about into every business house and factory in town! My job was to see that they didn't get by with anything. All day at that, and to-night ——"

Ellen pressed her hand to her bosom. She understood instantly that the men he was speaking of were the men she had left in the kitchen. "Why didn't you want them to work?"

"They were ex-convicts."

Powers misunderstood her trepidation.

"Don't be frightened," he said. "They've been in bed and asleep for an hour."

"Where are they?"

"That's my good luck! Asleep in your barn. I followed them to your alley back here, and saw them go into the barn; and I've been watching it ever since."

"They might have — come to the house."

The policeman smiled.

"I was there," he stated simply.

"An hour ago?"

"Yes."

Powers reached over idly for the two-hundred-thousand-dollar sandwiches, thrust his thumb under the rubber band, and then permitted it to snap back against the wrapper. He repeated this action five or six times; and as his eyes were on Ellen and not on the package, eventually the rubber band worked off. With a little more handling the package would have fallen apart. But Powers was like many others who have had fortune beneath their hands and did not know it. He automatically closed the package and replaced the rubber band upon it without taking the trouble to see what was inside.

"You're sure—they didn't slip away and—escape?" asked Ellen.

"They couldn't," said the policeman, laying down the package. "Not with me watching. Nothing ever gets away from me."

The pride of man! He thought he was speaking the truth.

Already the Officers Were Inside the House

"Are you going to arrest them?"

"After a while."

"I wish you wouldn't."

"Why not, sweetheart?"

"Have they done anything wrong?"

"No, but they will."

Ellen made an impatient little gesture with her hand.

"You have them tagged, haven't you? Because they were once in the penitentiary you've made up your mind they're still dangerous criminals, and you wouldn't change it for anything!"

"We don't want them here."

Ellen suddenly altered her manner to one of pleading.

"Please give them a chance!" she said; "especially the younger one."

"How did you know there was a younger one?" asked the policeman quickly.

But Ellen was not to be caught by a mere man in uniform.

"There always is when it's more than one."

"You don't understand, sweetheart. They're jailbirds."

"Why don't you arrest Mr. Olwell? They've already been in prison, and he hasn't."

"I haven't anything on Olwell."

"Because you've made up your mind he's respectable. You've tagged him respectable!"

"Everybody knows he's respectable."

"Everybody's a fool!"

"You don't understand, darling."

"I think I understand. You arrest some men because of their tags and you let others go free because of theirs."

"You have to decide about people some way, darling."

Ellen impatiently crossed to the window and looked out.

"I wonder if you've tied a tag on me."

"I have, darling."

"I refuse to wear your tag."

"You can't, darling."

"Ugh! Policeman!"

Powers walked over toward Ellen at the window. She turned her back on him.

"Standing guard over your heart, darling?"

"Standing guard over your tag!"

"Darling!"

"Don't speak to me!"

"For how long, dear?"

"Five minutes!"

"Five minutes is a long time, darling, but I'll try."

VIII

AS THE policeman, now silent, stood beside Ellen, also silent, at the window, they heard a sound across the room as of the turning of a key. And because their thoughts had been directed toward ex-convicts, the sound seemed to them to suggest burglars, or worse. They forgot about Maggie Driver and about Olwell.

"What's that?" asked Ellen tensely.

"Sh——!"

Nothing further was said, even in whispers, but turning, they stood and awaited developments across the room. As they stood there silent with their eyes upon the door they saw the knob slowly turn. Unquestionably someone was behind that door—someone who was afraid to open it boldly. Powers reached for his pistol and elevated it to cover the door. A moment later the door was cautiously opened and the man behind it was seen.

"Come out of there!" commanded the policeman.

The man at the door hesitated for a space of five seconds, then entered the room, closing the door behind him. Richard Hatton, tall and rangy, with dark grayish-brown hair and eyes to match, six months out of San Quentin Prison, sought by the police, was confronting the officer who had last been trailing him. He had on underwear of fine quality, a good shirt, a tailor-made suit, and a collar and tie. Other changes had also been made in his appearance. Instead of wearing a bushy beard he was now smooth-shaven. His hair was now modishly short, where it had been long and unkempt.

What was more important, his careful grooming, fresh linen and tailor-made suit had, like the desire for righteousness, created within him a new heart. His head was up. Clothes are the man.

Richard and Chris in the back parlor had been too busy getting themselves groomed and dressed to pay any attention to what might be going on in the dining room. They had closed the blinds and turned on only part of the lights. Had they not been so sorely pressed for time they would have been badly frightened.

Richard was ready first. Now it had not been their intention that Richard should make believe he was Olwell except to the police after headquarters had been notified. He did not really resemble Olwell at all. His eyes were of the same color and a similar distance apart, his nose was of the same type, his brow not unlike Olwell's, his hair nearly the same in color. His features were otherwise quite different from the dead man's. But, as they had told each other, Olwell had been wearing a beard and no one knew how he really looked with it off.

So that Richard's make-up had possibilities in it utterly beyond what a mere observer would have prophesied.

Ellen, who had last seen her master, Richard Olwell, in the act of preparing to shave, recognized him instantly in Richard Hatton. She had been thinking of the bearded ex-convicts; and her fear was that the slowly opening door would prove to conceal one or both of them.

"Mr. Olwell!" she cried in relieved surprise.

Richard took his cue from her word of recognition. He had heard and seen Olwell three times that day in widely different circumstances. He knew about how he would speak and act upon finding a stranger in his dining room. Addressing Powers with just the right note of irritated authority he became Richard Olwell at home.

"What are you doing in my house?" he asked.

The policeman sheepishly replaced his pistol in its holster.

"I beg your pardon, sir."

Richard walked toward him a few feet. He did not pretend to have been drinking, for he remembered that Ellen could have had only a glimpse of her master, and Powers no knowledge at all of Olwell's befuddled condition.

"Well?"

Powers seized Ellen's hand to indicate the situation, but Richard refused to understand.

"You can't enter my house without showing me your warrant."

Powers now tried to explain in words.

"Nothing official, Mr. Olwell. It's a—it's a purely personal matter."

"That may be. Why did you draw your pistol on me?"

"The fact is, I was so surprised—your changed appearance ——"

"Do you always draw your pistol when you are surprised in purely personal matters?"

The man who strikes first has a great advantage. Powers began to flounder and swallow water. "The fact is—I've been shadowing a couple of criminals, and it must have got on my nerves."

"What criminals?" asked Richard.

"A couple of ex-convicts. One's named Hatton and the other's named Cotteril. From California. Blew in this morning. They're out in your barn."

"Are they?" asked Richard dryly. "Then what are you doing in the house?"

Powers shrugged his shoulders as if he had said all that could be said.

"As long as I was so near I thought I'd speak to a friend of mine. They'll sleep as long as I let 'em. They're tired. An hour or so doesn't make much difference in this little town."

"You're going to wake them up and arrest them?"

"That's it."

"What have they done?"

"They stayed in town instead of beating it."

"I know. But what crime have they committed? What are you arresting them for?"

"What charge? Oh—vags."

"You're a brave man, officer," said Richard. "You'd better arrest them at once. I won't have any ex-convicts sleeping in my"—he paused to give the word its full ironical value, then continued—"in my barn."

Powers, who was looking for an opportunity to take his departure, stalked over to the kitchen door.

"Yes sir," he said. "I think the same, sir."

Richard stopped him, indicating the side door.

"Use this door, officer."

"Excuse me again for the gun play," said Powers.

"No harm done, and we'll both forget that it happened."

After Powers had crossed and gone out by the side door, Richard turned to Ellen, calling her carefully by name.

"Better sweep up these china fragments and crumbs, Ellen."

The crumbs were those left by Olwell in selecting and arranging the slices of bread for his two-hundred-thousand-dollar sandwiches.

"Yes sir," said Ellen.

Richard, who was watching her closely, saw her begin zealously sweeping up the crumbs and pieces of broken cup, laying aside the money package to do so. Not a question as to his identity seemed to be in her mind. She swept off the table, took the fragments to the kitchen and disposed of them, and returned to await his further orders.

If Richard was surprised at Ellen's complete acceptance of him as her original and only master, his surprise was to be made complete a little later. As Ellen returned to the room from the kitchen Maggie Driver appeared from the hallway.

"Oh, you're here!" she cried, gazing at Richard with interest. "So that's how you look with it off! I like it better."

Richard in a way had been prepared for Ellen, and also for Powers. He had seen them both before. But this new woman! He felt that he had lost his balance and was falling. Here was an exceedingly pretty young woman who recognized him and who liked him better as he now looked than she had as he looked before. Who she was he did not know. How to find out he did not know—except by asking her. He was likely to make a false step no matter what he said.

In any event, however, his danger was increased by the presence of both women. As he knew Ellen's name and status he would first get rid of her; then he would somehow dispose of the other.

"That will be all, Ellen, for tonight," he said.

Maggie watched Ellen leave the room without attempting to make conversation. She was a little in awe of Olwell. But after the maid had passed out of hearing she turned to Richard.

"Where were you?" she asked.

Richard, alert and trying to get his bearings as to Maggie, replied by asking another question: "Where did you think?"

The Two Policemen Left the House With Their Burden

"You don't show it," said Maggie, unconvinced, turning on her heel.

Richard undertook to put more feeling into his tones—her back was now turned, and besides his words contained no great substance, apart from their vibrant utterance.

"I wish you would pronounce your name slowly," was what he said.

"Me?" cried Maggie, mystified. "Why?"

He walked over to the table.

"I have an idea."

"My name is Miss Driver."

"Your first name?"

"Maggie. What's the idea?"

Richard maneuvered so as to keep the table between them for a moment.

"The name's very pretty. Especially when you pronounce it yourself."

"Don't you think I'm pretty?" asked Maggie, coquettishly.

"You're pretty too."

Maggie leaned over the table toward him. "Why don't you kiss me?"

"Not here!"

She walked round the table to him and again touched his face with her hand.

"I can't get used to you!" she said. "Change-face!"

Maggie now altered her mood, or her method. Crossing the room to the tray stand she took up Olwell's hat, tapping her foot impatiently upon the floor.

"We'll have to hurry if we're going to make the Limited."

Here was another clew—in its connotations a not unimportant one. Olwell and this woman making the Limited? Taken in connection with the words he had heard Olwell use to and about his wife, and Maggie's later actions—could it mean anything short of an elopement?

"What time did they say it left?"

"Nine o'clock."

"I've already bought the railroad tickets, haven't I?"

"You didn't buy mine," replied Maggie. "Yours. You put it in your pocketbook. I was to keep mine, because I bought it out of my own money you gave me. The Mann Law. Don't you remember?"

"Not clearly."

"You were a little excited."

"Did I buy a through ticket?"

"Straight through to Los Angeles. You talk so strange. Why not look in your pocketbook?"

Almost without thinking Richard reached in his inside coat pocket for the pocketbook. As he did so Maggie laid down the hat and slipped over to his side, obviously interested in getting a glimpse of its contents over his shoulder. But he caught himself in time. Remembering that it would not be wise to open Olwell's bill book in her presence until he knew what it contained, he returned it to his pocket.

Maggie walked over to him, interested in his smooth-shaven appearance. "I like it much better," she remarked. Then, to his genuine embarrassment, she reached up and brushed her hand over his cheek.

"You're not used to it yet, are you?"

"I don't feel like myself," said Richard.

Maggie gave him the clew he was seeking sooner than he had hoped.

"I'll always remember you did it for me!" She again touched his cheek. "That's a wrinkle! Your beard hid it, didn't it!" She stepped back and inspected him. "It makes your nose look bigger, but you look younger." She stepped forward and placed a pudgy forefinger on his chin. "Stronger, too. Your chin's heavier than I thought it was. I like heavy chins in men."

Richard stood her caresses as long as he could and then crossed the room as if to adjust the latch of the side door.

"You think my chin is heavy, do you? You wouldn't go so far as to call it prognathous?"

"Prog-what? You're kidding me." She glided across the room to where Richard was standing. "Not only your chin, I don't mean. It makes your whole face seem different somehow."

"The loss of a beard always does."

Maggie pouted at the coldness of his tone.

"Don't you like me any more?"

"Yes, I like you," replied Richard.

"You don't like to be teased, do you Maggie?"

Maggie again caressed his cheek.

"Have you the money—in there? I asked you once before and you wouldn't tell me."

"How much did I tell you I'd have?" asked Richard.

"You wouldn't say, except that it was enough to keep us for the rest of our lives." And when he shook his head skeptically: "All you could get hold of. All you could beg, borrow or steal, you said."

"Are you sure I said 'steal,' Maggie?"

"You said 'steal.'" Richard again shook his head. "You needn't look so injured! You were going to take it with you, so there wouldn't be any legal attachments or anything. We were going to Los Angeles, and you were going to put part of the money in the bank there for me, and hide the rest for a while in a safe deposit, and Mrs. Olwell would get her divorce, and then you'd marry me, and we'd begin life all over again and be perfectly happy."

"I don't remember saying anything like that, Maggie."

"You said it," replied Maggie tartly.

She stood back and looked at Richard as if puzzled.

"You've done something to yourself, Dick, besides shave off your beard. You're not the same!"

"Why do you say that?"

"Your voice is firmer." She thought for a moment. "And your nerves are steadier."

"Ellen made me a cup of coffee."

Maggie began angrily tapping with her foot.

"She did, did she? And me looking everywhere for you? And she wouldn't tell!"

(Continued on Page 62)

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 22, 1918

If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

Selfmade Exiles

LIBERTY Loan and Red Cross drives disclose in nearly every community certain obstinate slackers. They are so few nowadays that they at once become notorious and are pointed out—like the man with the rubber ear and the armless boy—dismal freaks standing in sharp contrast to normal humanity.

Very rarely are they pro-German. Pro-Germanism does not advertise itself now in that conspicuous way. Mostly they are grouches and sponges. Their simple psychology is that of a pig in a clover patch. While the feeding is good, nothing less than the impact of a rock against the ribs or of a scantling on the spinal column will inspire them to move on. So long as somebody else will keep the boat going they will neither bail nor row. They are the cross-grained, bilious sort which nurses all real or fancied grievances against the community in general.

Small as their number is, they raise an irritating problem. The community's feeling toward them is like the feeling of men who have been volunteering to put out a fire toward the able-bodied citizen who refused to lend a hand but perched on a horse block at a safe distance and watched their efforts with amused interest. The inclination to throw a brick in his direction is strong and natural. But it must be resisted.

There is nothing to be done with these obstinate slackers except to let them extensively alone. No man can thrive on the contempt of the community in which he lives. They must find that out. The man who is well able to lend a hand now and refuses to do it voluntarily exiles himself from the sympathy and respect of his neighbors. Let his own judgment upon himself as an exile stand in the future.

The Overman Law

UNTIL a month ago it could not be fairly said that anybody was responsible for the thriftless condition of the executive departments of the Government. Congress was not responsible, for the men who ran the departments were not answerable to it, but to the President. And the President was not responsible, because his hands were tied by congressional interference, Congress dictating the manner in which the departments should be organized, the number and pay of employees, and various other details.

The Overman Law gives the President, for the first time, a pretty free hand. He can change the organization of the departments and rearrange their personnel at will. For the first time both authority and responsibility are lodged in his hands.

The law's operation is now limited to the duration of the war; but it must be made permanent.

Responsibility for the departments must remain fixed and centered. We believe Mr. Wilson will take such advantage of the opportunity now given him to reform the departments that public opinion will not tolerate a lapse to the old situation.

We look hopefully to the Overman Law as the beginning of respectable American government on the technical side.

Reconstruction

FOUR years ago France was in a poor way, financially and politically. Since then she has performed miracle after miracle. The energy and devotion that have carried her through the war can carry her triumphantly through reconstruction. It is all an essentially simple question of the energy with which the total productive power of the nation is used, under intelligent organization, and of devoting the surplus product, after subsisting the population, to payment of the debt.

The war has shown that no task is too heavy for a nation that devotes its whole will and strength to it. The production of billions by the French people for war proves their ability to produce billions for reconstruction. Three times in modern history France has been played out—at the disastrous end of Louis XIV's reign, at Napoleon's overthrow and at her defeat by Prussia. Yet the Kaiser has found her anything but played out.

So with the other belligerents. Essentially it is only a question of organization, industry and thrift.

The patients will probably be offered much dope—many Bolshevik patent-medicine, whisky-and-opium cure-alls; twelve doses guaranteed to put everything right, with no inconvenience. Reconstruction will progress in proportion as they rely on the grim old remedies of hard work and hard savings under efficient organization.

The Pattern of Militarism

THE Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven is deputy chief of the German General Staff and a weighty authority upon military affairs in the Fatherland. Last fall he wrote a book to instruct his fellow countrymen in the lessons to be deduced from the great war.

The first lesson is that in the future Germany must have a larger army than in the past, with longer terms of service and more liberal appropriations. Before the war the people's representatives in the Reichstag occasionally presumed to cut a military appropriation bill. That must not be tolerated in the future.

Another and tremendously important lesson is that there must be no change in the system by which officers of the army are drawn from "that ruling race who exert a controlling influence, even if momentarily they are not within sight or hearing." He devotes one of his longest chapters to this subject—with great scorn for the ungodly arrangement in France, for example, where officers and men consider themselves social equals. His conclusion is:

"The spirit of German militarism, which has enabled us to stand the test of the world war and which we must preserve in the future, because with it our world position stands or falls, rests ultimately on the building up of an officers' corps which shall be thoroughly efficient for purposes of war. For this purpose a sound aristocratic tradition is of the highest value."

Such is the pattern the baron offers for the future organization of society. We believe, finally, the world must either adopt it or smash it.

A Junker's Democracy

THE Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven gives us also the Prussian ideal of democracy. There must be an aristocracy to furnish the officers' caste and in general to manage the job; and there must be a king, because "only under the absolute command of a war lord can any army achieve a really vigorous development." But the baron approvingly quotes Prince von Bulow that "the spirit of German militarism, as Prussia developed it and Germany adopted it, is monarchial, aristocratic and democratic." Elsewhere he repeats that the ideal arrangement is "monarchial, aristocratic and democratic."

But "in any case the masses, as such, can never rule"; consequently their duty is to obey. Docility is the chief element the masses are to contribute to the state. Subject to these restrictions and definitions, the baron is all for democracy. Its rôle is to furnish the men and the money—many more men and much more money; for "the demands which in this connection"—for the army—"were put before the Reichstag were but a feeble minimum of what was desirable, as the world war has proved."

Undoubtedly the baron's book—written after three years' observation of the world war—represents the minds that are now ruling Central Europe.

The Despised Class

ANYONE can recall offhand two great names in English literature that are not middle-class, or bourgeois, names—Byron the lord and Burns the peasant. Careful inquiry, of course, would extend the list, but it is doubtful whether it would yield more than five out of a hundred greatest. In other high intellectual fields you get about the same result—from Christopher Wren, son of a clergyman, and Isaac Newton, son of a freehold farmer, to Darwin, son of a professional man, and George Bernard Shaw, son of a government jobholder. Looking to high names abroad, you at once see Molière, son of an upholsterer; Voltaire, son of a notary; Schiller, son of a surgeon; Goethe, grandson of an innkeeper and son of an unsuccessful lawyer.

It was Goethe, by the way, who observed: "It is just where ideas are lacking that a phrase is most welcome."

In that sense bourgeois, or middle-class, as an all-inclusive term of reprobation serves a useful purpose by enabling a great many people to talk a great deal without having any ideas. It is rather significant, however, that in their passionate determination to eradicate everything bourgeois the Bolsheviki pretty promptly lapsed into a state of anarchy and barbarism.

The revolutionist's bitterest complaint against organized American labor is that it is hopelessly bourgeois—meaning that it is animated by a desire to secure higher wages and better living conditions through orderly, patient means. The characteristic bourgeois vices—orderliness, thrift and patience—are intolerable to a red radical.

A Hard Year Ahead

IN THE fiscal year that ends this month the Government will have spent about twelve billion dollars. In the coming year it will undertake to spend at least twenty.

Those are no mere figures on a printed page. They are no mere problems in bankers' finance, to be disposed of by clever bookkeeping entries. They are exigent and intimate personal notice that a hundred million people must do at least one-half better in the opening year than they did in the closing one.

We got through the closing year very easily. We practiced, more or less, the most obvious and convenient economies—those that involved only some little bother in changing our habits, like eating corn and rye bread instead of wheat, but left us, on the whole, living quite as agreeably as before.

Our rich folk cheerfully adopted the new fashion of giving fewer parties, as they would have adopted any other fashion not disagreeable in itself. But we have not noticed anybody who got so close to a war regimen that he barked his shin against it. And that was not actually needed. With such easy sacrifices as we made the country got through the year adequately and creditably. Probably there is no point in barking your shin until the actual need is at hand.

These Treasury figures certify the need. They are notice that we are now coming under a more rigorous war regimen, comparable to that of Europe. We must produce and save one-half more. It means you. It means every person capable of directing his production and consumption. It is an exigent personal message. Overhaul your budget now.

A Tax Comparison

IN NINE months of the current fiscal year the British war-profits tax yielded more than seven hundred million dollars, or at the rate of about one billion dollars a year. One billion a year is what our "war-excess-profits" tax was estimated to yield.

The British tax falls exclusively upon profits due to the war. It is assessed exclusively upon earnings over and above those of normal times, irrespective of whether normal earnings were large or small in proportion to the actual investment.

Our tax has nothing to do with war profits. It falls upon all earnings above nine per cent on the actual investment, irrespective of whether war has increased or decreased profits.

There is no doubt that a great deal of war profits escapes rather lightly under our scheme, nor that a great deal of normal profit is heavily mulcted. There is no doubt that the general tendency of the scheme is to favor big business as against small business. No doubt Senator Smoot's statement that his genuine war-profits tax would yield more revenue than the present bogus war-profits tax was well founded.

TOWARD MORNING

By I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XXII

THE little mountain train had come to its journey's end. For three hours—ever since it had left Friburg—it had toiled stolidly upward, biting its tooth hard on the grooved rail, muttering and clanking, sending up shrill cries of defiance as the winding track grew steeper. It had tunneled through the breadth and height of mountains and climbed precipices and hung dizzily on the brinks of chasms—a lonely, heroic black speck in a floating indefinite world of white and gray.

Once its steady course had been checked when from an invisible wall of rock an avalanche of snow had flung itself down headlong, so that looking ahead one could see nothing but a white frozen torrent, no one knew how deep. The engine driver, the guard and the solitary passenger had scrambled down and consulted together while the noiseless legions had whirled between them, veiling them from one another, muffling their voices, softly but irresistibly obliterating them—until all at once, without apparent reason, they had scrambled back to their places and the little engine had churned and buffeted its way through; yet less stolidly, as though it, too, had begun to be afraid.

"If I Swear to You on My Word of Honor as a German Soldier That I Will Return It to You at Once—Without Touching You—Will You Give Me That Revolver?"

And now it stood at the end of its journey, patient and unexultant, with the snow to its axles and the sweat trickling from its black flanks.

The soldier passenger lumbered down onto the platform. The white flying cloud exaggerated him, so that standing there, motionless in uncertainty, he loomed up as something monstrous and mysterious. At first he believed himself alone; and the loneliness had become familiar, not less disquieting. All the way up it had been the same—the empty platforms, the chill air of desertion and ruin. It was other than the desertion and ruin that he knew. For it had come slowly, insidiously—a thing of decay rather than of violence, a pitiful withering at the roots, a sad surrender to a slow-moving, inevitable death.

He stamped his feet in the thick snow and shouted impatiently. He could see nothing—not even the road, which must be close at hand. The mountains hid behind their flowing shrouds. But he could feel them near him. He could feel their shadow resting on him.

"By thunder! Is there no one here?"

Two figures answered. They seemed to spring out of nothing. One was the old and doddering guard, the other a peasant, massively built and powerful still, for all that rot had set its devouring mark upon him. He towered up like some ancient stronghold that time and ill fortune had battered into ruin—not into surrender. For a moment the two men neither moved nor spoke. They stared at Helmut, and he knew that the guard had fetched his companion to look at him, as though he were some strange phenomenon in their lives. The peasant shambled closer, his deep-set eyes peering eagerly into Helmut's face.

"So," he muttered, "it's over; over at last!"

"What's over?"

"The war, the war."

"No; it isn't!"

"Not over? Then why are you here? No young men come to Embach now. Not over? Why not? Why not?"

Helmut laughed shortly.

"Ask someone else. Ask the English."

"Aha, the English; yes!" The heavy-jowled, shrunken face grew suddenly sallow. He lifted a clenched, menacing fist. "Yes, you soldiers go too softly with them. You're too merciful, that's what it is. They're vermin! One oughtn't to have any mercy on vermin. One ought to stamp them out. Besides, they're cowards! If you showed your teeth at them they'd run away. Everyone says so. Then why don't they run?" His voice rose to a querulous cry. "Why don't they run? Why don't they leave us alone? It's because you don't fight properly! You're a lazy, overfed lot. You're too comfortable, too easy-going. If I were out there I'd put fear into them; I'd strangle them with my bare hands. I'd tear them to pieces! I'd—I'd ——"

He stopped, coughing, and then with a sudden change of tone he came nearer, wagging his head significantly.

"If they'd only listened to what I said; I told them about the English. They used to come up here every summer, nosing about and playing the friendly. And because they spent a lot of money the poor fools in the village were taken in. But I knew—I knew they were up to no good. There was a man always poking about my farm, asking questions; he wanted it; he knew it was the biggest in these parts. I shouldn't be surprised if he were at the bottom of all this."

Helmut shook off the hand upon his arm. He had a sudden desire to get away from these two spectral old men. He had a feeling that they had crawled out of their graves to speak with him.

"I dare say. But it's infernally cold standing here."

The peasant drew his tattered skin coat closer about him.

"Ay, cold, cold. Always cold. When will it be over? You tell me that!"

"I don't know. I don't know."

"Because it must be over by the spring. It must!" He blinked encouragingly. "You've only got to show your teeth and they'll run away. Everyone says so."

He turned and lumbered heavily into the driving snow.

The old guard struck a match and, shielding it carefully, lit his lantern. Under its eye the falling flakes turned to gold.

"Old Thomas used to be the richest peasant in these parts," he said. "But that's all gone. Everything. In the spring the moneylenders will have him. He used to come down here every day to meet the trains and the young men on furlough. But the young men grew fewer and fewer. They don't come any more now. They are all dead. The train wouldn't run if it wasn't for carrying the wood down for the military." He peered up at Helmut wonderingly, with a kind of awe. "You're not from these parts, young soldier?"

"No; but I am going up to the Althof."

"Ah—to the Bäurein Hildebrandt?"

"Yes."

"You are perhaps a relation?"

A stiff smile relaxed Helmut's frozen lips. He turned his head away, answering evasively: "I am quartered up there—on duty. Show me the way."

The guard lifted his lantern as though its feeble yellow ray could break through the flying twilight.

"She is strange, the girl up at Althof," he said. "There was a time when we shunned her like a witch, and the children ran after her, calling names. But now—now things she said come back to us. We would forgive and forget perhaps, but she holds aloof; ever since her brother was killed she has not spoken to anyone. But once a week she comes down to the village cross and leaves a basket of farm produce for the sick children. Alas, it has grown smaller and smaller."

"Show me the way!" Helmut interrupted roughly.

The old man pointed with his shaking hand.

"You go straight through the village and at the last cottage you turn up to the left into the Schlangenthal. There is no road, just a clearing through the forest. The storm is coming on. The snow will be waist deep up there, and in an hour it will be quite dark. Better wait until the morning."

"No, I shall manage." He laughed again. "I tell you I have business up at the Althof."

The guard turned the light onto his companion's face.

"It is strange to see a young man in these parts," he said wistfully. "We are old people, all of us, even the children. Tell me, do you think it will be over soon?"

"I tell you I don't know."

"Yes. It is foolish to ask. It has become a habit like poor old Thomas. What does it matter to us now?"

Helmut strode on alone. His limbs were stiff and painful from the long, bitter journey, and the burden of his equipment weighed hard on his aching shoulders. But he walked rapidly, and the movement and the loneliness were at first sweet to him. And he was free, masterless. In all this white world there was no law but his will, his pleasure. He laughed to himself and began to sing. But the snow choked his lips. It caught his voice in its soft hold and bore it down under a smothering silence.

He could just see the straggling cottages on either side of the wide street, their outlines melted into the gray, sickly daylight. They were dark and quite silent. They seemed to him oddly unreal. He felt that if he went up to them they would vanish, crumble into nothing.

He met no one. And he thought suddenly and unaccountably of the dense forest that lay invisible behind the mist and snow; of its depths, where the birds never sang.

But at the last cottage something living showed itself. It was so little and so old It came after him with a sort of hopping movement like that of a lame bird. And it made a chirping sound, thin and quavering

"Ernst! Ernstchen!"

Her eyes peered up at him and he saw that they were blind. The hands that clung to him were like claws, so withered and fleshless.

"Ernstchen, my little Ernst!"

He frowned impatiently. He had almost forgotten fear. But old women frightened him. Old women were terrible.

"I am not your Ernst. Let me go!"

She mumbled over his hand. She rubbed her withered cheek against his sleeve.

"My own little Ernst! What a long, long time you've been."

He shook her off then and went on faster, up through the clearing into the valley. But he could hear her piping voice calling after him: "My little Ernst!"

Soon he had reached the head of the narrow winding valley. The pale mountain heights loomed up out of their white invisibility to watch him. They came nearer, closing on him like the hands of a kindly giant on some little creeping thing. And presently they hid him. He walked in their twilight, through which the snow fell softly, incessantly.

He had no choice but to go where the opening through the forest led him. It wound steeply upward, and his smoking breath came painfully and his limbs dragged themselves more and more slowly from the clinging drifts. The cold hurt. It was different from the cold that he had endured, keen and austere as tempered steel. He had no armor against it. And he was tired. His haversack weighed monstrously upon his shoulders. The untroubled bed of snow tempted him.

And often he stood still to rest and to listen to the silence. The silence, too, was strange and unfamiliar. It seemed to be creeping up all about him. When he looked back down into the shadow whence he had come he had a feeling that it was there, just out of sight, smoothing out his footprints, cutting him off from the world he knew. The tall fir trees with their branches bowed under their white burden and the little fir trees at their feet, peering, like gnomes, from under their hoods, held him in the same mute watchfulness.

And as this static, mysterious life touched his consciousness he became troubled. He had lived so long with the herd, in vital proximity with his fellows, touching them, hearing them night and day, drawing his courage, his warmth, his very thoughts from theirs. And now he was cut off, alone in this silence. With every step he took he climbed deeper into its fastness.

He tried to sing again—an old marching song that had held dying men in the ranks; but the sound of his voice startled him as something unexpected and unnatural. It vibrated interminably through the stillness. He plunged on faster, away from it, furious at his own alarm. But the snow checked him; it held him back; it crushed him under its soft weight. It seemed to be drawing him down, gently, irresistibly into itself. In a little while he would be submerged.

And night waited under the trees. The silvery whiteness faded into gray, into sable. And as yet there was no sign of his destination. He began to doubt himself. He must have missed some turning. It seemed impossible that this desolate untrodden track could lead to any human life. He stood still at last, panting, exhausted, peering uneasily about.

And then he saw the footprints. For a moment he remained motionless, staring at them. They thrilled him like a friendly voice, a sudden friendly touch. He stumbled up to them. They stopped short under the shadow of a pine, and then turned back. There was a double track the one firm and deep, the other blurred, as though someone had fled stumblingly.

A woman's footprints.

And he was not afraid any more. He laughed out loud. He sent an exultant view halloo into the shivering dusk. He lifted his helmet and waved it in ironic salutation. The aching weariness dropped from his limbs.

The footprints left the clearing. They twisted in and out among the trees through the densest undergrowth. It amused him, this childish effort to escape. He pictured her with stupid tear-filled eyes and quivering mouth. He shouted after her gayly, tauntingly. But there was no answer. Only once when he stopped to listen he thought he heard the distant cracking of a twig.

The darkness favored her. He had to bend almost double to keep his hold on the flying footprints. And little by little an anger rose in him. He ceased to laugh and shout. He pressed on grimly, plunging through the undergrowth, letting the branches of the trees swing back and tear him with their frozen whips, stumbling, falling and rising again in a maddened silence. But every blow and every fall, though they infuriated him, sapped his strength. He was growing rapidly exhausted. He knew it, and a galling sense of defeat covered his eyes with a red blindness. If he had come upon her then he would have shot her down, strangled her.

He began to throw away his equipment—his rifle, his haversack, then the heavy clogging overcoat. He cursed wildly, and every curse tore a breath from his tortured lungs.

And now it was almost night. The footprints in the snow grew fainter. He missed them, found them again for the last time. Then they faded out utterly.

He stood still. The knowledge that he was lost fell upon his heat and excitement like a chill mist. The silence had become terrible. It was coming up faster; it was at his feet, rising about him darkly. If he waited there it would close over him. He began to move on again, but slowly, blunderingly, without purpose. He had lost all sense of direction. He moved because he dared not stand still, and the deadly cold bit through his tunic to his very heart.

There was movement in the darkness. Things touched him with light, tentative fingers. The snow that brushed against his face was sentient, alive. He tried to fight it off. Old stories of his childhood came crowding out of his memory—stories of deep drifts and of men who had wandered through the forest till sleep found them; of will-o'-the-wisps—bright, malevolent spirits. The red patch ahead of him was one of them. Against it the branches stood out blackly like the bars of a prison. It came and went. And then suddenly it steadied. It looked at him.

He had come out onto a clearing, and above him on a shelving bank he saw her. She held a lantern in her hand, and across the bridge of light they stared at each other, the snow whirling between them. It seemed to him that she was immense, tall and slender as the pines.

He shouted to her; a threat, an appeal—he hardly knew. The light vanished. She was gone as suddenly as she had come. But with a fresh, short-lived rush of strength he clambered up the frozen bank. In the luminous mist that rose from the white earth he saw whence she had come—the squat, long shadow of a peasant's yard. The windows were blank and desolate. He flung himself against the closed door. An hour before he would have crashed it down with the butt end of his rifle with the weight of his shoulders.

"Let me in! Let me in!" he gasped brokenly.

There was no answer but the low growl of a dog. He beat against the stout panels, clawing them with his broken, bleeding hands. He leaned against them, at last, muttering and sobbing like a beaten child.

Then the silence that had waited so long laid hold of him and drew him down gently, resistlessly into itself.

The first thing that he saw was the old majolica stove blinking at him with its red eye.

Often on a winter's afternoon he had fallen asleep over his lessons in the plush armchair and had waked up in the dark—just like this—and tried to stare the stove out of countenance. There had been a sort of contest between them as to who should blink first. And usually the stove had won and he had fallen asleep again, until his mother had come in with the lamp.

"*Na*, Helmut, finished with your geography?"

But to-night she was a long time coming. His eyes closed heavily, in spite of himself, and he drifted out on a warm darkness. He did not exactly sleep. All the time he was conscious of himself and of his own happiness. He could not remember ever having been so happy. He had been very tired, extraordinarily tired; and now every bit of him was relaxed, at rest. He seemed to be wrapped round in softness and warmth and quiet. He was careful not to move lest something should break the ecstasy of it all.

When he heard the door open and his mother's slow footsteps come toward him his heart stood still. He was frightened, but with a new fear. It had nothing to do with his geography or his exam or anything that usually made his heart stand still. It was quite new. It was as though she were coming to tell him something wonderful—something that he had been waiting for her to say to him for years and years. And he lay still with closed eyes, all his being in suspense.

It was rapturous, indescribably beautiful, this waiting. There was magic in that soft step, in the gentle rustle of her dress. He could feel her warmth—a warmth fragrant with some familiar, nameless sweetness. He felt the light on his face. Her hand touched him. It drew the clothes over his bare breast.

(Continued on Page 22)

"There Was Only One Sin Left in the World—the Sin Against Germany"

"Of all the good sayings I see
With this I most fully agree.
Such words are the best,
For they sweetly suggest
A *Campbell's Soup* banquet for me."

Why Mr. Hoover said it—

Why your first Home Card advises—"Use soups more freely"—

Because good soup is not a "frill" nor an "extra", but a nourishing health-giving food which should be eaten by every family every day—a fact well recognized by the highest dietary authorities.

You are in line with the urgent food requirements of our Government, and at the same time you meet an essential health requirement of your family in a most practical way through the regular use of

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It is tempting, nutritious and, in the fullest sense, economical.

It combines a substantial abundance of delicious vegetables with fine herbs, strength-giving cereals and a rich stock made from selected beef.

We use choice large white potatoes, sweet yellow turnips, tender Chantenay carrots, small peas, baby lima beans and Country Gentleman corn. We include Dutch cabbage, juicy green okra, the best of tomatoes, celery and parsley. We add alphabet macaroni, rice, barley, a bit of leek and onion and sufficient sweet red peppers to complete the tasty flavoring.

You could not gather all these choice vegetables—even from a garden of your own—and produce such a well-balanced combination in any home-made soup. No home kitchen could produce such a soup at anything like so low a cost.

To yield full nutritive value and the most agreeable flavor, soup should be made from especially selected materials blended in accurate proportions.

You obtain in this wholesome soup exactly the food elements most often neglected yet positively necessary to a well regulated and invigorating diet. In a word, you get high food-value at low cost.

Let your grocer supply you with a dozen or more at a time, thus saving extra deliveries and needless delay.

21 kinds 12c a can

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That Were Bent by Pointed Shoes
Straight Bones
That Grew Straight in Educator Shoes
Unless branded thus on the sole it is NOT an Educator
EDUCATOR SHOE®

Why Not *Happy* Feet For Men, Women and Children?

SINCE you demand unceasing service from your feet—day in and day out—aren't they entitled to at least a *chance* for comfort?

Pointed, bone-bending shoes inevitably cause corns, bunions, fallen arches, callouses, ingrown nails, twisted toes, and other ills.

Happy are the feet that live in roomy, broad-toed Educators—built scientifically with just the right foot space. "They let the feet grow as they should."

Parents, get into Educators today. And get your children's tender, growing feet into them, too.

In buying look for EDUCATOR on the sole. There can be no protection stronger than this trademark, for it means that behind every part of the shoe stands a *responsible manufacturer*.

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You Will Want "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet" a free book of surprising information about the feet. Write for it now.

(Continued from Page 20)

So he was in bed. It was really night. But, then, there was no majolica stove in his bedroom.

And suddenly, in the shock of remembrance, he looked up at her.

Long, long they remained motionless, gazing at one another. He did not know what happened in him. He knew its significance. The last echo from the hot tumult of his life faded. The lights had gone down and the curtain was rising slowly.

She gave no sign. Her face was grave, inscrutable, and the hand that held the candle did not tremble. She turned away at last without a word. Her shadow passed between him and the winking firelight out into the next room. He watched her steadily. The door remained open and he could see her moving about in the oblong strip of light. He saw her take something from the bosom of her dress. She looked at it and then suddenly back into his darkness. And what he saw on her face he could not understand.

She sat down at the head of the table, confronting him, upright, motionless. She could not see him, but her gaze was fixed darkly and unflinchingly on the black open doorway. Unknown to her, his eyes met hers and held them.

He drowsed at last. And in his dreams he still saw her sitting there, her hand clasped on the old-fashioned revolver, waiting.

When he woke up again she had gone.

He lay still for a minute, trying to remember. He was almost sure that she had never really been there—that she was a fancy that had faded with the daylight. There was a chill emptiness and stillness about him, as though he had been a long time alone.

The uncertainty drove him to full wakefulness. He pushed the rough blankets from him and got up painfully. His limbs ached and his body felt too heavy. He wondered whether he had been ill, and for how long. A limitless stretch of unreality seemed to lie between now and that nightmare hour in the forest. Then he saw his tunic on a chair before the stove, and when he touched it he felt that it was still faintly damp.

So it was all true. It had all happened. The tunic bore silent witness to her. He thought wonderingly how strong she must be to have been able to carry him in and undress him. Yet very gentle. Though she had fled from him and barred her door against him, in the end she had had compassion.

And afterward she had sat there with her hand upon the revolver. He felt a distant tingling of his nerves, like life returning to a frozen limb.

He dressed slowly and went into the adjoining room. There was no sign of her. But a sense of warmth and comfort strengthened in him. The atmosphere touched him like a bar of old, half-forgotten music. It was so long since he had been in a home not ravaged by despair and hatred. Peace lived here—had always lived here. Once fat hams had hung from the low, smoke-blackened rafters, and the cupboards had been stored with richness. Generations of proud, self-sufficient peasants had smoked their pipes on the bench about the stove and eaten their heavy meals at the round table between the windows. And afterward they had taken down the great Bible from its niche and read aloud in their sonorous tongue.

Their faded photographs hung on the wall—massive, powerful men in their native dress, in quaint, old-fashioned uniforms of fifty years back. And underneath in flowing letters was written "For Kaiser and Fatherland."

They had gone. They had taken their prosperity with them. The hooks in the rafters were barren and the cupboards gaped a tragic emptiness. But the pride remained. It spoke still in the gleaming brass pans upon the shelf; in the shining oak table, carved with an unconscious art by the dead hands; in the austere cleanliness. Invisibly it challenged him.

There was another portrait, a modern one, hanging by itself. He went up to it and considered it intently. The boyish face under the stern military helmet looked back at him with a strange expression. It was as though at the moment when the picture had been taken the sitter had tried hard to hide a lurking horror. Someone had written underneath: "Hans Hildebrandt, Infanterie Regiment, Königin Louise, Number 45. Killed before Lüttich, 1914."

Suddenly Helmut remembered.

And at the same moment a shadow passed over the window and the outer door opened, letting in a breath of icy air.

He turned. He saw her first only as a dark figure outlined against the gleaming white background. For an instant she stood looking toward him, but he could not see her expression. A lean old wolfhound came in from behind and advanced, growling ominously.

The sound roused her. She called the dog to heel and closed the door with a firm deliberate movement. Helmut had heard her voice for the first time. It was deep-toned and soft as an organ note.

But she gave him no direct word of greeting. She carried the bowl of milk to the table and set it down. It was as though she were totally indifferent to his presence. And his feeling of content flashed round to an angry antagonism.

He plunged his hands into his pockets, measuring her with a deliberate insolence.

"Well?"

She met his eyes calmly.

"I did not expect you to be awake," she said; "you were so fast asleep."

"I was fairly all in last night," he admitted sullenly. "I had been three days on the journey—pretty well without food—and the last lap finished me. I lost my way in the forest"—he laughed—"thanks to you."

She did not answer. She had begun to prepare a meal and her face was half averted. He took a step toward her.

"You weren't very hospitable at first, were you?" he asked significantly.

"I hoped that you would lose yourself," she said. "I hoped that you would die out there."

He stopped short. She said it so quietly. But the sheer courage of it caught his breath. He laughed again, to cover over the moment's discomfiture.

"That wasn't very friendly, either. Not much of a reception for a brave defender, eh?"

"You are not my defender."

"Well, I've done my best, I can tell you. Where would you be if it wasn't for us men? Haven't we fought for you—for our homes and our womenfolk?"

She turned to look at him. She was tall and their eyes met almost on a level.

"You do not defend us," she said. "Some of you fight to please yourselves; and some of you because you must. And you bring ruin and sorrow wherever you go."

"Women's talk!" he jeered.

"Yes—it is women's talk," she admitted.

He watched her as she moved about, and an unwilling admiration mingled with his resentment.

Her figure in the simple peasant's dress had the svelte grace and freedom of some untamed forest thing. She carried her youth proudly. He liked the shape of her head, so fearlessly revealed by the brown hair, smoothed back and coiled in thick plaits about her ears. He liked its set upon the slender neck.

And the brown arms that came out from the short linen sleeves were strong and shapely. He could see the hardened muscles rippling under the skin.

He thought suddenly of how his comrades would have nudged him and laughed.

A dark color rushed up to his eyes. He turned away so that she should not see.

"I expected some sort of talk like that," he said roughly. "They told me about you down in the village. You got yourself into trouble with the things you said—disloyal things."

"That was a long time ago. I have not spoken to anyone ——"

"—— not since your brother was killed."

He saw her catch her breath like someone who is suddenly stabbed with an old pain.

"How did you know that?"

"They told me. Why did you keep away like that?"

"I wanted to be alone."

"It was no life for a woman. You must have been afraid."

"Afraid?" She gave him one of her long, steady glances. "There is nothing to be afraid of when one is alone."

He stirred uneasily.

"Well, it must have been pretty dreary anyway."

"Oh, no! Not that, either. You don't understand. There is a lot of life up here—underneath—all about one. When one is alone one gets nearer and nearer to it. You couldn't understand."

"Why couldn't I?"

"You have lived too much with people."

He shook his head, smiling at her.

"You're a strange person. You're just a girl, and yet there's something queer about you—as though you knew things—something mysterious. Have you been talking with the fairies?"

He did not know why he had said it. It was like a sudden flash of memory that came and went before he knew what it was. He fancied that the shadow of an answering smile touched her lips.

"What do you know about fairies?"

"Oh, don't you be so superior. My home isn't far from here—at Karlstadt. I had an old nurse who came from these parts, and she used to tell me things." He broke off. "You know down in the village they say you are a witch. I believe it's true."

She did not answer. Her manner was again aloof and grave. When she spoke it was as though she had not heard him.

"I've only poor fare to offer you," she said. "In my brother's day it was different. Now a little milk and an egg and potato bread is our best. I used to be able to get a hare sometimes—there are a lot of them down in the meadows—but all my powder and shot are gone ——"

"Except one charge, eh?"

She started violently and he came a step nearer.

"Give me what you are hiding in your dress," he said.

He did not expect her to obey. He expected denial—prevarication. The resolve to force the issue now and at once had come upon him suddenly. It was as though he realized that there was danger in the quiet that was between them. To his amazement she accepted the challenge instantly. She swung round, her back to the wall, the revolver in her hand.

And there was no miareading her expression now. A hot admiration for her daring rose out of the recognition that through his underestimation of her he had put himself at her mercy.

"Come," he said good-humoredly, "you aren't much of a patriot, are you? After all, I'm not an enemy. I'm open to reason. Only you've got to trust me—and prove that you trust me. If I swear to you on my word of honor as a German soldier that I will return it to you at once—without touching you—will you give me that revolver?"

His voice was quiet and reasonable. Yet again he did not expect her to obey. It had been a mere ruse to gain time. She looked at him for a moment, her eyes veiled and inscrutable, and then laid the weapon quietly on the table between them.

And now there was contempt in his laughter.

He took the old-fashioned firearm and emptied out the cartridge into his hand. He made her a deep satirical bow.

"I keep my word, mademoiselle."

Her face betrayed neither fear nor surprise nor resentment. But there was something sorrowful in the gesture with which she took the revolver back from him.

"They taught you that," she said almost to herself.

He ignored her. There was nothing more to fear now. He could bide his time. He sat down at the table and motioned her curtly to take the place opposite him. She obeyed, and yet there was an unbroken strength in her docility, as though behind it she held a weapon. She motioned aside the share of food which he pushed toward her.

"I have already breakfasted."

He did not believe her, but he was past caring. He ate wolfishly, not speaking, hardly aware of her until the last crumb had vanished. There was no hurry. In this narrow lonely world he had become master.

"It's months since I sat at a decent table," he declared at last, pushing back his chair with a sigh of content. "And I don't know when I last spoke to a woman in my own tongue. I've forgotten."

"Your mother?" she suggested.

He nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes; perhaps it was my mother. That was on my last leave, a year ago. She will be surprised to hear how near I've been ——"

"You will go and see her?"

"No. I am not on leave."

He waited for her to speak, to question him. He wanted to throw the truth into her quiet face. But she was silent. Her eyes were lowered and he felt, rather than saw, that they were distended, as though with a secret painful thought.

(Continued on Page 24)

Prōdium Process A Real Tire Economy

Possibly not one in ten Republic Tire users realizes that it is the Prōdium Process of compounding rubber that keeps his annual cost down.

But they all do know that the rubber in Republic Tires is amazingly tough and strong; because the tires wear so slowly, and are seldom cut or chipped by the road.

They know also that their tires have an added liveliness and responsiveness, and quite unusual ease of riding and driving.

These special advantages are the result of the Prōdium Process, which is employed in Republic Tires alone.

They constitute a satisfaction and an economy which have a particular value to car-owners at this time.

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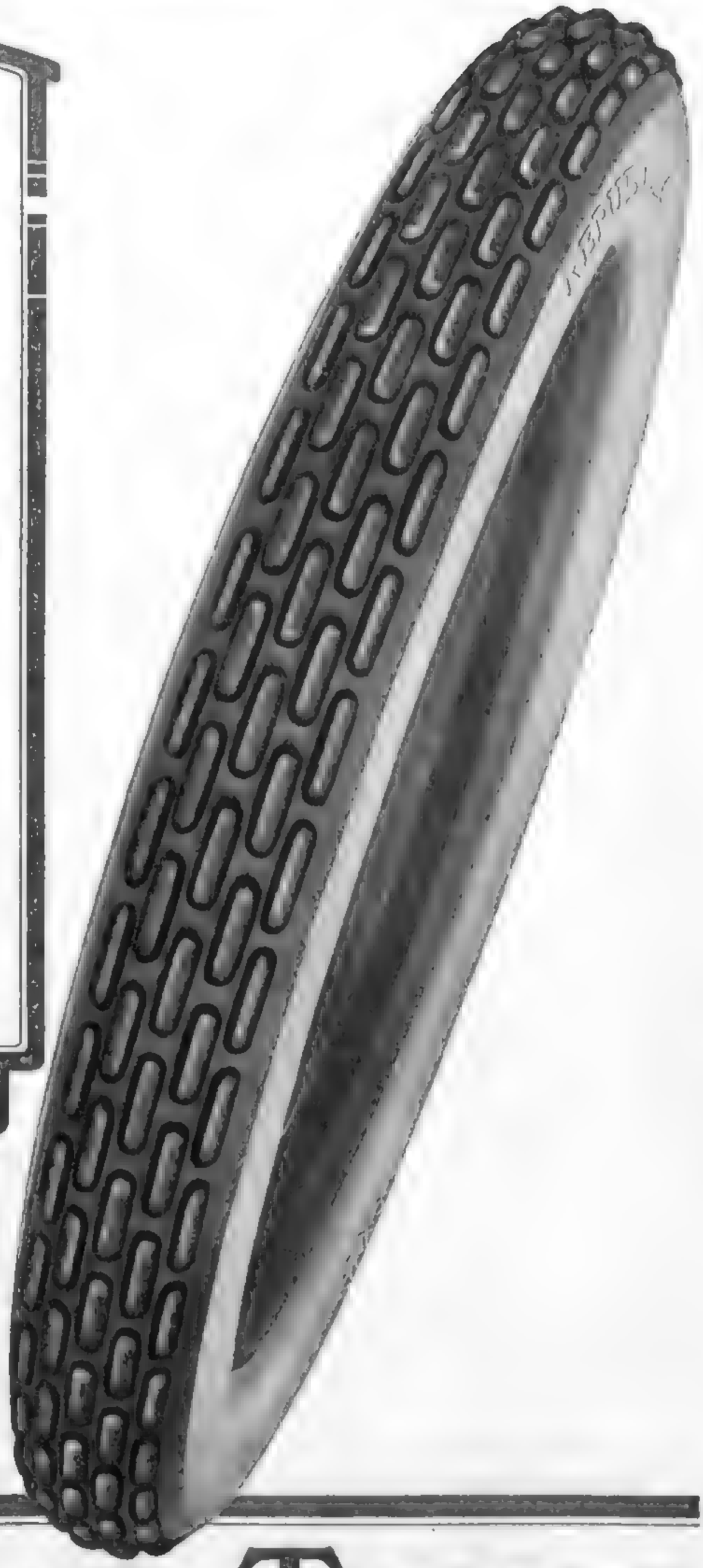

Republic
STAGGARD
Tread

Maximum Grip with Minimum Friction

REPUBLIC TIRES

(Continued from Page 22)

"What are you staring at?" he asked abruptly.

"Your hands."

He looked down at them. They lay there clenched on the table in a gesture of arrogant content—strong and scarred and brutal. He had an odd feeling of surprise, as though they did not belong to him—as though he saw them for the first time.

"Well—what's the matter?"

"I was thinking of what they have done."

He stared at her, but she seemed sunk in her own vision, and suddenly he sprang up, pushing his chair back violently.

"They have done their duty," he muttered. "That's all that matters."

"What was their duty?" she asked.

"To obey."

"To obey!" Her lip curled in irrepressible scorn. "To do everything they are told—even wicked things!"

"A soldier who obeys does nothing wicked."

She gave a low exclamation.

"I would never be a soldier."

"You are a woman. Yet even you have your duty. Even you will have to submit."

He went over to the window and stood looking out somberly. It had stopped snowing, but the sky hung gray and surcharged over the trees. Again he waited for her to cry out—to protest—to rouse the demon that would release him. But she was quite quiet.

"I'm going out to see if I can find my things," he said at last. "You will wait here."

Then she moved. She stood between him and the door.

"You're coming back?"

"Yes."

"Even though I ask you to go away—and leave me—in peace?"

He leaned forward and caught her by the arm. He drew her close to him so that he could feel her breath on his cheek.

"Even if I didn't want to come back I should have to. Do you understand?"

They remained motionless, staring into each other's eyes. She did not falter. He had a strange feeling that in that duel she was drawing his strength from him—that the very marrow of his bones was melting under her touch.

Violently, almost in terror he flung her from him and went out, crashing the door to behind him.

XXIII

IT WAS dusk when Helmut scrambled back up the ice bank, his haversack slung over his shoulder and a dead hare dangling from the muzzle of his rifle. He gave an exclamation of relief. He had learned to fear night in the forest, and in the purple vapor which drifted over the mountains it would have been easy to miss the Althof altogether. The snow lay feet thick on the deep-thatched roof and reached up to the level of the window ledges so that house and forest were fused in an unbroken whiteness.

But the windows were alight. They shone out like warm friendly eyes, and the long slender icicles that hung from the eaves twinkled in their light like golden eyelashes.

He almost believed that the eyes were watching for him.

"A witch's cottage!" he thought grimly.

To-night the door was not barred against him. He entered freely. The old wolfhound rose and limped to meet him, sniffing at his outstretched hand. A candle burned on the table and the stove threw a red glow over the room, catching bright glances from the polished coppers. It shone into her face as she bent over her work.

He had entered, blustering and storming. He had expected opposition and hatred—had prepared to meet them—rejoiced in them. But now the quiet and warmth laid gentle restraining hands on him. It was as though he had blundered roughly into a room where children lay asleep.

"You—you look so peaceful," he muttered.

She had glanced up quickly, and again there had been a look on her face which he could not read. It was as though something had leaped up in her—something joyful—and then seeing him had crept back, hiding from him.

"Peace is all that is left now," she said. "You will have to share our nothing. I have no food for either of us."

"It doesn't matter." He was still brooding over what he had seen. "I've eaten my iron rations. I don't want anything."

"But you said you had had no food for three days."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I tell you I don't want anything. I'm not hungry." He closed the door against the bitter twilight, but he did not come farther into the room. "My things are all wet and dirty," he said. "I remember—women like to keep things clean."

"I don't mind. I am accustomed. You see—my brother used to come home ——" She broke off, flinching. "Please give me your coat and I will hang it up before the fire in your room. It is only wet. There is no mud up here in the mountains."

"In the trenches there is mud, though. We used to wallow in it like pigs in a trough." He gave an awkward laugh. He had strange desire to bring that look back into her face. "You see—I've been thinking of to-morrow's supper. When I found my rifle safe and sound I went down to the meadows and hid myself behind a tree. And sure enough presently this fat fellow popped out. He seemed to know that you were short of powder and he didn't think much of me. He didn't know I was the crack sniper in the regiment ——"

He stopped, conscious of the sudden whiteness of her face.

"Why do you mind like that?" he burst out angrily.

She took the stiff furry body from him and passed her hand over it with a lingering tenderness.

"I couldn't help thinking—seeing you waiting for some man ——"

"War is war," he answered largely, "and there are things in life bigger than life."

"Yes—I know."

"One's fatherland ——"

"—— and love and pity"

"One's fatherland is above everything."

"It can't be above God."

He laughed at her.

"You live in the mountains," he said. "You don't understand."

He put his hands against the stove and watched her spread out his greatcoat and stand his rifle in the corner. All her movements were so quiet, so sure. She was part of the peace that was stealing into his blood. He fought against it. He tried to think evilly of her and of their companionship—to look at her with hot eyes. She was beautiful. She was given into his hands. The forest walled them off from the world. He had only to will—to desire.

But his thoughts slipped from his control. He pictured some other man—a faceless shadow—who would come home each night after the day's toil; whom she would meet not in fear but in tender welcome; who would sit with her by the fire and speak of the day's happenings, of the sleeping children; who would drowse away in the knowledge of other days to come as peaceful and untroubled; who would grow old with her.

He flung himself down impatiently on the bench.

"What are you doing?" he burst out. "Why don't you speak?"

"Wait. I am looking for something."

She came to him, and her fearlessness tore the thought out of his mind like an evil weapon.

"It is my brother's old pipe," she said gently. "He carved it himself and was so proud of it. He smoked it the last night. But I think he would like you to have it—a comrade. There is a little tobacco left in the jar."

"Thank you," he mumbled.

He took the pipe from her, and it was his hand that shook.

"What are you making there?" he asked.

For she had gone back to her place by the candlelight and had picked up her knitting.

"I am making warm things for the people in the village—for the children. But there are not many children left. They are dying of the cold and hunger."

"Other children must come," he said significantly.

"They must be less sorrowful."

"They will have a great inheritance—great glory! We shall have won it with our blood for them."

She looked up.

"They must be proud of us."

He did not answer. He stuffed the bowl of his pipe, and for a while there was no sound but the soft clicking of her needles. Her hands came and went ceaselessly. They were beautiful hands, big and capable.

Her head was bent, and the fireglow, brightening as the night crept up about them, filled her eyes with tired shadows.

"You gave me all the food you had," he said suddenly.

She smiled a little.

"That is nothing. My poor old fowls may lay again to-morrow. Nowadays one must go often without."

"But there is always a full basket at the village cross."

"The little children!"

He muttered impatiently.

"Folly! Each man for himself!"

She put her hands down for a minute. She looked very young and wise.

"You say that because you've forgotten."

"What have I forgotten?"

"What you knew when you were—quite little."

He laughed.

"I never knew much that was of any good to me."

She went on working and he sat forward, his brows knitted, his chin resting in his hand. He wanted to shout at her: "This has got to end! This can't go on!" He goaded himself. Suspicions like snakes writhed in his mind. What was behind her calm? She was fighting him—he knew that—but with what weapons? Or didn't she care? Was she merely a loose woman, whom his imagination transfigured? Would she laugh when he caught her in his arms? Or was it the recognition of the high duty in whose name he came to her?

He hated her in that moment, loathed her strangely and bitterly.

"It's so quiet here," he muttered. "The quiet makes everything unreal. One can't get away from it. It seemed to follow me all day in the forest."

"Silence is terrible when one is not at peace with God," she answered.

"How you talk of God! Like a child! Do you really believe in heaven and angels singing and saints in white robes?"

"I believe in God."

"Well, you wouldn't if you were me—if you'd seen the things I've seen. You might believe in the devil."

"I do believe in the devil. Only I know God wins in the end."

"Women's talk!" was his repeated sneer.

"Perhaps women remember things that men forget," she said wistfully.

Again she silenced him. She troubled him as though she had indeed reached down into the deep places of his mind and touched a forgotten memory. He got up and moved restlessly about the room. At last he came close to her and stood over her.

"Look at me!" he commanded. She obeyed, lifting her eyes straight to his. They were bright with sudden tears, and that which he had meant to say died on his lips.

"Listen," he said: "Last night—you told me—you tried to make me lose my way—you wanted me to die out there. And then afterward you took me in, you fed me"

"You were so helpless ——"

"Yes—but you've been kind to me since then. Even now you speak to me as if I were a friend; and when I came in to-night you looked for a minute—almost glad."

"I had been dreaming," she answered quietly. "I heard your step outside on the snow. It seemed to me that he was coming back—as he did that last time—at dusk. And now—in that uniform—when you sit there smoking—in his old place—it is so easy to imagine ——"

His clenched hands relaxed. He turned heavily away.

"It was I who promised to write to you—after he died," he said. "And I forgot."

She was not working now. Her hands lay idle in her lap.

"I didn't hear—not for weeks and weeks. I used to go down into the valley and watch for the postman. But he never came."

"You—you loved your brother so much?"

"We lived together here ever since my grandpeople died. The Althof belonged to us. We had always been great friends. I had only had one other playfellow in all my life."

"He told me about you—the last night—before the attack. He was one of the new draft—and I only saw his face the next morning afterward. He had not fired a shot. He looked quite happy."

"I knew that he was happy."

He turned on her with a sudden bitter anger:

"Why? Because he had killed no one? Oh, yes. He told me what you had said. And yet you would have killed me!"

"Because I thought you were an enemy—coming to take what was mine. I who had never hurt you. And if anyone came against my home—my country—I would defend it. I would fight them—kill them. But I would not go out against them. I would not take what was theirs."

"Wild, ignorant talk! We attack only to defend."

Her hands were tightly interlocked.

"Is that true? I know we're very ignorant. Up here we don't hear much—only what they tell us. But Hans said that they were a weak people. They knew it meant death. And we had promised to defend them."

He made a violent gesture. "They stood in our way. They had to go. It was for Germany—for our country. It was justified. The weak must yield to the strong."

"That isn't true! That isn't true!"

Again that distant thrill of memory.

"Be silent! If you dared say that where I have come from you would be shot. You don't love your country."

"Perhaps I don't; I don't know. I love this house; the forests; the dear people. I'd die for them. It wouldn't be loving them if I sinned for them."

And all the time he had been coming nearer to her. He had been lashing his fury against her, conjuring up bestial pictures with which to overwhelm the enemy within himself. But she did not falter. There was something earnest and childlike in her bearing, as though her eyes that met his inflamed scrutiny saw nothing but the virtue in him.

He hesitated, and in that brief pause the silence regained its mastery. It encompassed him like a sweet drowsy mist. It seemed to well up out of his own heart.

He turned away, hiding his face from her.

"It's getting late," she said with a tired sigh.

From the shadow he watched her take the heavy Bible from its niche. She sat facing him, with the light between them, and turned over the musty leaves reverently. And he had a vision of generations of her people sitting in the same place, reading from the same book. He saw them, the grim, kindly men and women, holding with strong hands to their iron and narrow faith.

Her lips moved as she read. She was spelling out the words earnestly and painfully, like a child. The light shone in her face and painted a dim gold about her head. He thought of a church that he and his comrades had once ravaged. From the broken altar a grave and beautiful Madonna had looked down upon them.

The old revolver lay unheeded upon the table. He reloaded it and pushed it across to her, his eyes lowered.

"Take it. I am not afraid."

"Neither am I afraid," she answered.

She carried the candle over to the window and looked out. "The storm is coming up again," she said. "One can't see a single star. It would be terrible if one didn't know that the morning would come again."

He did not answer. His breath came quick and shallow. But he could see no trace of trouble in her. Her bosom rose and fell peacefully. He had a feeling that he himself was unreal—only a dark malevolent shadow.

He followed her to the foot of the stairs. He was reeling, his fists clenched, his face flushed and distorted—like a drunkard, like a man who staggers under a burden.

She turned and looked down at him.

"Good night!"

"Good night!" he muttered.

He followed her with his eyes till she had vanished overhead into the darkness. There was now no light in the room but the bright glow from the stove. For a moment he stood motionless and irresolute. Then acting on a sudden impulse he carried the open Bible to the firelight and read what she had read:

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

The old wolfhound limped to the foot of the stairs and lay there watching him.

The fire still burned steadily, but it seemed to him that the room was growing colder and darker. The night that had been rising up the mountain sides crept under the doors and through the crannies. It advanced stealthily, resistlessly. He felt as though he stood on a little sandy island in the midst of a great sea and that the sand was being washed away from under his feet.

The shadows that lined the walls had blackened—sharpened in outline. He watched them distrustfully. He knew that

(Continued on Page 27)

The clothes to buy now

In these times every one consults his conscience when preparing for his immediate and future needs.

Hoarding is contrary to the public good. Intelligent economy is a patriotic duty.

Many men need clothes now. Buy for a reasonable time ahead but don't hoard.

You will practice intelligent economy if you go to the Styleplus store and buy a Styleplus suit at $21 (green label) or $25 (red label). These clothes were delivered this season but the materials were bought under previous market conditions. Each grade is the same price the nation over.

For your assurance we announce that Styleplus suits for the coming Fall season will be made in two grades $25 and $30; Styleplus overcoats in three grades $25, $30, and $35.

Get the Styleplus habit. You will wear stylish serviceable clothes at prices that permit thrift and destroy the temptation to hoard.

You know the prices today and we tell you now the prices for the coming Fall season.

Look for the Styleplus label in the coat

$21—Green Label
$25—Red Label

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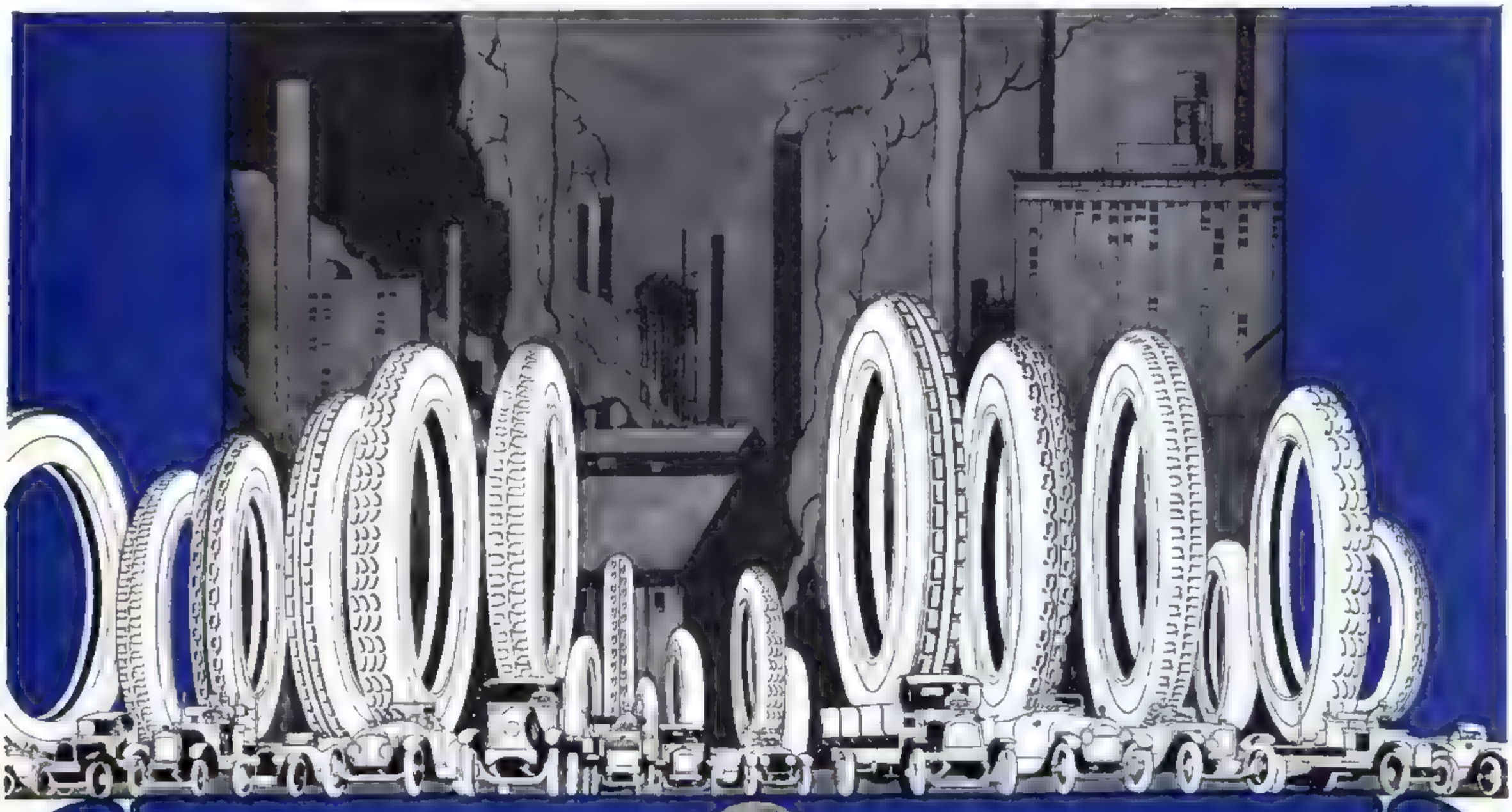

Production Methods that Insure Tire Economy

This war has demonstrated as never before the advantage of sound business organization.

Quantity production is necessary for economy. Well-organized factories are essential for effective work.

United States Tires are the product of scientific business organization at its best. Each tire represents the latest discoveries of rubber experts. Each tire embodies the accumulated experience of the longest-established tire-making plants in America.

The building of each tire is governed by standards and inspection methods that assure balanced construction, of unfailing dependability.

Yet these quality tires are produced by millions.

Enormous quantity production means economical production. Our factories in strategic locations permit economical distribution.

United States Tires are available to every motorist.

A well-organized Sales and Service dealer organization with thousands of depots provides expert tire service to motor car owners everywhere.

Equip with United States Tires.

There is real economy in their use. There is mileage economy; dollars-and-cents economy.

And the more important economy that lies in getting the utmost service out of your car.

United States Tires are Good Tires

'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco' and 'Plain', for passenger cars.

Also tires for motor trucks, motorcycles, bicycles and airplanes.

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they hated him—just as the dog, whose unblinking eyes followed his every movement, hated him. Each winter's night for a hundred years they had been there. It was their dwelling place. They were the familiar spirits who had waited on birth and death—who had known the men and women who had once lived among them.

They had seen the first, they would see the last.

And he was an interloper, an enemy threatening that which they guarded.

He perceived these things more clearly as the silence deepened. It was as though secret faculties had been born in him and now stood shivering on the threshold. The dense wrappings of strength and brute courage that had shielded him in months of horror had been stripped from him. Here they availed him nothing.

He listened for some sound overhead. But none came. And it was not the silence of sleep. It was poised above him—like a wave before it breaks.

He got up and began to move about. He had need to reassure himself of his own reality. His world was melting in mist and shadow. Only she remained definite—a clear light on the dim flood that was rising about him, carrying him farther and farther from the things he knew.

He went over to the window. He could see the snow as it hurried past in silent countless legions. The dull reflection from the fire lit up the stem of a gaunt tempest-riven fir tree. It stood out there in the cold and darkness like a forlorn misshapen ghost—watching.

He tried to lay hold of his life—to repicture his comrades; the daily filth and misery; the desperate attacks; the bitter hand-to-hand struggles; the frantic stabbing and slashing, man against man; the orgies that had broken the murderous monotony of their lives.

But it was all unreal. It slipped away from him. He had dreamed these things. He was still dreaming. The reality awaited somewhere beyond his sleep—beyond the night.

And he could not wake. He tried, and suffered intolerably.

"It's the cold and hunger," he told himself.

He began to look for food, knowing that there was none. He opened every chest and cupboard, moving silently, fearful of his own shadow, of the sound of his own breath. And in the storeroom behind the living room he stumbled against something round and heavy.

He struck a light. For a moment he was incredulous. Then he began to tremble like a man who in deadly agony has found an opiate at his hand. The light flickered and went out. But he had no need of light. Exerting his whole strength he carried the barrel into the sitting room and set it on the table. He fetched a bowl from the dresser and filled it. He did not even wait to taste, but drank in great thirsty gulps. The crude native wine rushed through his blood in a flood of fire.

He left the tap running and the wine spilled over the floor. It ran about in and out of the shadows like a live thing seeking escape. The wolfhound sniffed at it and drew back, growling.

At first he drank only in the desperate need to reaffirm himself—to regain his world. There was torture in his thirst. But little by little the things that had evaded him crystallized, grew real. The earth steadied under his feet. He knew what he was and whence he came. And he began to drink for the joy of drinking. He laughed out loud. He lifted his glass to the shadows and taunted them.

Now everything was clear and simple. He was alone in this house with this woman. She had been given into his hands. The law commanded, justified him.

He stretched his arms above his head like a giant waking from sleep.

The old wolfhound rose up, bristling, showing his yellow fangs. They watched each other, knowing that it was to the death.

Then the man feinted cunningly. And the next instant his great hands met round the dog's throat, the thumbs pressed down through the fur to the windpipe, stifling that one yelp of agony and warning.

The stairs murmured under his tread. They, too, warned her. Underneath and all about him the spirits of the place were alert, rustling and scurrying in dread impotent horror. He lurched, groping blindly, his hands sliding over the walls. The darkness was suffocating, almost solid. He felt it pressing thickly against his face, in black swathes, holding him back. It had chasms, death holes.

Even now he tried to move quietly, as though he were afraid of rousing a power stronger than himself. He had learned to move quietly. At night out there in No Man's Land life had depended on stealth.

And up here in this choking obscurity it was more than life.

The thin golden strip at his feet checked him, but only for an instant. Suddenly he flung himself against the door, bursting it open.

She had waited for him. She had known that he would come. She knew his purpose. She stood opposite him with her back to the wall, like some noble forest thing that has been hunted down and now turns, asking no mercy, to meet the last fight. Her hands were hidden behind her; her eyes, dark and alert, never left his face.

"It's no good," he warned her; "there's no one to help you here. I don't care what weapon you're hiding—it won't save you. Do you think I've come back from that to be frightened by any living thing?"

"You will not touch me," she answered with subdued triumph.

The candle stood on the table between them. It had almost burned itself out. Its tiny golden tongue waved in the draft and threw quiet moving shadows on their faces. But to the man the room was full of the redness of his brain. He closed the door swiftly behind him, shutting out the invisible witnesses that had followed at his heels up the dark stairs.

"You thought you'd beaten me," he stammered thickly. "You thought you'd fool me—that I'd be helpless because you're good and believe in God. Listen to me! Other women have believed in God, and it hasn't helped them. They've been good, and we haven't had any pity. We're masters—and what we do is law. No one has a right to call us devils. I know what you've been trying to do; but it won't serve you, because I don't believe in God. I believe in the good German fist. I'm a soldier; and a soldier does what he's told. I've had my orders. I've never disobeyed yet. I'm not going to begin now. I'm not going to be shot because you're good." He made a violent gesture.

"You're a traitress! You're trying to make me a traitor. You're trying to make me think things I don't want to think—to feel like a devil, when I'm in the right, when I'm doing my duty.

"But you shouldn't have forgotten that wine. It put me straight—made me see clear—to know what I want. And by ——" He lurched heavily toward her.

"Give me that knife or whatever you've got there. If your own brother were here now he couldn't stand between us."

She was in his arms. His kisses had been rained savagely upon her eyes and lips. Now suddenly, as though he had been struck by lightning, he let her go. She slipped away from him against the wall, her head thrown back, her eyes blind with tears.

"Oh, Helmut! Helmut!"

He stared about him stupidly. He had been asleep and someone had called to him. In a minute he would wake up to a warm summer's afternoon in the pine forest, and something brown and leaping and laughing would come to meet him through the trees.

"Helmut! Helmut!"

The cry had been so ringing clear, so joyous.

"Why—why do you call me that?" he muttered. "You don't know—I never told you ——"

She held out what she had hidden.

"I kept them all these years."

He took her pitiful weapons from her—the yellow withered posy, the crumpled sheet of paper covered with a sprawling boyish hand:

"My Lenchen is like the running stream ——"

His arms dropped to his sides, broken of their strength. Suddenly his blood was cold and quiet.

This was the reality. From a long way off he had come to find it. Not glory nor power nor duty, but this simple white room and Lenchen—brown Lenchen, the playfellow, the loving comrade who had remembered; and himself—monstrous, unholy.

He kept on turning the flowers over and over in his hand. The gay-colored ribbon of the *Quinta* had faded. He remembered how he had cut it off his cap—how he had hidden the posy in his blouse so that his mother shouldn't know what he was doing. And that long funny poem! He had lain awake for hours trying to think of a rhyme for stream.

That last evening together, the heartbreak of that parting.

He had forgotten. But he had never loved anyone else.

It was quite still between them. He laid the posy gently on the table. He did not look at her. He lumbered blindly to the door and along the dim passage to the stairs.

They were silent now. He stumbled over the dead body of the old wolfhound. His feet slipped in the spilled wine.

He did not know that she followed him. He tore the bolts back. The snow was already on his face when he heard her calling. He looked back and saw her standing against the firelight.

"Helmut, come back! Come back! It's death out there."

He shook his head.

"I must go away," he said. "I must go away."

He said it over and over again with a dull insistence. Out there the darkness might hide him—even from himself.

But she had dropped down by the table. He heard her sob. And suddenly he ran back and knelt down, pressing his face against her hands, crying in an awful abandonment of drunken grief.

XXIV

THE next morning they cleared the snow away from the door and dug a hole in the frozen soil. And there they buried the old wolfhound.

"His spirit will take care of me when you are gone," Lenchen said.

Helmut turned away so that she should not see his face.

And all that day it snowed, and soon the shallow grave was covered over and a white sea inclosed them. They scarcely spoke. They moved softly, as though someone dearly loved were asleep after much sorrow. But it was not a terrible silence any more. It was the silence of the woods before the first flowers lift their heads above the winter's death, before the first song of the birds—the hush of rebirth.

And when it was dark they sat by the red glow of the fire and listened to the footsteps of that which was coming to them through the night.

And on the third evening she looked up at him as he stood silently beside her.

"How big you've grown, Helmut!"

"How pretty you are, Lenchen!"

They smiled at each other sadly.

"So you do remember that?"

"I remember everything. Now it seems to me that it is the only real thing that has ever happened to me. I can remember every detail as though it were yesterday—that last evening together, and the things you said to comfort me—such brave things. You were ready to defy all the dragons and ogres in the world, and you were so sure that I should be able to defy them. But you didn't know what the dragons were like."

"Poor Helmut!"

"But I did put up a fight. When they teased and bullied me at the crammer's I used to say to myself: 'It doesn't matter. I must be good and kind.' And I made a funny calendar of my own—nine squares divided into twelve little squares. And every month I scratched off one of the little squares. When the last big square had gone it would be time for me to come back to you."

"And then you forgot."

"Not all at once; never altogether. I cried at night for you, months and months. But then other things came. They seemed to know that you were their enemy, for they crowded you out. And I wasn't strong enough to keep you. I had to go their way or your way—and you weren't there. I couldn't cry any more, so I laughed. I thought we had been two children making foolish, impossible plans ——"

"It must have seemed like that," she whispered.

"But it was not real laughter," he said earnestly, "and I never really forgot. You see how I've remembered. And often you've tried to come out of your hiding place in my heart. And sometimes I listened; less and less, I know, as time went on. But now you've come back altogether ——"

She leaned forward, her chin cupped in her hands, gazing into the firelight.

"I never forgot at all. I don't know why it was—but you meant so much to me. You were such a strange, sad little boy. Somehow you changed everything. You made me think about things. I began to understand the wicked people that the pastor used to talk about. I had always thought that they weren't real—or had lived a long, long time ago. But after you had told me of poor Karl I knew that they were still there and that they were very cunning, terrible people."

"Oh, Lenchen, is that all I did?"

She shook her head.

"I never played with any other little boy after you left. I didn't want to. And I thought it would hurt you if you knew. You see, I did know somehow how hard it would be for you, and I wanted you to feel that I was always there—ready and waiting. I thought perhaps it would help."

"Did you think I would come back?"

"I knew."

"And when I came ——"

"I recognized you at once—even that first night in the storm. I just felt that it was you. When you were beating at the door I said to myself 'That's Helmut wanting to come in.' And I couldn't fail you—whatever it cost." She drew a deep noiseless breath. "Afterward I was surer still. Everything had changed—except your eyes; and they were just the same—so blue—and—and troubled-looking."

"But you sat there—all night—watching me—like an enemy."

She shook her head.

"No, not like an enemy. You don't know what was in my heart. You were someone I had to protect. I couldn't have let you do anything wrong—anything that would have made you sorry all your life."

"You—you would have shot me, Lenchen?" he whispered.

"Oh, Helmut, I don't know. I don't know. I just prayed to God—that I might be strong."

"Why didn't you speak?"

"I had to wait. The time hadn't come. You were too far off. But I felt that you would come nearer and nearer; and then—then I should only have to say one word ——"

He sat down on the bench beside her, hiding his trembling.

"But, Lenchen, there have been other people in your life—someone else. I've been thinking of him all these two days. There must be someone whom you are waiting for—who will come back—and love you and make you happy."

"There has never been anyone but you."

He took her two hands between his. He bent over them and kissed them.

"I love you, Lenchen."

She smiled tremulously.

"I am so glad, Helmut. Because I love you too. And we've been engaged people such a long, long time."

They looked at each other, but the tears blinded them.

"My Lenchen—my own sweetheart."

He had come out of the striving and tumult onto a quiet height, and before him was all his life to come. He could trace the peaceful path on which they would go together. The hideous union that was to have been forced upon them would become blessed and holy. Almost he could have said to her in that moment of thanksgiving: "I believe in God."

But he looked down and saw the hands that held hers. He spread them out before him in the firelight. And he saw that they were red and filthy, and that the filth spread up—up to his breast, to his throat; he could taste the loathsomeness of it upon his lips. And suddenly with a cry of anguish he stood up:

"Oh, Lenchen, Lenchen, what have I done?"

The night wore on heavily and there was no sound in the room but that of the man's voice. He leaned forward, his chin resting in his hand, and looked into the red glow of the fire as though it were there that he saw the things that he had done. And she followed his eyes, seeing with him. Her face was pale and grave, but she made no sign of hurt. Her hands were clasped in her lap in a gesture of unconscious innocency.

And for a while he forgot her. It was to himself he spoke. It was to the tribunal of his own soul—horror-stricken, quivering and revolting—that he told the story of his manhood. He picked out each filthy, blood-stained thing and held it up and saw it for the first time for what it was. All that had been splendid and heroic—all that seemed

(Continued on Page 29)

What the double target test proves

Why the Conaphore is the only headlight glass that passes

YOU know that ordinary diffusing or prismatic lenses dump so much of the light directly in front of the car, that long range is impossible.

This is why the double target test is the most important test of headlight efficiency.

Engineers have found it the best proof of long range, no glare and side-light.

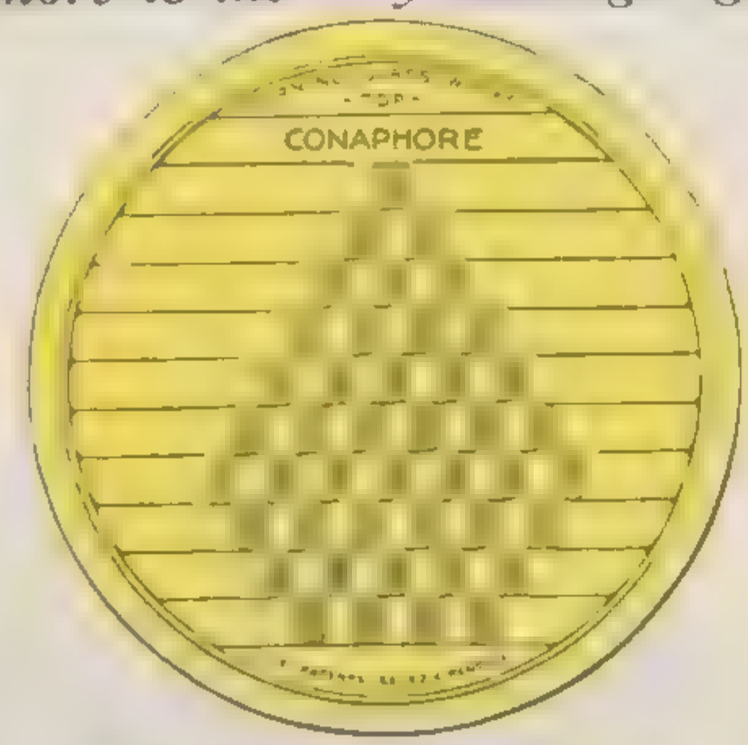
How this test is made

Two targets are set up in the road. The first is 22 inches high, and is placed 10 feet ahead of the car. The second, 4½ feet high, is placed 30 feet ahead. A horizontal line is drawn across the second target at a height of 42 inches above the road.

The Conaphore beams shoot over the first target and brilliantly illuminate the second target *below the 42 inch line, but not above it.*

This gives positive proof that light from Conaphores is not dumped in the foreground, but shoots down the road with sufficient intensity to produce 500 feet of strong driving light. The spread of the light at each side of the targets gives evidence of ample side-light.

This test also proves that Conaphore beams never rise high enough to blind an approaching motorist or pedestrian. *Legal everywhere.*



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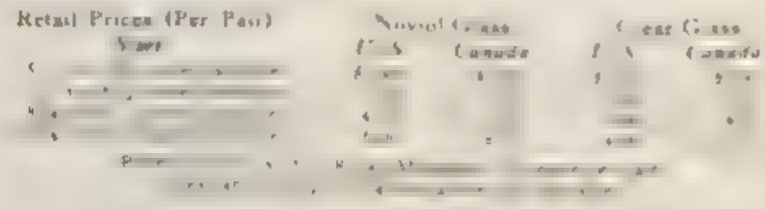

CONAPHORE SALES DIVISION
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280 Madison Avenue New York City

CORNING GLASS WORKS

(Continued from Page 27)

to become a man—putrefied under that final scrutiny. He tore the gold trappings of kingship and glory from it and the body crumbled to a heap of dust.

"And we believed that it was right—as though God himself had told us," he said. "The kindliest and best of us—we did these things, as we gave our lives, without question. There was only one sin left in the world—the sin against Germany."

"As though our forests would want these things of us," she said simply.

At the end he told her of Heilig—of that last watch together, and of how he had struck the doomed man across the mouth.

"That was the saddest thing of all, Helmut."

He lifted his eyes to hers. He read in her face the tragic knowledge of that which in this hour had become clear to him. Their love remained. But the gulf between them was too wide.

Not all the toil and passion of their lives could build the bridge across.

And yet surely there was some way—some other way.

"I have come back, Lenchen, but I have lost you."

They had taught him to believe only in the hard tangible realities—realities that a man's hands could make and break. It was strange to sit close at her side with the gods whom he had obeyed giving him right and power, with his own youth and love beating in his blood—and to know that in a little while he would be gone.

So that after all there were things in a man's soul stronger than armies—stronger even than his own desire.

He looked at her hands lying there so quietly. He had a humble longing to touch them—to hold them as he had done in that brief glimpse of happiness an hour ago. But he could not. He was like a man in a dark and filthy cell, gazing between the bars of his prison at the distant fields.

"Lenchen, it would have been better to have left me out there."

She started, and as though she had divined his thought she took his hands and gently kissed them each in turn. And he could have cried with the pain of it.

"Oh, no, Helmut! It isn't that. You mustn't think that. Only it's so sad. They've spoilt all our lives, those wicked people."

"I am one of them, Lenchen."

She shook her head.

"I know that you are not—you were such a kind, loving little boy."

"But I am not that little boy any more."

That was the inexorable truth. He was not the same. He could never be the same again. Not all his tears and remorse could give him back what they had taken from him. They could mend his body; they could not give him healing for the deeper sickness.

He sat with his face hidden for a while, thinking of his crippled, tainted youth.

But was there no way—no way in the world by which a man could retrace his steps?

And strangely at that moment he thought of the sun, that even now was rising splendidly to their horizon.

"Everywhere there are people sitting by the fire, as we are," she said under her breath, "breaking their hearts."

"What can we do, Lenchen?"

"We're so weak ——"

"It would be so easy just to give way—to take what happiness we can get. We're just two people among millions. What can we do?"

She grew tense and eager with the thought that came to her.

"It would have been easy for Heilig just to shoot down those poor people, Helmut. He was just one man."

For an instant his whole being rose up in revolt.

"And it was no good. He didn't save them."

"He knew; but he did something—something bigger than that. I don't know, it's all so dark and difficult; but I think soon—I shall understand."

"He told me," Helmut whispered. "He told me just before he died. He seemed to think that all over our country there were people like himself—lonely, helpless people who were doing what he did—giving their lives, their happiness to redeem the others, the others who would come after, so that they should be happy and all the things that we have done forgotten and forgiven. He told me to remember what he said—if ever the time came ——"

He stopped, blinded for the moment by the sudden light. "He said 'Even as you may give your life, Helmutchen.'"

For a long time they were quite silent. They sat close to one another, their hands tightly interlocked, staring ahead like people who are being drawn more and more swiftly toward the cataract. But when he spoke again it was as though in the last minutes of that dread journey they had talked together, exchanging each thought, answering each question.

"So I shall go back," he said; "and I shall tell them that what they bade me do was a foul and evil thing; that I have disobeyed them, and that I shall never obey their law again."

"And then—they will kill you, Helmut."

He did not answer; and suddenly they clung to one another in despair and revolt—that last supreme revolt of their bodies against the inexorable spirit.

"Oh, Helmut, Helmut! And we don't know—we don't know. Perhaps this is the only life we have."

"My Lenchen, my own darling!"

"Helmut, don't go. Don't leave me!"

"Oh, Lenchen, it must be soon, quite soon. We couldn't bear it, my little love."

They cried together pitifully. But gradually the storm passed. They had gone under in the darkness and tumult, but now they were being borne swiftly on the deep flood. She crept closer into his arms.

"Let us be quite happy now. Don't let us think of anything but just that we are sitting here together by the fire, in our own little home. Let's pretend that you came back, and that it's been like this for years and years, and that now we are old, old people. And that even if to-morrow we are parted we shall have had our happiness, and that it cannot be for very long."

He kissed her brown hair softly.

"And we'll talk about the old days—up there—on the Ludwigshöhe ——"

"And the sponge cake. Do you remember?"

"And the old witch's cottage."

"You said it was the ranger's house."

"I was such a silly little boy."

Their voices dropped to whispers. And sometimes there were long silences.

They did not notice that the firelight had grown dim. They did not see the deeper shadows rise up like watchers whose task is done and creep away.

It was not snowing any more. Overhead the gray mists were breaking. One could see pale touches of blue amid their floating draperies, and far away on the peaks of the distant hills the snow sparkled in the first light of morning.

"The dear, dear earth," she whispered.

"That is what Heilig said: 'The dear, dear earth.'"

He took her in his arms, and for the last time they kissed each other. For a long minute they remained locked together, silent and motionless.

Then he went, plowing strongly through the deep snow, valleyward.

The old *Amtschreiber* came out of the quiet room, closing the door softly behind him. He saw old Anna standing with clasped hands by the window and he blinked his eyes, trying to make sure that she was really so old—that all those years had really passed.

"You must go home," he said. "You must be very tired."

"It doesn't matter, *Herr Amtschreiber*. One can rest now."

"Yes, that's true; one can rest now."

He put his hands against the majolica stove, warming them. He felt very cold, as though he could never be warm again.

"Good night, *Herr Amtschreiber*."

"Good night."

He did not move until he heard her heavy, listless footsteps pass down the passage and the subdued click of the latch. Then he shambled over to the table, littered with papers and old letters, and sat down with his head between his hands.

For a long time he sat there—so still that he seemed to fade into the grayness and shadow of the room. Before him, under his eyes, was the open page of that day's Tageblatt filled with black-bordered death notices of the fallen. And one among them was larger, prouder than the rest:

Hauptmann Heinrich von Prütwitz,
Knight of the Iron Cross, second class,
Who died the hero's death for Kaiser and Fatherland, December 15th, 1916.

And underneath was a long list of his people.

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The *Herr Amtschreiber* turned over the disordered pile of letters with shaking fingers. Some of them were yellow-edged and covered with a schoolboy's stiff writing. Others were more recent, bolder and briefer. The last was written on a sheet of official notepaper by some stranger's hand:

"Helmut Felde . . . at dawn . . . for disobedience in the face of the enemy."

Gradually night came into the room, and to the *Herr Amtschreiber* that weariness which muffles even the worst sorrows of the very old.

And so he fell asleep, suddenly and peacefully.

And in his sleep he dreamed he heard an infant crying.

(THE END)

THE HORRORS OF MOONLIGHT

(Continued from Page 4)

overhead! Turn 'em loose, you big stiff!" yelled a lieutenant.

We all felt the same way. Lying there with taut muscles one longed for him to let fly and get it over with.

But evidently the boches had shot their bolts. No more bombs fell. The noise of the machines grew fainter; they were heading for home.

"Say, orderly," shouted a patient, "fetch the ——" and just then we caught another telltale sound. More airplanes were bearing our way.

"Fine life in this man's army!" exclaimed an officer ruefully. "How'm I going to get to sleep—with the itch, and a wound in the shoulder, and these birds dropping things on us every five minutes?"

They laughed again at that, and then there was silence while we waited for the next cargo. We waited and waited. The noise of Heinie's engines increased in volume, but apparently he was not bound in our direction. The sinister note that comes from one directly overhead was lacking.

Whang! Whang! Whang! Boom! Boom! The explosions sounded some distance to the east. Evidently the airmen were making a try at one of the cantonments not far away.

They finished the job and departed. Silence settled down over the hospital area. The lieutenant bade me good-night and returned to his cot in the next ward.

But the horrors of that moonlight night were not yet over. Presently I heard droning again and sat up in bed with a start. The sound was long-drawn-out and rasping; it broke off into a choking gurgle. One of the glee-club trio was snoring.

Boche planes were still in the air, for we could hear them; yet half of those officers had gone to sleep. In fact I was vastly surprised myself, a few minutes later, when a doctor from Waco entered my room with a bomb splinter he had picked up, for he had to shake me out of slumber.

"They broke the glass in the operating room," he reported, "but they didn't get anybody. Their bombs lit in a field beside the road."

Out of the Frying Pan

Next morning we learned that the raid had seriously disturbed a game of old maid the medical staff were playing when it occurred. Doctors never play poker or such games of chance—never, never! They go in for hearts and old maid and casino; and the stakes are C. C. pills, the theory being that if a medico can only build up a sufficient supply of C. C. pills he is bound to end up a brigadier-general some day.

Also, we learned that ten bombs had been dropped. Seven failed to explode, two of them penetrated into the half-frozen ground to a depth of nine feet. The engineers set off all of them that afternoon, in order to save some innocent French plowman the trouble.

Eh bien—you know we all speak French here. We can say "*Dis donc, Jacques,*" and "*Alors,*" and order "*oofs*" and whisper to Madame to slip us some "*rhum*" or "*cognac*" when no senior officer is round to hop us. It is no uncommon thing for a doughboy to intersperse his conversation with "*n'est-ce-pas?*" as, for instance:

"I guess we sleep with the sheep to-night, *n'est-ce-pas?*"

"*Mais oui. Avec les* little *moutons.*"

"Well, they don't smell any worse than some of you guys at that, *n'est-ce-pas?*"

"Say, who the hell's got my French mask? I laid it on my pack not ten minutes ago, *n'est-ce-pas?*"

We're there with that French stuff. A common form of greeting from the ribald roughnecks to the earnest linguists among us is "Aha, I see you speak French!" You see, they have to admit it.

Eh bien, as I remarked before, the chief medical officer strode into our midst shortly after breakfast and broke some sad news.

"We're going to evacuate all the patients to a hospital farther back," he announced. "For now that we have moonlight nights the boche is bound to come over often."

A moment of incredulous silence; then "*Oh, là, là!* Say not so, colonel! Don't break our hearts!"

To move farther back! The sick and the maimed sat up gleefully and howled for assistance to get their effects packed.

"You'll be sent to a safe place," added the colonel, "where there is no danger of raids."

Perhaps he was in earnest. Perhaps he really believed what he said. I try not to think too harshly of him, for doubtless he is a good man and kind to his family.

But do you know what actually happened? They moved me that afternoon to a hospital in Toul, and there we went through five air raids in seven nights. And farther up, at Number Thirteen, they didn't hear a single bomb!

Much to Learn From the French

The way the boche airmen go after Toul and Nancy is a crime. Those cities never get what you could call a real sleep. The wretched sirens are constantly giving the *alerte,* and then all the people abroad scurry for shelter in the abris, partly in fear of the bombs and partly in fear of falling shrapnel from the barrages. Yet a large portion of the populations refuse to move elsewhere. They stick to the old home towns and go about what is left of their business; and be damned to Heinie!

I have often wondered what the inhabitants of an American city would do in similar plight. Would they stick it out through four years of crashing night, and hideous death stealing upon them from the clouds? Surely! Surely they would be as stanch as the French; but God grant that they are never subjected to the test!

The more one sees of the French the more one must admire them. They go about war as they go about business, taking all its vicissitudes with fatalistic calm. There is no hurrah spirit among them, no heroics. They have a cynical joke for everything, a jesting "*Là, là!*" for peril. Not in three years have they repeated their initial mistake of underestimating Heinie, and not in three years have they failed to check him.

Their methods used to look so futile to Americans. They seemed so slow; they appeared to waste so much time on non-essentials. But recently there has been a sharp reaction from that early impression. We have discovered that Jacques has reduced war to an exact science and that in organization the best soldiers we possess can learn a lot from the French.

Whenever the line gives at any point; whenever the Italians or the English face disaster; whenever any of the Allies are desperately pressed—to whom do they call for help? To sturdy Jacques, with his foolish-looking rifle and his fed-up matter-of-factness. And he plugs the gap; he stops Heinie; he is equal to the job every time.

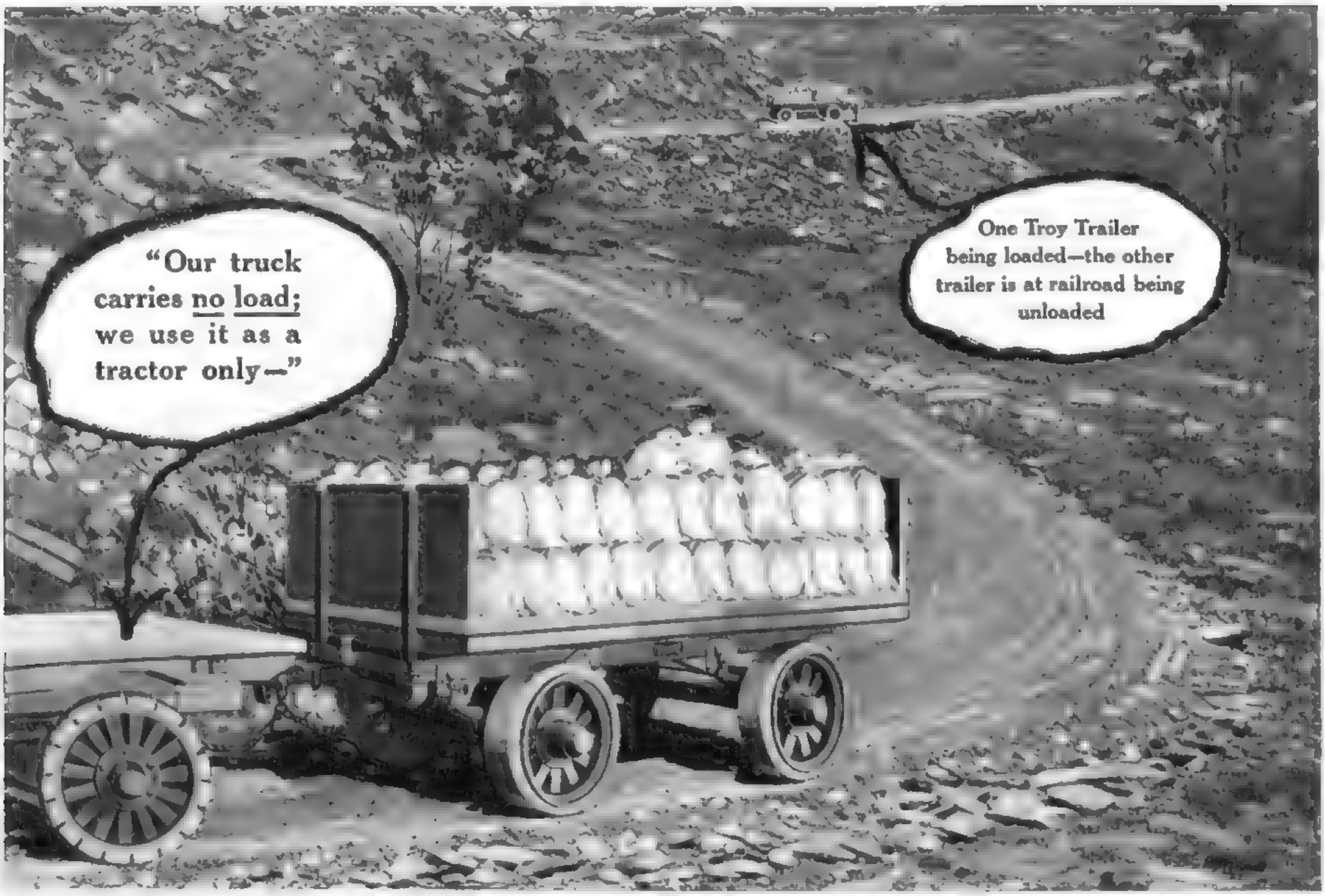
The French are sure-enough fighting men. Whatever the claims of other nations as to the burden they are bearing in this war, the American Expeditionary Force has been slowly forced to the conclusion that the French are the backbone of the struggle.

Dis donc, they moved me to Toul. That night there was a lovely moon, with patches of fleecy clouds in the sky—such a night as lovers crave and burglars do deplore.

"Fine night for dirty work," I muttered as I took off my Sam Brown belt to go to bed. Undressing is a simple operation over here; you remove your shoes and your old Sam Brown and are ready for bye-bye.

About eight o'clock the *alerte* sounded, and almost immediately thereafter I heard about a million Heinies streaming toward

(Concluded on Page 33)


"Our truck carries no load; we use it as a tractor only—"
One Troy Trailer being loaded—the other trailer is at railroad being unloaded

(Drawing Made From Actual Photograph)

"We can't afford to waste the time it would take to load the truck—"

H. G. Williams, miner and manufacturer of roofing slate at Granville, N. Y., writes:—"I have fully convinced myself that Troy Trailers are the best method of getting efficiency and returns from an auto truck. As we have three Troy Trailers, there is no loss of time whatsoever, one trailer being loaded, another on the way, and the third trailer being unloaded all at the same time. I am positive we have cut our cost more than one-half what it used to be, owing to the time the truck was idle in loading and unloading. We have had no trouble whatever with either truck or trailers. Our roads have very sharp turns, yet cause no inconvenience at all. I would be pleased to have any prospective Troy Trailer buyer come to Granville and see for himself what we are doing, and will gladly assist them in information and data."

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Motor truck users have felt that the truck was profitable only as a carrier—but here is one manufacturer who has proved that it is a waste of time to put any load at all on his truck.

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Columbia Dry Batteries run autos, engines, motorboats, tractors, trucks, and toys; they furnish light for lanterns and talk for telephones.

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Columbia is the Symbol of Supremacy

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.
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In Canada Columbia Batteries are made and sold by Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

(Concluded from Page 30)

the town. The upper reaches seemed alive with them.

Bang! Whir! Pop! went the antiaircraft batteries. Whang! Whang! Boom! went the bombs. Another party was on. I hoped that chief medical officer would lose every C. C. pill he had.

The flare of the guns illumined the room fitfully. The jarring thunder of the bombs rattled the building until I feared for its stout stone and brick walls. And in the midst of it one of the meningitis patients down the hall began to rave.

"Let's go home!" he wailed. "Let's go home!" His voice sank to a pitiful moan. "Let's go home!"

Poor, poor fellow! I heartily seconded the motion, for all the while the raiders were dropping their terrible explosives.

The boches kept it up for three hours, coming on wave after wave, but none of the hospitals was hit. That is one advantage of being in a large place, as I observed once before—there are so many other spots for a bomb to fall on.

During seven moonlight nights the enemy made five forays against that area; and then the clouds began to bank up, and there came a blessed period of mist and wind and drizzle. No dwellers in parched cowland ever hailed a wet spell with greater delight. And the sufferers in the infectious-disease wards had an interval of peace.

This is being written under the enemy guns.

The regiment to which I am attached is shortly to go into the great battle. We have been marching for days through the fairest, sweetest land imaginable.

"Oh, Bill!" yelled a doughboy; "some country, ain't it? Got all them other places we been at beat a mile."

Bill gave a hitch to ease his pack and replied:

"Like gettin' out of Arkansas into the U-nited States."

I have never seen anything to equal the rough-and-ready gameness of the men of this force. They have done hikes, without rest or adequate food, that would exhaust perfectly fresh troops; yet they have been able to joke grimly about it at the end of the day as they relaxed tired bodies on beds of straw in a mow, knowing full well that the bugle would bring them up again at three-forty-five in the morning to do another march.

Rest and proper food are impossible in this emergency. The movement of troops is so tremendous that transportation cannot always be obtained, and most of the American Army's needs must at times be carried on their backs.

For instance, our regiment started from a village back of another front between three and four o'clock on a wet and windy morning. They were piled into box cars labeled "*8 chevaux ou 40 hommes*," from thirty-five to forty men a car. That was the only stage of the journey to battle which was made by rail. They have legged it the rest of the way.

Hard Work and High Spirits

Twenty-four hours on board train, sleeping cramped together on straw or the hard floor, without removing their shoes or getting anything to eat but sandwiches and hot coffee; then all out for a march. The railroad lines near our destination of the day were congested with troops being hurried to the Front, so that it was necessary for the regiment to hike it. Despite the long and punishing trip, and with packs weighing more than seventy pounds to carry, they did twenty-four miles before five o'clock that night. A few fell out of course, either with sore feet or because they were all in, but these were less than three per cent of the total number; and the others were able to "Boy howdy!" one another at the finish.

The succeeding hikes were shorter; we were able to take our time and snatch some rest; and the nearer they got to the boches the better the soldiers seemed to like it. Always on long hikes in peacetimes you will hear grouching and see sullen faces; but this business has been different. I have mixed round considerably and have yet to note a real grouch. Indeed, they seem more cheerful to me than they did during any part of the training period, when they were safely housed in villages far back of the firing line.

The village we are now in is the last stop before the regiment goes into the line. It is within easy shelling distance of the boche batteries, and a few shells have come over, just before dawn; but at present Heinie is paying more attention to the French gun positions in other localities.

Last night the airmen made another raid.

I might have known it, for the moon was leering at us from a fleckless sky.

"Well, we're in the best place, anyhow," opined the orthopedic specialist—otherwise the foot doctor.

He spoke no more than the truth. Our billet is almost up against the church, and as the boches invariably sight on a church our chances seemed excellent, because they never hit within a hundred yards of where they aim. Experienced campaigners always figure on that when hunting for billets in the danger zone.

Alors, the raiders came over about ten o'clock. By that time the big French guns were booming in the vicinity, and they kept right on, regardless of the invaders. Of course the antiaircraft batteries got into action immediately, and what with the screech of the shrapnel, the heave of the 210's turning loose their tons of high explosive, and the quaking detonations of bombs from the sky, I didn't sleep soundly. It was worse than Toul, because the target was smaller, and you felt that Heinie had only to persist a while in order to make sure of you.

He assuredly persisted too. Boche planes kept darting over from ten o'clock until one in the morning. More may have come after that hour; but if they did nobody heard them, for we were all worn out and went to sleep.

The Church That Advertised

Right in the middle of the concert the church clock began to strike. One—two—three—four—— It tolled twelve, loudly and clearly. The sound must have carried miles.

"That's right!" bawled the gas officer from the next room. "Go on and tell him where we are. Advertise! Advertise! Advertise!"

The following morning we ascertained that no damage whatever had been done to the town. There were a few craters in the adjoining fields into which one could have dumped a bungalow with its front yard, but none of the houses or billets had been struck.

The inference was thereupon arrived at that Heinie was trying for battery positions he suspected to be in the area. But I know better.

He was hunting for me. There was moonlight, wasn't there?

"How did you like the party last night?" I inquired of a tender-footed soldier.

"Party?" he replied, puzzled. "You mean that shootin'? I did hear somebody shoot once, but I was too dadgummed sleepy to pay it much attention."

That is ever the way of the doughboy. The average man among them seems to care no more for bombs than you or I would for a pop gun. When he's sleepy he's sleepy—and Heinie knows what he can do! Hey, Old-Timer?

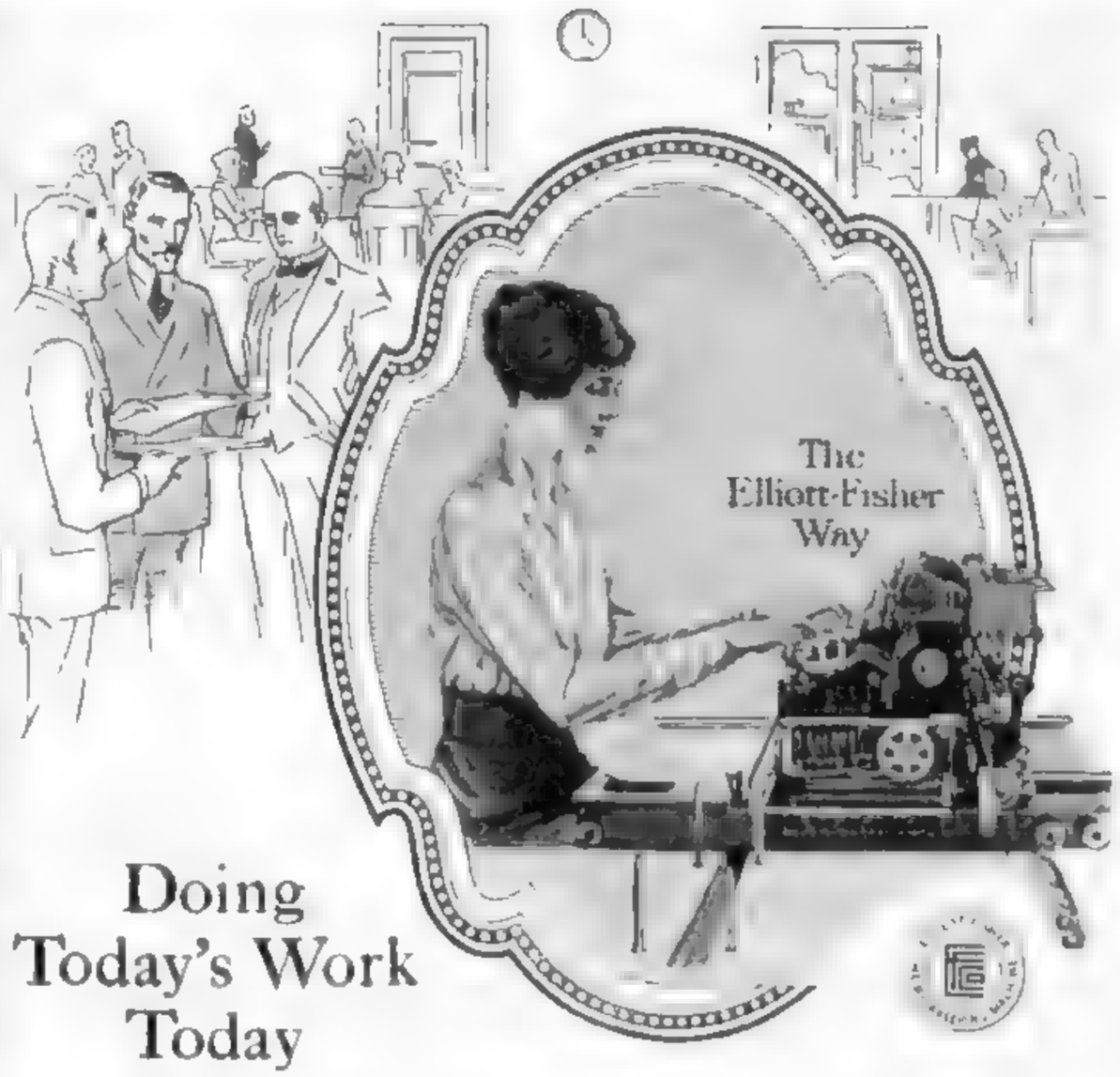
Any fine day you can see them gather out in the streets to rubber at an enemy plane scouting from the sky. The possibility of risk seems never to enter their heads. No amount of admonition has been able to imbue them with respect for enemy airplanes. Perhaps in time they will acquire caution; they will never learn fear; not this Army.

Of course the boches will come again to-night. Last night was my twenty-second. It's a fair share for any man. Twenty-two! I don't like the number; my fingers are crossed against twenty-three.

And yet what I shall do without them later on is even now giving me concern. For it has reached a point where I can't go to sleep comfortably without my little air raid first.

Assuming that I get back all right, my best plan appears to be this: My house stands on a corner; I propose, if the consent of the mortgagees can be gained, to hire several of the young airmen training in the adjoining county to come over every moonlight night about eleven o'clock. Emma, the cook, can toot the horn on the flivver for an *alerte*, and they can then proceed to drop a few bombs in the garden and chicken yard.

And when they've departed I'll come out of the coal cellar and I'll feel easy in mind for another twenty-four hours.



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Inferior insulators, like cheap porcelain-ware cups, break under sudden changes of temperature

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Stone-ware withstands extremes of heat and cold. That is why Vitristone insulators do not break

What was wrong with 92 out of 100 spark plugs that failed?

Insulators of inferior material cannot withstand modern engine conditions

OUT of 100 discarded spark plugs, taken at random, careful examination by experts showed that 92 were rendered useless by breakage of the insulators.

Both laboratory and road tests have proved that this insulator breakage is due almost entirely to the use of inferior material.

Inferior insulators cannot withstand the severity of modern engine conditions. In spark plug service they are subjected to intense heat—2000° to 3000° F.; rapid changes of temperature; high speeds; and hammer-like blows of compression. It is only natural that they should crack and break down.

Last year more than 42,000,000 spark plugs were thrown away, largely due to the inability of the inferior material used in the insulators to stand up under these increasingly difficult operating conditions.

The development of Vitristone

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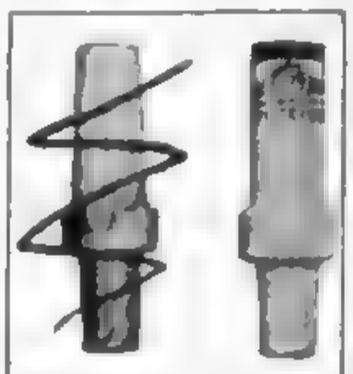
Vitristone—the new insulator—is an artificial stone. Its rugged, crystalline structure is unaffected by rapid changes from extreme heat to extreme cold. It withstands the most intense vibration.



Chalky, inferior insulators break down under heat. Rugged, crystalline Vitristone withstands the severest conditions

Built for years of service

Red Head spark plugs are built for years of service. Rigid tests insure gas-tightness and insulator efficiency. If a Red Head misses, clean it, and nine times out of ten it will fire 100% right. It is easy to clean.

Don't wait till your spark plugs crack and miss fire. *Put a full set of Red Head plugs in your engine today.* You will find that they stand up perfectly under the most severe working conditions.

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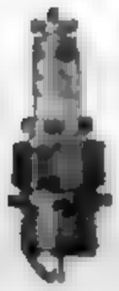
Red Head Vitristone Standard ⅞"-18—an all purpose, trouble proof plug . $1.00



Red Head Vitristone Special for Fords. Long body assures accessibility . . 75c

Red Head Spark Plug
Vitristone Insulator

WANTED: A FOOLPROOF WAR

(Continued from Page 9)

ever adopted a universal draft before their shores had been invaded and before any of their manhood had fallen in battle. No other self-governing people ever accepted the restrictions of a food-rationing scheme before any of the actual provisions concerning that food-rationing scheme had been embodied into the written laws. Other countries did it under compulsion, after their resources showed signs of exhaustion. We did it voluntarily; and it was all the more wonderful that we should have done it voluntarily when all about us was human provender in a prodigal fullness. There was plenty for our own tables.

By self-imposed regulations we cut down our supplies so that our allies might be fed with the surplus thus made available. Outside of a few sorry creatures there was scarcely to be found in America an individual, great or small, who did not give, and give freely, of the work of his or her heart and hands to this or that phase of the mighty undertaking upon which our Government had embarked and to which our President, speaking for us all, had solemnly dedicated all that we were or had been or ever should be.

All sorts of commissions, some useful and important beyond telling, some unutterably unuseful and incredibly unimportant, sprang into being. And to and fro in the land, in numbers amounting to a vast multitude, went the woman who wanted to do her part, without having the least idea of what that part would be or how she would go about doing it. She knew nothing of nursing; kitchen work, a vulgar thing, was abhorrent to her nature and to her manicured nails; she could not cook, neither could she sew or sweep—but she must do her part.

She was not satisfied to stay on at home and by hard endeavor to fit herself for helping in the task confronting every rational and willing being between the two oceans. No, sir-ree, that would be too prosaic, too commonplace an employment for her. Besides, the working classes could attend to that job. She must do her part abroad—either in France within sound of the guns or in racked and desolated Belgium. Of course her intentions were good. The intentions of such persons are nearly always good, because they change them before they have a chance to go stale.

Romantic Fancies vs. Facts

I think the average woman of this type had a mental conception of herself wearing a wimple and a coif of purest white, in a frock that was all crisp blue linen and big pearl buttons, with one red cross blazing upon her sleeve and another on her cap, sitting at the side of a spotless bed in a model hospital that was fragrant with flowers, and ministering daintily to a splendid wounded hero with the face of a demigod and the figure of a model for a union suit. Preferably this youth would be a gallant aviator, and his wound would be in the head so that from time to time she might adjust the spotless bandage about his brow.

I used to wish sometimes when I met such a lady that I might have drawn for her the picture of reality as I had seen it more times than once—tired, earnest, competent women who slept, what sleep they got, in lousy billets that were barren of the simplest comforts, sleeping with gas masks under their pillows, and who for ten or twelve or fifteen or eighteen hours on a stretch performed the most nauseating and the most necessary offices for poor suffering befouled men lying on blankets upon straw pallets in wrecked dirty houses or in half-ruined stables from which the dung had hurriedly been shoveled out in order to make room for suffering soldiers—stables that reeked with the smells of carbolic and iodoform and with much worse smells. It is an extreme case that I am describing, but then the picture is a true picture, whereas the idealistic fancy painted by the lady who just must do her part at the Front had no existence except in the movies or in her own imagination.

It never occurred to her that there would be slop jars to be emptied or filthy bodies, alive with crawling vermin, to be cleaned. It never occurred to her that she would take up room aboard ship that might better be filled with horse collars or hardtack or insect powder; nor that while over here she would consume food that otherwise would stay the stomach of a fighting man or a working woman; nor that if ever she reached the battle zone she would encounter living conditions appallingly bare and primitive beyond anything she could conceive; nor that she could not care for herself, and was fitted neither by training nor instinct to help care for anyone else.

When I left America last winter a great flow of national sanity had already begun to rise above the remaining scourings of national hysteria; and the lady whose portrait I have tried in the foregoing paragraphs to sketch was not quite so numerous or so vociferous as she had been in those first few exalted weeks and months following our entrance into the war as a full partner in the greatest of enterprises. My surprise was all the greater therefore to find that she had beaten me across the water. She had pretty well disappeared at home.

Hell Paved With Buttered Parsnips

One typical example of this strange species crossed in the same ship with me. Heaven alone knows what political or social influence had availed to secure her passport for her. But she had it, and with it credentials from an organization that should have known better. She was a woman of independent wealth seemingly, and her motives undoubtedly were of the best; but as somebody might have said: Good motives butter no parsnips, and hell is paved with buttered parsnips. Her notion was to drive a car at the Front—an ambulance or a motor truck or a general's automobile or something. She had owned cars, but she had never driven one, as she confessed; but that was a mere detail. She would learn how, some day after she got to Europe, and then somebody or other would provide her with a car and she would start driving it; such was her intention. Unaided she could no more have wrestled a busted tire off of a rusted rim than she could have marcelled her own back hair; and so far as her knowledge of practical mechanics went, I am sure no reasonably prudent person would have trusted her with a nutpick; but she had the serene confidence of an inspired and magnificent ignorance.

She had her uniform too. She had brought it with her and she wore it constantly. She said she designed it herself, but I think she fibbed there. No one but a Fifth Avenue mantuamaker of the sex which used to be the gentler sex before it got the vote could have thought up a vestment so ornate, so swagger and so complicated.

It was replete with shoulder straps and abounding in pleats and gores and gussets and things. Just one touch was needed to make it a finished confection: By rights it should have buttoned up the back.

The woman who had the cabin next to hers in confidence told a group of us that she had it from the stewardess that it took the lady a full hour each day to get herself properly harnessed into her caparisons. Still I must say the effect, visually speaking, was worthy of the effort; and besides, the woman who told us may have been exaggerating. She was a registered and qualified nurse who knew her trade and wore matter-of-fact garments and flat-heeled, broad-soled shoes. She was not very exciting to look at, but she radiated efficiency. She knew exactly what she would do when she got over here and exactly how she would do it. We agreed among ourselves that if we were in quest of the ornamental we would search out the lady who meant to drive the car—provided there was any car; but that if anything serious ailed any of us we would rather have the services of one of the plain nursing sisterhood than a whole tearoomful of the other kind round.

In the latter part of 1917 there landed in France a young woman hailing from a Far Western city whose family is well known on the Pacific Slope. She brought with her letters of introduction signed by imposing names and a comfortable sum of money, which had been subscribed partly out of her own pocket and partly out of the pockets of well-meaning persons in her home state whom she had succeeded in interesting in her particular scheme of wartime endeavor. She was very fair to see and her

(Continued on Page 36)

Every Motorist Knows—

You've noticed it yourself—how much better your motor runs in the cool of the evening than in the heat of the day. You've marveled how a motor which was so sluggish during the day could acquire such life and animation after dark. You've wondered what it was in the night air that put so much "pep" into its performance. You've wondered if there wasn't something which would make it run just as well during the day. *There is—It is the* ESTA WATER AUXILIATOR.

The reason why a motor runs better at night or on a misty morning is because the air is laden with oxygen—moisture—dampness. And it is this moisture in the air getting into the mixture which insures perfect combustion.

Moisture is the one thing needed to get every bit of force and energy out of the fuel.
Moisture is what gives your motor the power, pep and jump you like so well when on the open road.
And moisture is what makes it purr along so smoothly when you throttle it down in traffic.

The ESTA Water Auxiliator furnishes the moisture so necessary for the ideal mixture. It delivers to the heart of the gasoline engine a stimulant of oxygen in sufficient quantity to insure absolute combustion of every particle of fuel. It duplicates the dampness of night air at all times and under all conditions.

ESTA
WATER AUXILIATOR

The ESTA Water Auxiliator is a small metal tank which is installed in any convenient place under the hood. It is a vacuum device, half filled with water which connects either to the intake manifold or to the vacuum line between the motor and the gasoline feed. With either connection it works the same. The same suction which draws gas from the carburetor into the cylinders of the motor is made to draw air through the water in the Auxiliator. This mixes it with the explosive charge just as it enters the cylinder. This does not thin the mixture—nor does it water the fuel—but it does introduce the right amount of moisture to insure perfect combustion.

The ESTA Water Auxiliator is simple, easy to put on and absolutely automatic in operation. Once installed it is good for the life of the car. There are no moving parts—nothing to get out of order. Its principle is as old as the hills and it works equally well on all kinds of gas engines—on trucks and tractors as on passenger cars.

Buy it because of its economy.
Use it because of its efficiency.

ESTA dealers are located in practically every town of importance in the United States and Canada. If yours doesn't happen to sell the ESTA, order direct or send coupon for booklet and further particulars. *Every user recommends the Esta.*

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The Esta Cures the Plague of Carbon

The moisture which it introduces not only insures absolute combustion of the fuel but it leaves any residue in such condition that instead of forming on the cylinder walls or on the valves, it is scavenged—blown out—with each exhaust.

Scientific tests by the engineers of the Automobile Club of America, the Pratt Institute of Brooklyn, and the experience of thousands of users have proven this conclusively.

The ESTA Water Auxiliator is the only device of its kind in the world. It is fully protected and patented under date of January 11, 1916, and under date of September 25, 1917. Additional patents are now pending.

Price $15.00

$16.50 West of the Eastern boundary of Colorado. Somewhat higher in Canada.

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103–107 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

Please send me a copy of your booklet "The Plague of Carbon and Its Cure."

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Sunderland Tire Pumps

The Pumps with the Red Band

A woman can "take it easy"

with this long, slender, smooth-working pump. The single-cylinder model pictured has 24-inch stroke, enabling a frail woman to put 90 lbs. pressure in tire. Ask for Sunderland No. 1; price $3.50. Guaranteed 5 years.

All Sunderland Pumps have heavy steel cylinders, strong, smooth handles, washers of finest leather. Strong beyond ordinary. Made for car owners; we do not make cheap pumps for automobile manufacturers to give away. Every pump tested to 125 lbs. pressure.

$3.50

Send for complete catalog of all models

[illegible] No. 10 at $2.25 is a new pump—with floating piston. No. 100 at $1.40 is unusual value in a single-cylinder pump. No. 2 for faster action is the most carefully built 2-cylinder pump—[illegible]-inch stroke—price $2.35. No. 3, 3-cylinders, gives quickest results—18-inch stroke—$4.50. Stocked by over 300 jobbers. Buy at your dealer's or of us, prepaid. Prices quoted are for U. S. east of Rockies. Be sure to get a pump with the Red Band.

Sunderland Mfg. Co.
600 W. 22d Street
CHICAGO

Strong Tool Steel Handle Malleable Iron Foot

2814

(Continued from Page 34)

uniform, by all accounts, was very fair to look upon, it being a horizon-blue in color with much braiding upon the sleeves and collar. It has been my observation since coming over that when in doubt regarding their vocations and their intentions these unattached lady zealots go in very strongly for striking effects in the matter of habiliments. Along the boulevards and in the tearooms I have encountered a considerable number who appeared to have nothing to do except to wear their uniforms.

However, this young person had no doubts whatever concerning her motives and her purposes. The whole thing was all mapped out in her head, as developed when she called upon a high official of our Expeditionary Forces at his headquarters in the southern part of France. She told him she had come hither for the express purpose of feeding our starving aviators. He might have told her that so long as they continued to be served fried potato chips free at the Crillon bar there was but little danger of any airman going hungry, in Paris at least. What he did tell her when he had rallied somewhat from the shock was that he saw no way to gratify her in her benevolent desire unless he could catch a few aviators and lock them up and starve them for two or three days, and he rather feared the young men might object to such treatment. As a matter of fact, I understand he so forgot himself as to laugh at the young woman.

At any rate his attitude was so unsympathetic that he practically spoiled the whole war for her, and she gave him a piece of her mind and went away. She had departed out of the country before I arrived in it, and I learned of her and her uniform and her mission and her deep disappointment at its unfulfillment by hearsay only; but I have no doubt, in view of some of the things I have myself seen, that the account which reached me was substantially correct. Along this line I am now prepared to believe almost anything.

Here, on the other hand, is a case of which I have direct and first-hand knowledge. I encountered a group of young women attached to one of the larger American organizations engaged in systematized charities and mercies on this side of the water. Now, plainly these young women were inspired by the very highest ideals; that there was no discounting. They were full of the spirit of service and sacrifice. Mainly they were college graduates. Without exception they were well bred; almost without exception they were well educated.

Blind Leading Blind

The particular tasks for which they had been detailed were to care for pauperized repatriates returning to France through Switzerland from areas of their country occupied by the enemy, and to aid these poor folks in reëstablishing their home life and to give them lessons in domestic science. To the success of their ministrations there was just one drawback: They were dealing with peasants mostly—furtive, shy, secretive folks who under ordinary circumstances would be bitterly resentful of any outside interference by aliens with their mode of life, and who in these cases had been rendered doubly suspicious by reason of the misfortunes they had endured while under the thumb of the Germans.

To understand them, to plumb diplomatically the underlying reasons for their prejudices, to get upon a basis of helpful sympathy with them, it was highly essential that those dealing with them not only should have infinite tact and finesse but should be able to fathom the meaning of a nod or a gesture, a sidelong glance of the eyes or the inflection of a muttered word. And yet of those zealous young women who had been assigned to this delicate task there was scarcely one in six who spoke any French at all. It inevitably followed that the bulk of their patient labors should go for naught; moreover, while they continued in this employment they were merely occupying space in an already crowded country and consuming food in an already needy country; the both of which—space and food—were needed for people who could accomplish effective things.

An American woman who is reputed to be a dietetic specialist came over not long ago, backed by funds donated in the States. Her instructions were to establish cafeterias at some of the larger French munition works. Probably her chagrin was equaled only by her astonishment when she learned that for reasons which seemed to it good and sufficient—and which no doubt were—the French Government did not want any American-plan cafeterias established at any of its munition works. Apparently it had not seemed feasible and proper to the sponsors of the diet specialist to find out before dispatching her overseas whether the plan would be agreeable to the authorities here; or whether there already were eating places suitable to the desires of the working people at these munition plants; or how long it would take, given the most favorable conditions, to cure the workers of their tenacious instinct for eating the kind of midday meal they have been eating for some hundreds of years and accustom them and their palates and their stomachs to the Yankee quick lunch with its baked pork and beans, its buckwheat cakes with maple sirup and its four kinds of pie. In their zeal the promoters, it would seem, had entirely overlooked those essential details. It is just such omissions as this one that the fine frenzy of helping out in wartime appears to develop in a nation that is given to boasting of its business efficiency and that vaunts itself that it knows how to give generously without wasting foolishly.

The field manager of an organization that is doing a great deal for the comfort of our soldiers and the soldiers of our allies told me of one of his experiences. He had a sense of humor and he could laugh over it, but I think I noted a suggestion of resentment behind the laughter. He said that some months before he set up and assumed charge of a plant well up toward the trenches in a sector that had been taken over by the American troops. It was a large and elaborate concern, as these concerns are rated in the field. The men were pleased with its accommodations and facilities, and the field manager was proud of it.

A Nuisance in Petticoats

One day there appeared a businesslike young woman who introduced herself as belonging to a kindred organization that was charged with the work of decorating the interiors of such establishments as the one over which he presided. Somewhat puzzled, he showed her, first of all, his canteen. It was as most such places are: There were boxes of edibles upon counters, in open boxes, so that the soldier customers might appraise the wares before investing; upon the shelves there were soft drinks and smoking materials and all manner of small articles of wearing apparel; likewise baseballs and safety razors and soap, toilet kits and the rest of it. All together the manager and his two assistants were rather pleased with the arrangement.

The newly arrived young woman swept the scene with a cold professional eye.

"On the whole this will do fairly well," she said with a certain briskness in her tones. "Yes, I may say it will do very well indeed—with certain changes, certain touches."

"As for example, what, please?" inquired the superintendent.

"Well," she said, "for one thing we must put up some bright curtains at the windows; and to lighten up the background I think we'll run a stenciled pattern in some cheerful color round the walls at the top."

It was not for the manager to inquire how the decorator meant to get her curtains and her stencils and her wall paints up over a road that was being alternately gassed and shelled at nights and on which the traffic capacity was already taxed to the utmost by the business of bringing up supplies, munitions and rations from the base some fifteen miles in the rear. He merely bowed and awaited the lady's further commands. "And now," she said, "where is the rest room?"

"The rest room, did you say?"

"Certainly, the rest room—the recreation hall, the place where these poor men may go for privacy and innocent amusement?"

"Well, you see, thus close up near the Front we haven't been able to make provision for a regular rest room," explained the manager. "Besides, in case of a withdrawal or an attack we might have to pull out in a hurry and leave behind everything that is not readily portable on wagons or trucks. The nearest approach that we have to a rest room is here at the rear."

He led the way to a room at the back. It contained such plenishings as one generally finds in improvised quarters in the field—that is to say, it contained a curious

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GRATON & KNIGHT

Standardized Series

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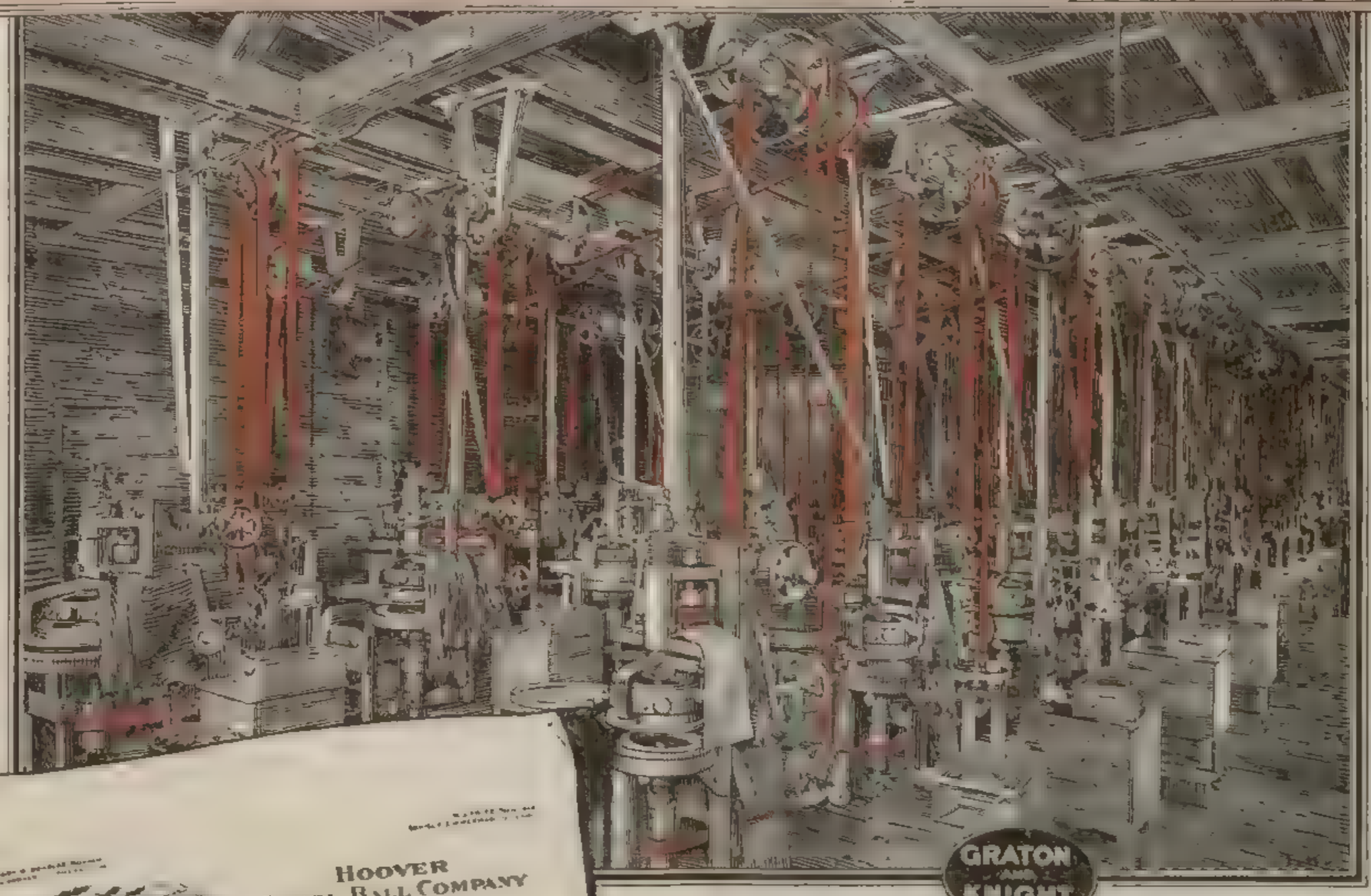
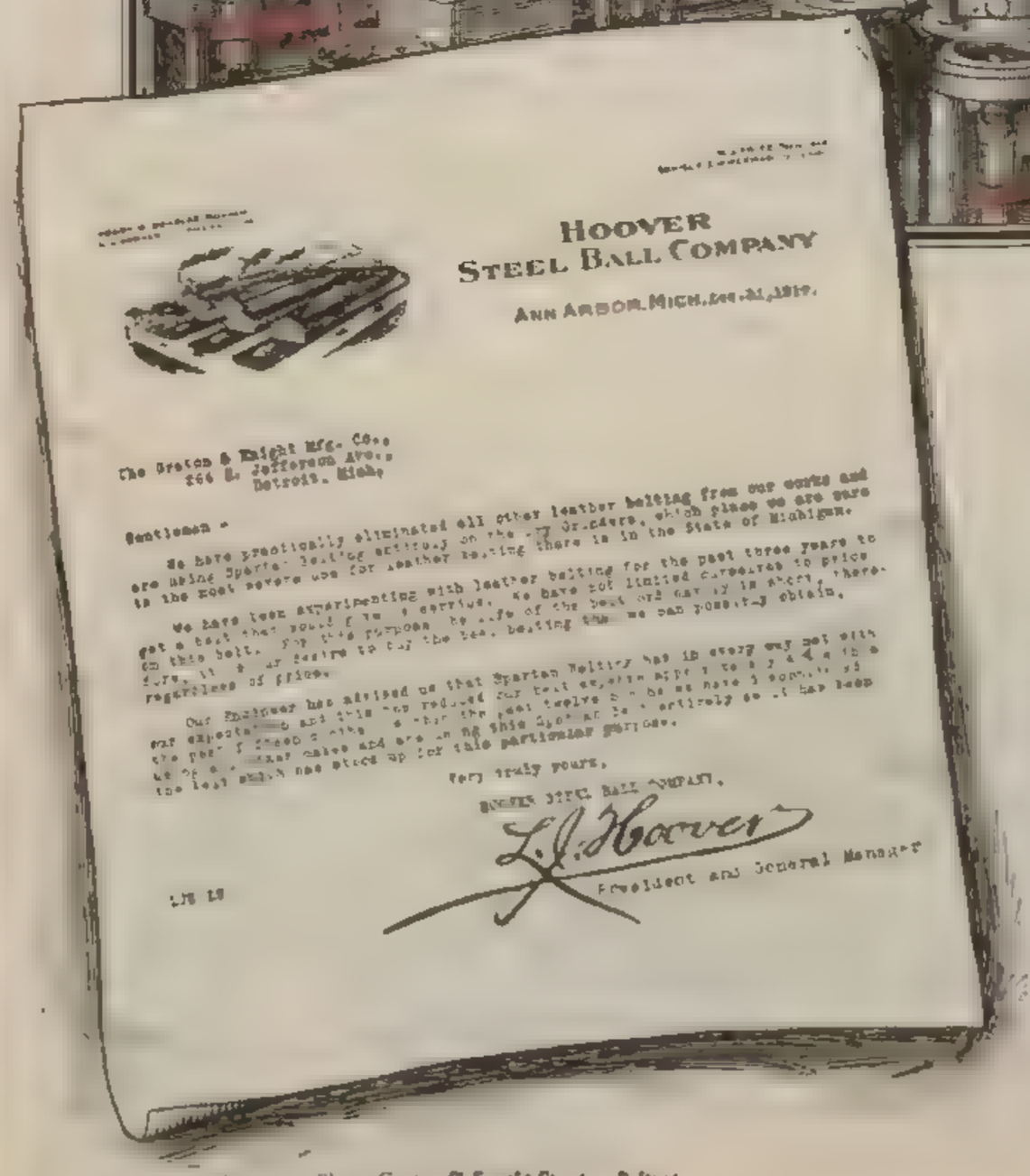
Tanned by us for belting use





HOOVER
STEEL BALL COMPANY

ANN ARBOR, MICH., Dec. 31, 1919.

The Graton & Knight Mfg. Co.,
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Gentlemen:-

We have practically eliminated all other leather belting from our works and are using Sparton Belting entirely on the ... Grinders, which place we are sure is the most severe use for leather belting there is in the State of Michigan.

We have been experimenting with leather belting for the past three years to get a belt that would ... service. We have got limited carcasses to price on this belt, for this purpose, by each of the best ... may ... in short, regardless of price.

Our Engineer has advised us that Sparton Belting has in every way met with our expectations and this ... reduced our belt expense ... to 1 2 4 ... the past twelve ... be ... have ... of ... we ... this Sparton ... actively as it has been the last month ... stock up for this particular purpose.

Very truly yours,

HOOVER STEEL BALL COMPANY,

L. J. Hoover

President and General Manager

LJH LB

GRATON & KNIGHT

Illustration Shows Graton & Knight Sparton Belting in Hoover Steel Ball Co. Plant

"the most severe use for leather belting" (see letter)

The advantages of standardized belting stand out *most conspicuously* in severe use, but they are *just as truly present* in less exacting conditions. Dollars are valuable whether you save them by tens or by hundreds.

The steps in acquiring transmission-wisdom run somewhat as follows: A poor belt is better than none at all. A good belt is better value than a poor one. But the scientifically right belt for each machine is the highest economy of all—and that is Standardization. It also explains why there is greater demand for Graton & Knight Standardized Series Leather Belting than for any other brand in the world.

Write for information about Standardization as applied to Belting

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Oak Leather Tanners, Makers of Leather Belting, Lace Leather, Packings, and Specialties

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Some Razor!
'Ever-Ready'
ARMY RAZOR
This dollar khaki kit is an achievement. It's Uncle Sam's favorite razor and yours, too. Give it the "once over." Compact, waterproofed case — 10-year guaranteed frame and those marvelous Radio Blades. Gives the joy shave to millions.
'Ever-Ready' Radio Blades 6 for 30c
Buy the 'Ever-Ready' Over Here—it's the razor with the guaranteed 'Ever-Ready' blade supply in France and England.
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$1.00 Complete
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BLADES
'Ever-Ready' Outfit in Standard Case $1.00
TRADE MARK REG.

(Continued from Page 36)

equipment made up partly of crude bits of furniture collected on the spot out of villagers' abandoned homes and partly of makeshift stools and tables coopered together from barrels and boxes and stray bits of planking. Also it contained at this time as many soldiers as could crowd into it. A phonograph was grinding out popular airs, and divers games of checkers and cards were in progress, each with its fringe of interested onlookers ringing in the players.

"Oh, but this will never do—never!" stated the inspecting lady. "It is too bare, too cheerless! It lacks atmosphere. It lacks coziness; it lacks any appeal to the senses—in short it lacks everything! We must have some immediate improvements here by all means."

The man was beginning to lose his temper. By an effort he retained it.

"The men seem fairly well satisfied; at least I have heard no complaint," he said. "What would you suggest in the way of changes?"

As she answered, the visitor ticked off the items of her mental inventory of essentials on her fingers.

"Well, to begin with we must clear all this litter out of here," she said. "Then we must install some really comfortable chairs and at least two or three roomy sofas and some simple couches where the men may lie down. I should also like to see a piano here. That, with the addition of some curtains at the windows and some simple treatment of the walls and a few appropriate pictures properly spaced and properly hung, will be different, I think."

"Yes," demurred the manager, "but admitting that we could get the things you have enumerated up here, another problem would arise: This room, which, as you see, is not large, would be so crowded with the furnishings that there would be room in it for very many less men than usually come here. There are probably fifty men in it now. If it were filled up with sofas and couches and a piano I doubt whether we could crowd twenty men inside of it."

"Very well, then," stated the lady decorator calmly, "you must admit only twenty men at a time."

"Quite so; but how," he demanded—"how am I going to select the twenty?"

The young woman considered the question for a moment. Then a resolution came to her.

"I should select the twenty neatest ones," she said.

Whereupon the manager excused himself and went out to frame a dispatch to headquarters embodying an ultimatum, which ultimatum was that the lady decorator went away from there forthwith or his resignation must take effect, coincident with his immediate departure from his present post. The home office must have called the lady off, because when I saw him he was still in harness, and surveying a man-size job in a competent way.

Room for Useful Civilians

I would not have the reader believe that I am casting discredit upon either the patriotic impulses or the honest motives of the bulk of the lay workers who have journeyed to Europe, paying their own way and their own living expenses. Often they arrive, many of them, to strike hands with the military authorities in the task which faces our nation on Continental soil. There is room and a welcome in France, in Italy, in England and in Flanders for every civilian recruit who really knows how to do something helpful and who has the strength, the self-reliance and the hardihood to perform that particular function under difficult and complicated conditions, which nearly always are physically uncomfortable and which may become physically dangerous.

Nor would I wish anyone to assume that I am deprecating by inference or by frontal attack the very fine things that are being accomplished every day by the American women and girls who answered the first call for trained helpers, to serve in hospitals or canteens or huts, in settlement work or at telephone exchanges. It will make any American thrill with pride to enter a ward where the American Red Cross is in charge, or where a medical unit from one of the great hospitals or one of our great universities back home has control. The French and the British are quick enough to speak in terms of highest praise of the achievements of American surgeons, American nurses and American ambulance drivers. They say, and with good reason for saying it, that our people have pluck and that they have skill and that they above all are amazingly resourceful.

Personally I know of no smarter exhibition of native wit and courage that the war has produced than was shown by that group of Smith College girls who had been organizing and directing colonization work among the peasants in the reclaimed districts of Northern France and who were driven out by the great spring advance of the Germans. I met some of those young women. They were modest enough in describing their adventure. It was by gathering a shred of a story there and a scrap of an anecdote here that I was able to piece together a fairly accurate estimate of the self-imposed discipline, the clean-strained grit and the initiative which marked their conduct through three trying weeks.

Perhaps it was a mistake in their instance, as in the instances of divers similar organizations, that the work of resettling the wasted lands above the Aisne and the Oise should have been undertaken at points that would be menaced in the event of a quick onslaught by the Prussian high command. The British, I understand, privately objected to the undertakings on the ground that the presence of American women in villages which might fall again into the foe's hands—and which as it turned out did fall again into his hands—entailed an added burden and an added responsibility upon the fighting forces. The British were right. Practically all of the repatriated peasants had to flee for the second time, abandoning their rebuilt homes and their newly sowed fields.

On the heels of these, improvements which represented many thousands of American dollars and many months of painstaking labor on the part of devoted American women went up in flames. The torch was applied rather than that the little model houses and the tons of donated supplies on hand should go into hostile hands.

Honor to Those Smith Girls!

Those Smith College girls did not run away, though, until the Germans were almost upon them. Up to the very last minute they stayed at their posts, feeding and housing not only refugees but many exhausted soldiers, British and French, who staggered in, spent and sped after alternately fighting and retreating through a period of days and nights. When finally they did come away each one of them came driving her own truck and bearing in it a load of worn-out and helpless natives. One girl brought out a troop of frightened dwarfs from a stranded traveling caravan. Another ministered day and night to a blind woman nearly ninety years old and a family of orphaned babies. The passengers of a third were four inmates of a little communal blind asylum that happened to be in the invader's path.

On the way, in addition to tending their special charges, they cooked and served hundreds of meals for hungry soldiers and hungry civilians. They spent the nights in towns under shell fire, and when at length the German drive had been checked they assembled their forces in Beauvais. Thus and with characteristic adaptability some became drivers of ambulances and supply trucks plying along the lines of communication, and some opened a kitchen for the benefit of passing soldiers at the local railway station. If the faculty and the students and the alumnæ of Smith College did not hold a celebration when the true story of what happened in March and April reached them they were lacking in appreciation—that's all I have to say about it.

Right here seems a good-enough place for me to slip in a few words of approbation for the work which another organization has accomplished in France since we put our men into the field. Nobody asked me to speak in its favor because so far as I can find out it has no publicity department. I am referring to the Salvation Army—may it live forever for the service which, without price and without any boasting on the part of its personnel, it is rendering to our boys in France!

A good many of us who hadn't enough religion, and a good many more of us who mayhap had too much religion, look rather contemptuously upon the methods of the Salvationists. Some have gone so far as to intimate that the Salvation Army was vulgar in its methods and lacking in dignity and even in reverence. Some have intimated that converting a sinner to the

(Continued on Page 41)

Hudson Super-Six Four-Passenger Phaeton—note the new square line effect

There are ten different body types on the Hudson this year

Now A Finer Super-Six

50,000 Cars in Service Led to the Development of This New Hudson—No First Model Could Possibly Match It

Two and one-half years ago the first Hudson Super-Sixes were delivered.

Judged by other cars of its day, it was so wonderful in performance that it gained immediate popularity. Its sales at once jumped into the lead among all fine cars.

Stock cars proved performance, endurance and reliability as no other car had ever done.

Those tests were made for two reasons:

First, and naturally, the intent was to get advertising for the car. Thus motorists learned as they never could have otherwise learned the character of Super-Six performance.

The other purpose was that Hudson engineers might learn how to build an even better Super-Six.

They had the additional advantage of knowing how the thousands of cars bought by individuals were performing.

And so now in the new series is offered an even better Super-Six. In the smoothness of its operation, and the manner in which it will answer to every service demand without giving the owner undue mechanical concern, it is another long step forward in automobile design and construction.

The first Super-Six possessed all that Hudson engineers knew at that time.

No experience with the cars known up to that time could have helped to make the Super-Six better than it was.

And since the Super-Six opened a new field in motor car design, it was to it that Hudson engineers had to turn to learn how to improve it.

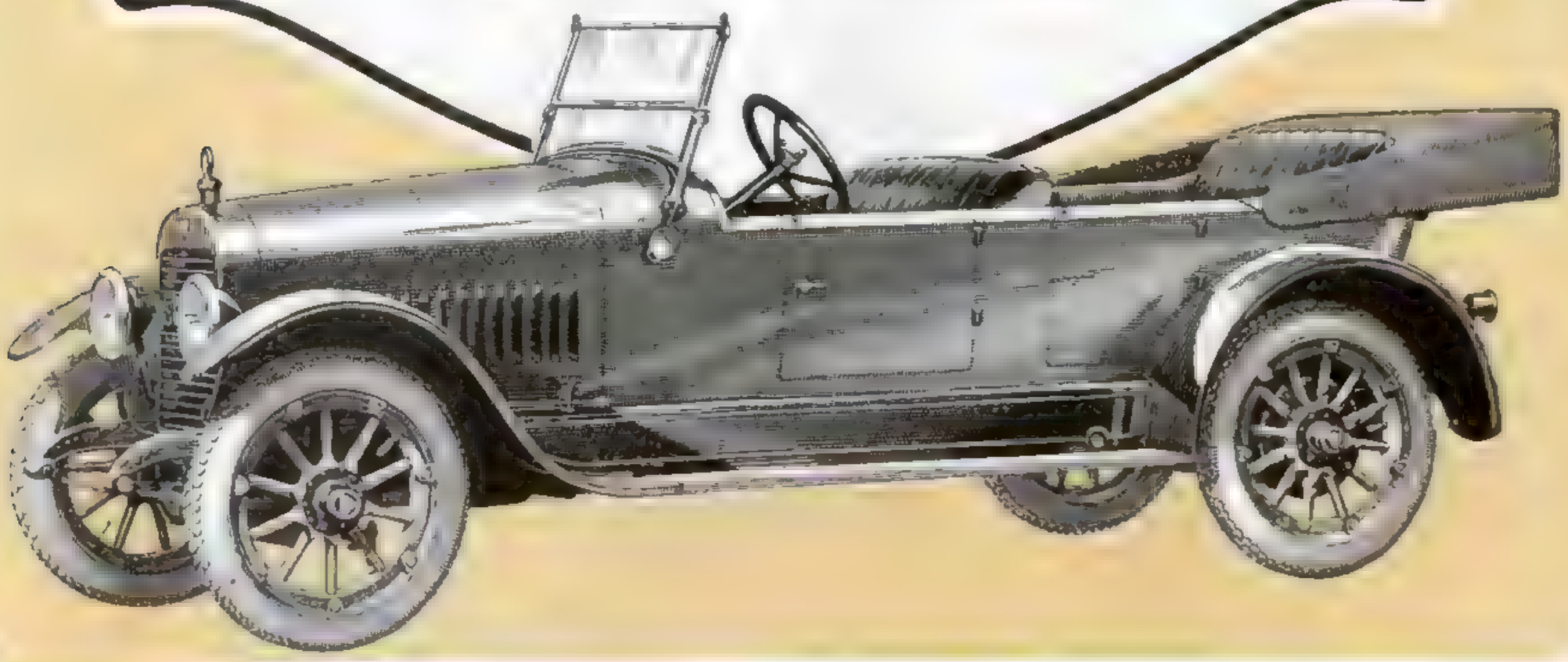
That they have done wonders to the present series over those of the earlier production must be recognized by anyone who has ever driven the two models.

For instance, there is greater endurance and greater reliability in the new Super-Six.

From the very first the policy has been to make the Super-Six the perfected ideal car. That called for the finest materials, the finest workmanship. This you will realize by examining the new body styles. They represent the very best in every detail. And you can better appreciate it by the enduring, carefree way in which it will run under every condition.

There are ten different types of Hudson super Super-Sixes.

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan



Palm Beach

REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE

THE GENUINE CLOTH

MFD. BY GOODALL WORSTED CO.

This label means the Genuine. It's your Safeguard against Imitation.

Waste Not!

Humidity, like an iron chain, drags at efficiency and shortens the hours of energetic action.

Palm Beach—by its congenial coolness—gives the body a chance to live and breathe. It wards off the sticky heat of a leaden day, and through its open pores admits clean, fresh air. It gives body and brain a chance to do their duty, and helps you make the golden hours yield their full harvest of achievement. *Time's* on the country's list of essentials. Conserve it in a

PALM BEACH SUIT

Your clothier will show you suits of the Genuine—bearing the trade-marked label.

THE PALM BEACH MILLS—GOODALL WORSTED CO.

SELLING AGT.: A. ROHAUT, 229 FOURTH AVE., N. Y.

(Continued from Page 38)

tap of a bass drum or the tinkle of a tambourine was an improper process altogether. Never again, though, shall I hear the blare of the cornet as it cuts into the chorus of hallelujah whoops where a ring of blue-bonneted women and blue-capped men stand exhorting on a city street corner under the gas lights, without recalling what some of their enrolled brethren—and sisters—have done and are doing in Europe.

The American Salvation Army in France is small, but, believe me, it is powerfully busy! Its war delegation came over without any fanfare of the trumpets of publicity. It has no paid press agents here and no impressive headquarters. There are no well-known names, other than the names of its executive heads, on its rosters or on its advisory boards. None of its members are housed at an expensive hotel and none of them have handsome automobiles in which to travel about from place to place. No compaigns to raise nation-wide millions of dollars for the cost of its ministrations overseas were ever held at home. I imagine it is the pennies of the poor that mainly fill its war chest. I imagine, too, that sometimes its finances are an uncertain quantity. Incidentally I am assured that not one of its male workers here is of draft age unless he holds exemption papers to prove his physical unfitness for military service. The Salvationists are taking care to purge themselves of any suspicion that potential slackers have joined their ranks in order to avoid the possibility of having to perform duties in khaki.

Only Praise for the Salvation Army

Among officers as well as among enlisted men one occasionally hears criticism—which may or may not be based on a fair judgment—for certain branches of certain activities of certain organizations. But I have yet to meet any soldier, whether a brigadier or a private, who, if he spoke at all of the Salvation Army, did not speak in terms of fervent gratitude for the aid that the Salvationists are rendering so unostentatiously and yet so very effectively. Let a sizable body of troops move from one station to another, and hard on its heels there came a squad of men and women of the Salvation Army. An army truck may bring them, or it may be they have a battered jitney to move them and their scanty outfits. Usually they do not ask for help from anyone in reaching their destinations. They find lodgment in a wrecked shell of a house or in the corner of a barn. By main force and awkwardness they set up their equipment, and very soon the word has spread among the troopers that at such-and-such a place the Salvation Army is serving free hot drinks and free doughnuts and free pies. It specializes in doughnuts, the Salvation Army in the field does—the real old-fashioned homemade ones that taste of home to a homesick soldier boy.

I did not see this, but one of my associates did. He saw it last winter in a dismal place on the Toul sector. A file of our troops were finishing a long hike through rain and snow over roads knee-deep in half-thawed icy slush. Cold and wet and miserable they came tramping into a cheerless, half-empty town within sound and range of the German guns. They found a reception committee awaiting them there—in the person of two Salvation Army lassies and a Salvation Army captain. The women had a fire going in the dilapidated oven of a vanished villager's kitchen. One of them was rolling out the batter on a plank with an old wine bottle for a rolling pin and using the top of a tin can to cut the dough into circular strips. The other woman was cooking the doughnuts, and as fast as they were cooked the man served them out, spitting hot, to hungry wet boys clamoring about the door, and nobody was asked to pay a cent.

At the risk of giving mortal affront to ultradoctrinal practitioners of applied theology I am firmly committed to the belief that by the grace and the grease of those doughnuts those three humble benefactors that day strengthened their right to a place in the Heavenly Kingdom.

As I said a bit ago, there is in France room and to spare and the heartiest sort of welcome for competent, sincere lay workers, both men and women. But there is no room, and if truth be known, there is no welcome for any other sorts. These people over here long ago passed out of the experimental period in the handling of industrial and special problems that have grown up out of war. They have entirely emerged from the amateur stage of endeavor and direction. If any man doubts the truth of this he has only to see, as I have seen, the thousands of women who have taken men's jobs in the cities in order that the men might go to the colors; has only to see the overalled women in the big munition plants; has only to see how the peasant women of France are laboring in the fields and how the girls of the British auxiliary legions—the members of the W. A. A. C. for a conspicuous example—are carrying their share of the burden; has only to see women of high degree and low, each doing her part sanely, systematically and unflinchingly—to appreciate that, though Britain and France can find employment for every pair of willing and able hands somewhere behind the lines, they have no use whatsoever for the unorganized applicant or for the purely ornamental variety of volunteer or yet for the mere notoriety seeker.

Junketing in France

I make so bold as to suggest that it is time we were taking the same lesson to heart; time to start the sifting process ourselves. I have seen in Paris a considerable number of American women who appeared to have no business here except to air their most becoming uniforms in public places and to tell in a vague broad way of the things they hope to do. The French, proverbially, are a polite race, and the French Government will endure a great deal of this kind of infliction rather than run the risk of engendering friction, even to the most minute extent, with the people or the administration of an Allied nation. But in wartime especially, too much patience becomes a dubious virtue, and if practiced for overlong may become a fault.

As yet there has been no intimation from any official source that the French would rather our State Department did not issue quite so many passports to Americans who have no set and definite purpose in making the journey to these shores, but even a superficial knowledge of the French language and the most casual acquaintance with the French nature enable one to get at what the French people are thinking. I am sure that had the prevalent condition been reversed our papers would have voiced the popular protest at the imposition long before now. Some of these days, unless we apply the preventive measures on our own side of the Atlantic, the perfectly justifiable resentment of the hard-pressed French is going to find utterance; and then quite a number of well-intentioned but utterly *inutile* persons will be going back home with their feelings all harrowed up.

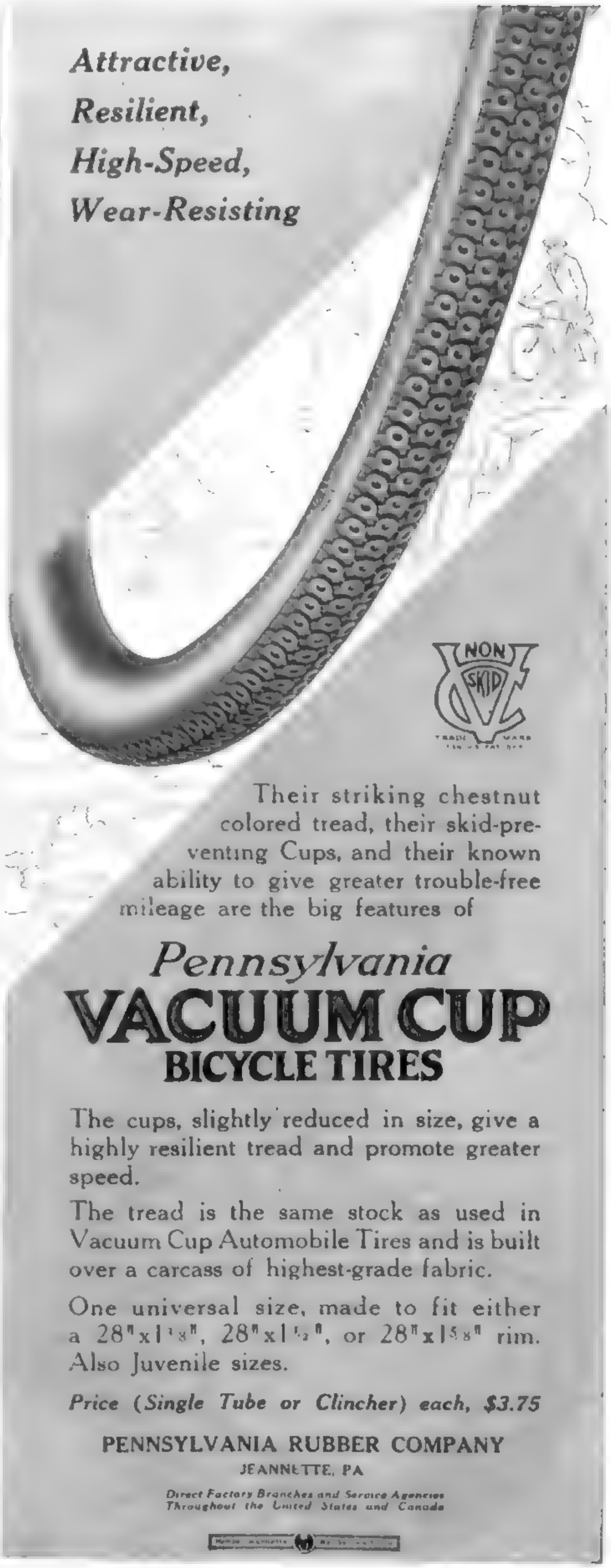
Please do not think that because I have mainly dwelt thus far upon the women offenders that there are no American men in France who do not belong here, because that would be a wrong assumption. I merely have mentioned the women first because by reason of their military garbing—or what some of them fondly mistake for military garbing—they offer rather more conspicuous showing to the casual eye than the male civilian dress.

The men are abundantly on hand though; make no mistake about that! Some of them come burdened with frock-coated dignity as members of special commissions or special delegations; in certain quarters there appears to be a somewhat hazy but very lively inclination to try to run our share of this war by commission. Some, I am sure, came for the same reason that the young man in the Limerick went to the stranger's funeral—because they are fond of a ride. Some I think came in the hope of enjoying an exciting sort of junketing expedition, and some because they were all dressed up and had nowhere to go.

As well as may be judged by one who has been away from home for going on five months now, the special-commission notion is being rather overdone. Individuals and groups of individuals bearing credentials from this fraternal organization or that religious organization or the other research society reach England on nearly every steamer that penetrates through the U-boat zone. Almost invariably these gentlemen carry letters of introduction testifying to their personal probity and their collective importance, which letters are signed by persons sitting in high places.

It may be that the English are thereby deceived into believing that the visitors

(Concluded on Page 44)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THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, MILLIS, MASS., U. S. A.

(Concluded from Page 41)

are entitled to special consideration—as indeed some of them are, and as indeed some of them most distinctly are not. Or then again it may be that the English are not aware of a device very common among our men of affairs for getting rid of a bore who is intent on going somewhere to see somebody and craves to be properly vouched for upon his arrival. In certain circles this habit is called passing the buck. In others it is known as writing letters of introduction.

At any rate the English take no chances on offending the right party, even at the risk of favoring the wrong one. When a half dozen Yankees appear at the Foreign Office laden with letters addressed "To Whom it May Concern" the Foreign Office immediately becomes concerned.

How is a guileless Britisher intrenched behind a flat-top desk to know that the August and Imperial Order of Supreme Potentates whose chosen emissaries are now present desirous of having a look at the war, and afterward to approve of it in a report to the Grand Lodge at its next annual convention, if so be they do see fit to approve of it—how, I repeat, is he to know that the August and Imperial Order of Supreme Potentates has a membership largely composed of class-C bartenders? Not knowing, he acts in accordance with the best dictates of his ignorance.

The commission or the delegation or the presentation, whatever it calls itself, is provided with White Passes all round. On the strength of these White Passes the investigators are at the public expense transferred across the channel and housed temporarily at the American Visitors' Château. From there they are taken in automobiles and under escort of very bored officers on a kind of glorified tour behind the British Front. Thereafter they are turned over to the French Mission or to the American forces for similar treatment.

As a result they accumulate an assortment of soft-boiled and yolkless impressions which they incubate into the spoken or the written word on the way back home, after they have held a meeting to decide whether they like the way the war is going on or whether they do not like the way the war is going on. Always there is the possibility that as a result of the dissemination of underdone and undigested misinformation which they have managed to acquire these persons, though actuated by the best intentions in the world, may do considerable harm in shaping public opinion in America. And likewise one may be very sure a lot of pestered British and French functionaries are left to wonder what sort of folks the masses of American citizenship must be if these are typical samples of the thought-molding class.

The Religious Surveyor

I am not exaggerating much when I touch on this particular phase of the topic now engaging me. For I have seen two delegations in Europe of the variety I have sought briefly to describe in the lines immediately foregoing; and we are expecting more in on the next boat. There was no imaginable reason why those whom I saw should be in a country that is at war at such a time of crisis as this time is, but the main point was that they were here, eating three large rectangular meals a day apiece and taking up the valuable time of overworked military men who accompanied them while they week-ended at the war. How many more such delegations will sift through the State Department and seep by the passport bureau and journey hither during the latter half of 1918 unless the Administration at Washington shuts down on the game no man can with accuracy calculate.

Away down in the south of France I ran into a gentleman of a clerical aspect who lost no time in telling me about himself. He was tall and slender like a wand, and of a willowy suppleness of figure, and he was terribly serious touching on his mission. He represented a religious denomination that has several hundreds of thousands of communicants in the United States. He had been dispatched across, he said, by the governing body of his church. His purpose, he explained, was to inquire into the bodily and spiritual well-being of his coreligionists who were on foreign service in the Army and the Navy, with a view subsequently to suggesting reforms for any existing evil in the military and naval systems when he reported back to the main board of his church.

To an innocent bystander it appeared that this particular investigator had a considerable contract upon his hands. Scattered over land and sea on this hemisphere there must be a good many thousands of members of his faith who are wearing the khaki or the marine blue. It would be practically impossible, I figured, to recognize them in their uniforms for what, denominationally speaking, they were; and from what I had seen of our operations I doubted whether any commanding officer would be willing to suspend routine while the reverend tabulator went down the lines taking his census; besides, the latter process would invariably consume considerable time. I calculated offhand that if the war lasted three years longer it still would be over before he could complete his rounds of all the camps and all the ships and all the rest billets and bases and hospitals and lines of communication, and so on. So I ventured to ask him just how he meant to go about getting his compilations of testimony together.

He told me blandly that as yet he had not fully worked out that detail of the task. For the time being he would content himself with a general survey of the situation and with securing material for a lecture which he thought of giving upon his return to America.

American Morals in France

I felt a strong inclination to speak to him after some such fashion as this:

"My dear sir, if I were you I would not greatly concern myself regarding the physical and the moral state of the individuals composing our Expeditionary Forces. That job is already being competently attended to by experts. So far as my own observations go the chaplains are all conscientious, hard-working men. There are a large number of excellent and experienced chaplains over here—enough, in fact, to go round. They are doing everything that is humanly possible to be done to keep the men happy and amused in their leisure hours and to help them to continue to be decent, clean-minded, normal human beings. Almost without exception, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the officers are practically lending their personal influence and using the power and the weight of discipline to accomplish the same desirable ends.

"On the physical side our boys are in splendid condition. We may have bogged slightly down in some of the aspects of this undertaking, but there is plenty of healthful and nourishing food on hand for every American boy in foreign service. He is comfortably clothed and comfortably shod—his officers see to that; and he is housed in as comfortable a billet as it is possible to provide, the state of the country being what it is. While he is well and hearty he has his fill of victuals three times a day, and if he falls ill, is wounded or hurt he has as good medical attendance and as good nursing and as good hospital treatment as it is possible for our country to provide.

"Touching on the other side of the proposition I would say this: In England, where there are powerfully few dry areas, and here in France, which is a country where everybody drinks wine, I have seen a great many thousands of our enlisted men—soldiers, sailors and marines, engineers and members of battalions. I have seen them in all sorts of surroundings and under all sorts of circumstances. I have seen perhaps twenty who were slightly under the influence of alcoholic stimulant. As a sinner would put it, they were slightly jingled—not disorderly, not staggering, you understand, but somewhat jingled. I have yet to see one in such a state as the strictest police-court magistrate would call a state of outright intoxication. That has been my experience. I may add that it has been the common experience of the men of my profession who have had similar opportunities for observing the conduct of our fellows.

"It is true that the boys indulge in a good deal of miscellaneous cussing—which is deplorable, of course, and highly reprehensible. Still, in my humble opinion most of them use profanity as a matter of habit and not because there is any real lewdness or any real viciousness in their hearts. Mainly they cuss for the same reason that a parrot does. Anyhow, I could hardly blame a fellow sufferer for swearing occasionally, considering the kind of spring weather we have been having in these parts lately.

"As for their morals, I am firmly committed to the belief, as a result of what I have seen and heard, that man for man our soldiers have a higher moral standard than the men of any army of any other nation engaged in this war; and when in this connection I speak of our soldiers I mean the soldiers of Canada as well as the soldiers of the United States. Any man who tells you the contrary is a liar, and the truth is not in him. This is not an offhand alibi; statistics compiled by our own surgeons form the truth of it; and any man who stands up anywhere on our continent and says that the soldiers who have come from our side of the Atlantic to help lick Germany are contracting habits of drunkenness or that they are being ruined by the spreading of sexual diseases among them utters a deliberate and a cruel slander against North American manhood which should entitle him to a suit of tar-and-feather underwear and a free ride on a rail out of any community.

"There is absolutely nothing the matter with our boys except that they are average human beings, and it is going to take a long time to cure them of that. And please remember this—that, discipline being what it is and military restraint being what it is, it is very much harder for a man in the Army or the Navy to get drunk or to misconduct himself than it would be for him to indulge in such excesses were he out in civil life, as a free agent."

That in fact was what I wanted to say into the ear of the ecclesiastical prober. But I did not. I saved it up to say it here, where it would enjoy a wider circulation. I left him engaged in generally surveying.

Officers and men alike are invariably ready and willing to voice their gratitude and their everlasting appreciation of the help and comfort provided by those who are attached to lay organizations having for the time being a more or less military complexion; they are equally ready to score the incompetents who infrequently turn up in these auxiliary branches of the service. A man who is fighting Fritz is apt to have a short temper anyhow, and meddlesome busybodies who want to aid without knowing any of the rudiments make him see red and swear blue.

The Post Who Had Enough

A general of division told me that when he moved in with his command to the sector which he then was occupying he was tagged by an undoubtedly earnest but undeniably pestiferous person who wanted everything else suspended until his purposes in accompanying the expedition had been satisfied.

"I was a fairly busy person along about then," said the general. "We were within reach of the enemy's big guns and his aëroplanes were giving us considerable bother, and what with getting a sufficiency of dugouts and trench shelters provided for the troops and attending to about a million other things of more or less importance from a military standpoint I had mighty little time to spare for side issues; and my officers had less.

"But the person I am speaking of kept after me constantly. His idea was that the men needed recreation and needed it forthwith. He was there to provide this recreation without delay, and he couldn't understand why there should be any delay in attending to his wishes.

"Finally, to get rid of him, I gave orders that a noncommissioned officer and a squad of men should be taken away from whatever else they were doing and told off to aid our self-appointed amusement director in doing whatever it was he wanted done. It was the only way short of putting him under arrest that would relieve me of a common nuisance and leave my staff free to do their jobs.

"Well, it seemed that the young man had brought along with him a tent and a moving-picture outfit and a supply of knockdown seats. Under his direction the detail of men set up the tent on an open site which he selected upon the very top of a little hill, where it stood out against the sky line like a target; which, in a way of speaking, was exactly what it was. Then he installed his moving-picture machine and ranged his chairs in rows and announced that that evening there would be a free show. I may add that I knew nothing of this at the time, and inasmuch as the recreation man was known to be acting by my authority with a free hand no officer felt called upon to interfere, I suppose.

"The show started promptly on time, with a large and enthusiastic audience of enlisted men on hand and with the tent all lit up inside. In the midst of the darkness roundabout it must have loomed up like a lighthouse. Naturally there were immediate consequences.

"Before the first reel was halfway unrolled a boche flying man came sailing over, with the notion of making us unhappy in our underground shelters if he could. He found a shining mark waiting for him, so dropped a bomb at that tent. Luckily the bomb missed the tent, but it struck alongside of it and the concussion blew the canvas flat. The men came out from under the flattened folds and stampeded for the dugouts, wrecking the moving-picture machine in their flight. And the next day we were shy one amusement director. He had gone away from there."

In the Army itself there are exceedingly few members of the Bejones of Tuxedo family, and this, I take it, is a striking evidence of the average high intelligence of the men who have been chosen to officer our forces, considering that we started at scratch to mold millions of civilians into soldiers and considering also how necessary it was at the outset to issue a great number of commissions overnight, as it were. Howsomever, now and again a curious ornithological specimen does bob up, wearing shoulder straps.

Paris the Place for Him

A party of civilians, observers, were sent to France by a friendly power to have a look at our troops. When they reached General Headquarters they were being escorted by a beardless youth with the bars of a second lieutenant on his coat. He also wore two bracelets, one of gold and one of silver, on his right wrist. He also spoke with a fascinating lisp. He went straight to the office of the officer commanding the Intelligence Section.

"Colonel," he says, "I regard it as a great mistake to send me out here with this party. My work is really in Paris."

"Well," said the colonel, "you let Paris worry along without you as best it can while you toddle along and accompany these visiting gentlemen over such-and-such a sector. Oh, yes, there is one other thing: Kindly close the door behind you on your way out."

The braceleted one hid his petulance behind a salute, his jewelry meanwhile jingling pleasantly, and withdrew from the presence. For two days in an automobile he toured with his charge, at a safe distance behind the front lines. On the evening of the second day, when they reached the railroad station to await the train which would carry them back to Paris, he was heard to remark with a heartfelt but lispy sigh of relief: "Well, thank heaven for one thing anyhow—I have done my part!"

Without being in possession of the exact facts I nevertheless hazard the guess that this young person either has been sent or shortly will be going back to his native land. Weeding-out is one of the best things this Army of ours does. It would be well, in my humble judgment, if folks at home followed the Army's example in this regard, but conducted the weeding-out process over there.

For men and women who can be of real service, who can endure hardships without collapsing and without complaining, who can fend for themselves when emergencies arise, who are self-reliant, competent, well-skilled in their vocations, there is need here in France in the Red Cross, in the Y. M. C. A., in the Y. M. H. A., in the K. of C., in the hospitals, in the telephone exchanges, the motor service, the ambulance service and in scores of other fields of departmental and allied activity. If these persons can speak a little French, so much the better.

But for the camouflaged malingerer, for the potential slacker, for the patriotic but unqualified zealot, for the incompetent one who mistakes enthusiasm for ability, and for the futile commission member there is no room whatsoever. This job of knocking the mania out of Germania is a big job, and the closer one gets to it the bigger it appears. We can't make it absolutely a fool-proof war, but by a proper discrimination exercised at home we can reduce the number of Americans in Europe for whose presence here there appears to be no valid excuse whatsoever.

P. S. I hope they read this article in Washington.

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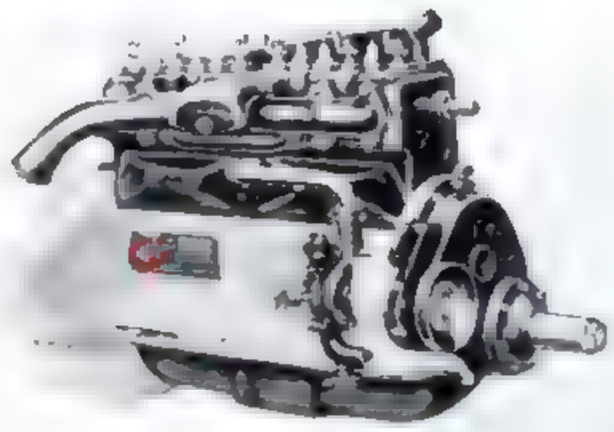
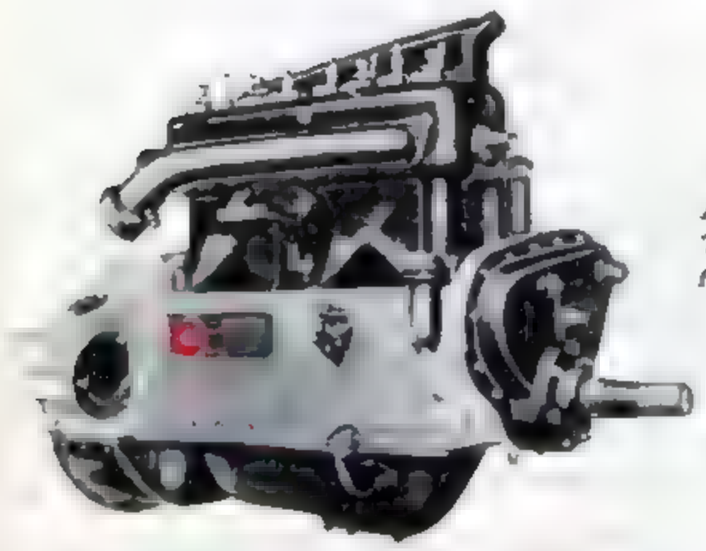


America's Standard Passenger Car Motor Look for the Red Seal Name-plate



America's Standard Truck Motor. Look for the Red Seal Name-plate

The Continental Red Seal, shown above, is universally recognized today as the mark of a known quantity in motors.

When you see the Red Seal on a motor, you see a motor that represents the accumulated experience of a generation of motor making—a motor not conceived over-night, but the sure result of the process of evolution.

This motor embodies neither the untried nor the spectacular—it has been *proved* in hundreds of thousands of motor vehicles.

This motor bears not merely the approval of its makers. Upon it over 160 manufacturers of automobiles and trucks stake the success of their product.

This motor you can rely on—not for power alone, not for economy alone, not for endurance alone, but rather for *all* the essential motor qualities.

This motor has stood the one real test of motor worth—the test of Time.

Such is the Continental, and such is the meaning of the Red Seal—the meaning that has made this motor America's Standard.

Look for the Red Seal in the car or truck you buy—it makes you *sure* of 100% motor value.

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Largest Exclusive Motor Manufacturers in the World

Continental Motors

STANDARD POWER FOR AUTOMOBILES AND TRUCKS

MISS POMFRET

(Concluded from Page 14)

But of them and their eager eyes Harpington could make nothing. Again he tried to listen to the clerk, and again failed. His mind returned to contemplate that of which he knew it was not wise to think. It was of the woman he had saved, of whom he and Lucy had talked last of all—Harpington on one side of the jammed door which he had discovered when he returned a second time from the deck, Lucy on the other; she in the little cabin where everything was so deathly dark and still and where the floor tilted—Harpington outside in the narrow passageway, straining at the doorknob, beating at the heavy wood and shouting in the despairing hope that someone would hear and answer.

"I had to stop, darling, to help a poor woman with a little child."

"That was right. Do not be so terrified. I am not afraid. What has happened?"

"We have had a collision."

Harpington gave a mightier wrench; it seemed to him that he had torn his muscles; but he had succeeded only in tearing off the knob. He began to beat against the door.

"Lucy!" he called frantically. "Lucy!"

Then Harpington called upon God. He could not hear Lucy's voice; he could hear, instead, the sound of rushing water.

"Darling, can't you close the porthole?"

"I am trying," answered Lucy. Then Lucy's voice came more clearly: "I cannot close it, dear. The water is coming in fast. I am not afraid. If you love me you will try to save yourself. Do not stay here until you cannot get away. And do not be sorry that you saved the woman and her little child. Do not ——"

Harpington heard no more. Another wild beating of arms and body against the door, and he slipped and fell. There on the floor a sailor saw him and dragged him up the tilted stairs.

When, on the sixth page of Miss Pomfret's list, the personality of Miss Pomfret forced itself, at last, with an insistent demand for recollection through the haze that surrounded Harpington, he started and sat upright. The woman's face had been shrouded by the hood of her red cloak; he had not heard her voice. But she had carried her little child. He turned suddenly to the lady beside him.

"Did the clerk call her Miss?"

The lady looked at him kindly. Harpington's face had frightened her; she thought she had never seen deeper misery in human eyes, and she was glad of the opportunity to speak.

"Miss Pomfret," she whispered. "She is the daughter of old Pierre Pomfret—and his heir."

The expression on the lady's face was not exactly a smile; it was merely a look of understanding, as if both she and Harpington recognized the species to which Miss Pomfret belonged.

"Thank you," said Harpington with a long breath; he did not wish to see the woman for whom he had sacrificed Lucy.

By some strange perversity Harpington's mind, which would not obey his will a moment ago, now fixed itself upon the clerk and Miss Pomfret and Celie. The clerk had finished page six, with its lingerie, and had lumped together Miss Pomfret's separately catalogued veils and scarfs, whose total value was three hundred and ninety dollars. He had come now to the trimmings of Miss Pomfret's hats. Here he was clearly puzzled. He spoke now in a sharp voice. Harpington could not have begun to listen at a worse moment.

"I do not understand this item: 'Elephant's breath, paradise, eighty dollars.'"

Miss Pomfret herself answered. Miss Pomfret smiled. Her smile revealed what her beauty had masked and her voice had hidden—the emptiness of her soul.

"It is a feather," she said lightly. Someone else in the room drew a long, long breath.

"Two pink and one black aigrette, and one light blue, three hundred dollars."

"Yes," said Celie.

"Ostrich feathers, five hundred and ninety dollars."

"Yes," said Celie.

Harpington saw the clerk's glance cover half a page.

"Shoes and slippers, two thousand five hundred dollars."

Harpington heard another page—of lace boudoir caps at fifty dollars each; of gloves; of semiprecious stones; of ornaments. He was not aware that the attention of the lady in mourning and of several other persons was fixed upon him instead of upon the clerk and Miss Pomfret and Celie. There was acute anxiety in the face of the lady in mourning. Even the clerk saw him, across his papers, and wondered whether he could be a socialist. He had once seen a hungry man hurl a stone through a plate-glass window at a company of comfortable diners. Harpington looked to him like that man. But Harpington was not a socialist, though he despised those who were at once rich and useless. In health he would have laughed at Miss Pomfret and pitied her; but now, in his nervous condition, he hated her. He thought of a dozen persons on the ship who should have been saved instead of her—Leslie, the philanthropist; Van Winkle, the artist; Phillips, the preacher; and Lucy—all of whom had been lost.

The clerk wished to hurry; but he did not dare to hurry through the next page. Miss Pomfret's furs were too valuable to be passed over lightly. They were of many varieties and had been bought in many places.

"Long near-seal coat, trimmed with ermine, Dresden, eight hundred dollars."

"Yes, monsieur."

"Ermine stole and muff, Dresden, one hundred and eighty dollars."

"Yes, monsieur."

"Long ermine cloak, New York, one thousand four hundred dollars."

"Yes, monsieur."

"Chinchilla stole, Carlsbad, one thousand dollars."

"Yes," said Celie.

"Silver fox stole, New York, two thousand three hundred and fifty dollars."

"Yes," said Celie.

"Chinchilla coat, Irish lace, six thousand dollars."

"Yes," said Celie.

"Red cloak, trimmed with black fur, padded and furlined, Dresden ——"

Celie raised her hand. Harpington was not by any chance to miss this second mention of mademoiselle's red cloak.

"The Water Is Coming In Fast. I am Not Afraid. If You Love Me You Will Try to Save Yourself"

"That should be omitted," said Celie. "That is my carelessness. It was the wrap in which mademoiselle was saved. Though it was ruined, we have it."

Harpington sank back against the sofa. He looked about him dazed.

This time he caught the eyes of his neighbor, bent upon him in concern. He stared at her, feeling that in her glance lay some connections with sanity. His own gaze hung upon it as though in desperate need. The lady, at least, felt it to mean this.

"I am going out into the air for a little relief," said she to Harpington. "Will you not come with me?"

Harpington rose, but unfortunately he rose slowly. His heart foolishly longed for, prayed for, demanded some redeeming quality to make his sacrifice worth while. Why, the woman had carried a child, which was not even her own! She could not be the mere milliner's block she seemed! Alas, for poor Harpington!

"Chico," repeated the clerk irritably. "What does that mean?"

"Chico is a dog," explained Celie briskly. "Mademoiselle carried him in her arms; but he did not survive. Mademoiselle had paid three thousand dollars for him."

The lady in deep mourning looked back to be sure Harpington was following her. She saw that not only Harpington but almost everyone else in the steamship office had left Miss Pomfret and the clerk and Celie. But Harpington turned and went away alone out into the crowded street; he did not mean to come with her. The lady in mourning did not hesitate for a second, but pursued him.

"Will you not listen to me?"

Harpington looked down at her. For a second he was about to refuse. The balance had been tipped for Harpington; it made no difference how he spent these last moments.

"What is it?" he asked at last.

The stranger pointed to her car.

"Will you not sit with me a little while? You are in trouble; and you are far from home. I am sure you are an Englishman. I have known trouble, also. Perhaps I can help you."

As if moving against his will, Harpington dropped into a corner of the car. A great wave of misery broke over him and he covered his face with his hands.

"Perhaps it would do you good to tell me what has happened," said the lady after a while. "I will be your friend; and my brother, who is all I have left, will be your friend. No matter what has happened, you must not feel yourself forsaken."

Harpington made no answer for a long time. The busy traffic in the street went on, the rumbling and roar were deafening; but Harpington sat in a wide, silent place. There the heavily weighted balance lifted; there poor Harpington took hold on life again.

"My wife was lost on the Eldorado," said he at last. "She was literally all I had in the world. The rest I cannot tell you. It is too—too"—Harpington searched his vocabulary for words—"too ignominious; too monstrous; too hideously ironic to be told."

Then he turned and looked into the kind eyes and found them filled with tears, though his own were dry.

"I shall be very glad for friends," said he wistfully.

The American Spirit

THERE are still fatuous people, quite ignorant of the country they criticize, who can see nothing but interminable lines of costly automobiles on Fifth Avenue and Michigan Boulevard. They're still complaining that the country isn't awake to the realities of war.

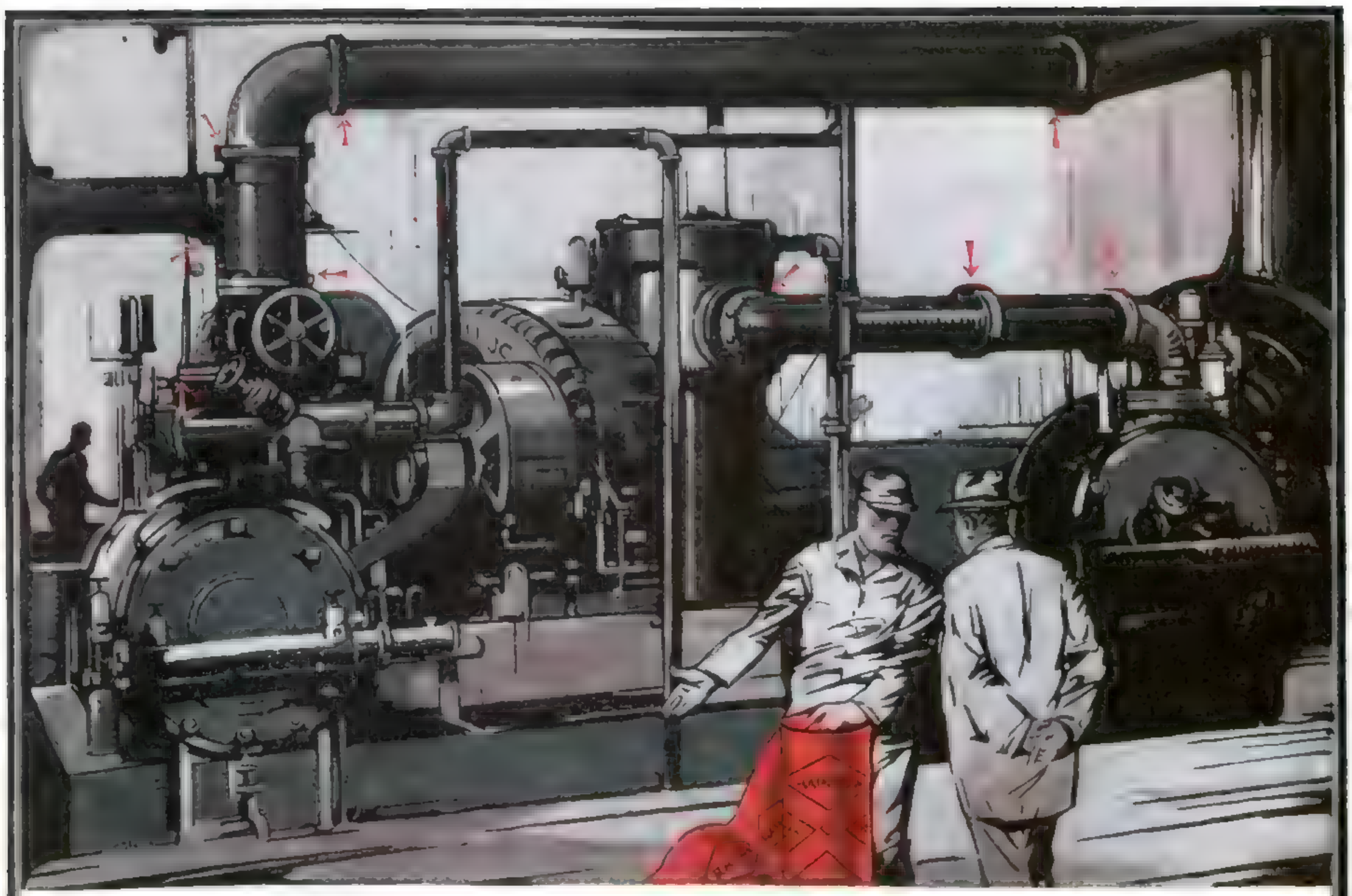
The other day we picked up an old copy of a weekly newspaper published in a Middle Western village of fifteen hundred inhabitants. It said the thermometer had been below zero for a month—twenty-two below one day—and snow was six feet deep. Since New Year's what coal there was had been parceled out by the bushel, but it fell so far short of going round that half the families resorted to wood for fuel. When the supply of dry wood ran out they took to burning green; but the last snow had blocked country roads so that not even green wood was to be had. Many families had abandoned their homes and doubled up with neighbors, two households dwelling under one roof to economize fuel.

In a black border on the front page appeared a notice of the death in an aviation camp of a popular young man of the village. Items on the local and editorial pages reminded readers of their solemn duty to follow Mr. Hoover's food prescriptions faithfully. An editorial article mildly raised the question whether Doctor Garfield had managed the fuel situation in the best manner. With that exception nothing in the paper suggested a complaint. As for any suggestion of dismay, the local columns contained the usual jokes at local foibles, and one item said that while the Odd Fellows had postponed their dance on account of the fuel shortage they meant to give it later on with the usual zest.

This village, we happen to know, supplied its quota of volunteers and selective draft men with prompt good will. It oversubscribed its allotment of both Liberty Loans, and in the Red Cross drive last summer no able-bodied male escaped. If the Government wants anything more of that village the Government has only to say the word.

Now that is the real picture of the United States at war—every requirement cheerfully met, and if there's no coal at least there can be a joke and the prospect of a dance.

That disposition, including the jokes and the dance, are the great American asset for war or peace either. Those who say the American people are not awake to war don't know the people they are talking about.



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Her One Deformity

An Utterly Unnecessary Corn

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Why Will Dainty Women Keep Them?

Don't you find it hard to explain a corn, when millions never have them?

A corn means one of these things:

That you merely pare it or pad it, and never try to remove it. Or that you use some old-time treatment, harsh and inefficient.

Science has solved the corn problem by the method used in Blue-jay. Now every corn ache can be stopped in a jiffy. Any corn can be ended completely, and usually in 48 hours.

To do this, you simply apply a Blue-jay plaster. Then forget the corn. In 48 hours the average corn will go. And the toughest corn cannot resist a second application.

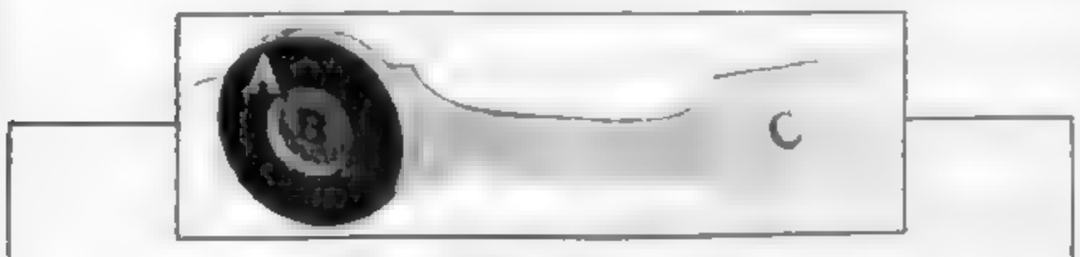
You can have no possible objection.

The application takes but a moment. The toe is then comfortable, the pain is entirely gone. There is no mussiness. Simply ignore the corn, go your way, and let the Blue-jay end it.

Blue-jay is a famous chemist's invention. It is prepared by a surgical-dressing house of world-wide reputation. Don't confuse it with the shams which people try and quit.

Blue-jay has millions of users. To them corns are but incidents, needing only a moment's care. Make one test, and you will join this army who never suffer corns.

Don't wait longer—make the test tonight.



How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B&B wax, which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely

C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

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Large Package 25c at Druggists'

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(912)

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Alla Nazimova

ALLA NAZIMOVA is one of the paradoxes of fame. When one begins a career by being a child prodigy of a violinist at eleven years; and is, somewhat later, debarred from the Petrograd stage by the Russian censor; and, still later, undertakes to learn the English language in less than four months, besides various other little achievements, one is expected to be either a violinist, or a Siberian exile, or, at the very least, a temperamental person, at the height of that career.

Instead of fulfilling any or all of these expectations, Nazimova forsook her violin studies when she graduated from school, and went out into provincial Russia for three years of the most difficult training available—in stock companies. As to the incident with the censor—after a year in a Petrograd theater as leading woman, she planned the production with Paul Orleneff of The Chosen People. The production was prohibited; but Nazimova and Orleneff calmly left the censor in Russia, and took the play to Berlin, London and New York, where several theatrical cognoscenti became interested in the surprisingly unusual company playing in the Russian language in an East Side theater.

The cognoscenti said "If she could only play in English!" and sighed. Said Nazimova: "She can play in English—by September. It is only June now!" and spent the summer acquiring an entirely strange language. Her mastery of French, German and Russian had given her linguistic facility. Her long years of musical training had

(Concluded on Next Page)

Ida A. R. Wylie (An Autobiography)

WELL, the horrid truth is that I am thirty-two, but as an author I feel a great deal older than that because I have been making up stories for as long as I can remember. However, to begin at the beginning. I was born in Australia of Scotch parents, came to England when I was five, when my mother died, leaving me to the care of a brilliant, fond, but very eccentric father, whose ideas on the education of children would make the hair of even a modern parent rise. In the first place I had practically no

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Hector MacQuarrie

I WAS one of the "First hundred thousand," and spent a summer and a winter in France and Flanders, after which I was invalided home with no wounds, and no brains, but very tired. After accumulating a few brains, they sent me over here on munitions duty. This meant spending a few months among the wonderful Moravians and steel people at Bethlehem, and I loved them all. I became so much a citizen of Bethlehem that they asked me, a British officer in uniform, to deliver the Independence Day oration.

One day I received a letter from a fellow I knew connected with a publishing house, asking if I knew of a British officer possessing sufficient intelligence to write a book giving tips to the American soldier.

After three weeks' hard work I sent him the manuscript of Over Here. He replied by asking if I had written the manuscript in the upper berth of a Pullman, but admitted that it would be a fairly good book if it only had a few verbs in the sentences. So I stuck in a few verbs and the book was published.

I am now expecting to return to the war with more intelligence than when I arrived, and with much love for America and Americans.

Pelham Grenville Wodehouse
(An Autobiography)

BORN October 15, 1881, at Guildford, England. Third son of Henry Ernest Wodehouse, C. M. G. Originally intended for the Navy, but was barred by defective eyesight. Educated at Dulwich College. Joined staff of London Globe as an occasional writer of humorous column.

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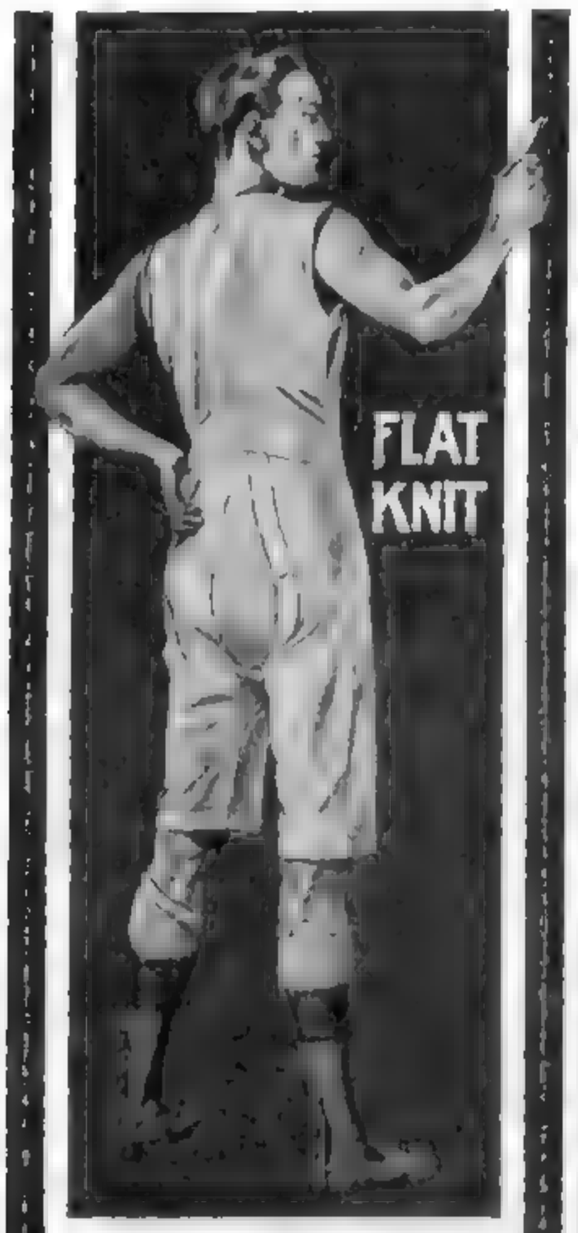

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Concluded from Page 49)

Alla Nazimova

developed her ability to learn by ear. Moreover, her severely conscientious work in the stock company days had developed her determination and ambition. Hence, when her first English production, Hedda Gabler, took New York by storm in 1906, the achievement was less to her than to her enthusiastically startled audiences—which, it is needless to add, included the cognoscenti heretofore mentioned.

Since her first season on the English stage in New York, each year has added new glories; but in the midst of the glories, Nazimova is still the unassuming, ambitious, hardworking actress that she was in the old Petrograd days. When one adds that besides being one of the most conscientious stars in stardom she is happily married—the snapshot on page 49 shows her with her husband—lives very quietly (that is, when she is not living tempestuously before the cinema-camera for a film play) and never uses "temperament" in any form, the paradox is complete.

Ida A. R. Wylie

education until I was twelve. I could read and write—not spell—and that was all. I ran absolutely wild. My chief companion was my father himself; but on the whole I had no companions—certainly none of my own age. I played alone—soundless, motionless games which no one understood but which were really of the most thrilling nature. I was made to be independent. When I was eight bicycling came into fashion. A bicycle was made for me and on it I careered about the London streets—not so dangerous as they are now, fortunately—and went for whole day excursions into the country, staying for meals at wayside inns, hobnobbing with all and sundry. As a concrete example of this rather incredible sounding childhood I was sent for a week's bicycling tour in Cambridgeshire when I was eleven. I traveled alone—sometimes as much as fifty miles a day—and stayed alone at hotels. What the hotel people thought I don't know. To me it seemed the most ordinary thing in the world. I enjoyed myself immensely and never once encountered any but delightful if somewhat startled people. When I was fourteen I was shipped off to Norway for a three weeks' cruise in the fjords, staying a week at Trondhjem. Here I was supposed to be under the captain's care; but I don't remember him, so he couldn't have bothered me much. I had a great time, as you can imagine; but the details must be passed over. At fourteen, too, my father had a sudden revulsion. Whether I was getting too much for him or not I do not know. Anyhow I was shipped off to Brussels to a finishing school—of all places! Of course I fell like a bombshell in the nicely brought up circle of very much older girls. It took me a long time to settle down to the "two by two" walks and general orthodoxy, but I did settle down finally. When I was seventeen and had forgotten what little English I knew I was sent to Cheltenham Ladies' College, in England, to begin my real education! There I had a fairly hard time keeping abreast of my companions, but the life was splendid and I began to write—mostly literary essays which won me some distinction. When I was nineteen I was sent to Karlsruhe, Germany, for a final "finishing." I had been there a year when rather tragic circumstances threw me entirely on my own resources. The German lady in whose home I was living proved a splendid friend to me and I lived with her for eight years. Nevertheless, I had to earn my own living. I tried to give English lessons, but the little German girls nearly always had to correct my spelling, so I don't think I was a great success. Fortunately, about this time—before I was twenty-one—I published my first short story. About a year later my first novel, The Bugaboo People, was published and went into eight editions. Since then I have published seven other novels, including Toward Morning, three travel books and heaven knows how many short stories. I don't think I have ever had anything turned down in England, so that my road has been a very smooth one. Five years ago—fortunately for me—I made my home in my own country. Now, with a friend, I have a small home in London, and here, in spite of raids, I shall remain until the war is over, when I hope to go to America.

If you want to know the kind of things I like—well, I enjoy everything one can enjoy. I am a keen suffragist and fought hard for a vote. To my lasting disappointment, but to the infinite relief of my resolutions, I escaped prison, being too insignificant to be noticed. At the beginning of the war I went to France as a canteen worker, but unfortunately fell ill and had to give up.

Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

By the Way, in 1902. Became editor of By the Way in 1904.

In the spring of 1904 visited America for the first time with the object of giving the St. Louis Exposition the rapid North-to-South; but, finding New York rather what the doctor ordered, remained in that thriving little city for three weeks, then returned to England in order not to lose job on Globe—which, though producing only a modest twenty-five iron men per week, was a considerable factor in providing those regular meals which the artist soul demands if it is to give the public of its best. In spite of this sojourn in the New World, our young hero did not even attempt a book of impressions of America—neither the facetious kind, where you devote a chapter to telling how you couldn't get your shoes shined by leaving them outside the bedroom door, nor the serious variety, where you wag your head solemnly and say "What is the future of this great country?"

This showed that there was good stuff in the lad.

It was on this trip that I—that we—that Mr. Wodehouse—that the subject of this biography (copies of which, for purposes of presentation as Christmas, birthday or wedding gifts, may be obtained for five cents a throw at this office) first read George Ade's Fables in Slang and E. W. Townsend's Chimmie Fadden—works which exercised a profound effect on his growing mind, opening out new vistas and all that sort of thing.

In 1906-7 came a period of lyric-writing for musical comedy, to the melodies of Jerome D. Kern, then a mere infant. This included a permanent post on the staff of the Gaiety Theater, London. At least it was permanent for three months, and then the board of directors decided at a special session that the ten dollars a week which they were paying our hero could be more profitably expended on cigars.

In 1909 we revisited America, where we have remained on and off ever since, having a perfectly splendid time. We have met Irvin Cobb, and contributed to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and married, and gone to Coney Island, and bought a dog, and had lunch in the Curtis Building, and everything. Our life has been one whirl of pleasure.

In 1916 the musical comedy virus, long dormant in the system, broke out with great severity, and we are not yet out of danger. We have been collaborating with Guy Bolton, the modern Aristophanes. We are in good health at present, but who can say when the old bean may crack under the strain?

LABOR AND THE WAR

(Continued from Page 8)

peace comes in the condition it was in when it began its struggle upward years ago, nor will it abandon its right of collective bargaining or its convictions in the matter of hours or service or other basic conditions of employment, under the mere pretext of government necessity. It must feel itself that the necessity exists, and even then it will seek assurance that when the war is over and democracy safe it will be in no worse position to continue its struggle for betterment than it was when the war began.

The attitude of American labor toward America's participation in the war can best be understood after a glance backward over recent industrial history. During the two years and more of the war before we got into it there was no limitation put upon the profits of those in this country who manufactured war supplies. Enormous profits were made. Everybody knew of them, the workers included.

This state of affairs naturally created a great unrest among the laborers of the United States. Though in some classes of industry the wages had greatly increased, reflecting this abnormal prosperity, in others there had been no rise proportionate to the increase in the cost of living. The unrest in America had grown and grown until it was just on the point of finding expression when the United States declared war against Germany.

Now labor had not desired this war. In common with the great masses of American people, labor had hoped that the United States might keep out of it, if such a course could be taken with honor. War as a means of settlement of international disputes is repugnant to American labor. Indeed before the year 1914 came to open the eyes of the world to the German philosophy, American labor was cherishing a dream of eternal peace brought about by the refusal of organized labor in all nations to fight or to produce the munitions of war. When the war broke out in Europe, American labor was stunned as the organized-labor movements of each country, without exception, quickly pledged their men and their resources to the support of their respective governments. But even after that our laborers felt that it was Europe's family quarrel and that we should remain the one great neutral nation.

The war was forced upon the United States suddenly. The justice of America's position was supported almost unanimously by labor, as I have said; but the break came just as the labor unrest in this country was reaching the explosion point. The workers felt that the war profiteering would likely go on in the future just as it had done in the past. The country was calling upon labor to make sacrifices, but labor could not see the justice in this demand so long as the employers would actually find it more profitable to be at war than at peace.

It took some time for the Government to make clear its position on the matter of war profiteering; and in this period of some weeks or months immediately following the declaration of hostilities the prospects for a contented labor and industrial peace in this country did not seem to be bright. But when it became apparent that the Government was stopping war profiteering and would probably be able to prevent it altogether it had the effect of satisfying the men employed, and a much better spirit resulted. Profiteering has by no means ceased. Government price fixing is yet in its infancy; but enough has been done to show that the Government wishes no manufacturing concern to run at a loss; nor does it want the worker robbed of his rightful share.

As a result of this policy a much better spirit now exists in the industrial world. There is a feeling of willingness to sacrifice the material things for the common good; and I do not claim any monopoly of this spirit for the workingmen—it is general on both sides. Among the workers there is a more complete realization now of what is actually at stake in the issue of this war.

To be sure, when you have tens of millions of workers engaged under all sorts of conditions, there must of necessity be more or less unrest. Yet for the most part the country is calm except in a few places where increasing wages have not kept pace with the cost of living; in fact, there is no serious labor trouble at present. The number of disputes reaching the strike stage is smaller than that of normal peace times. This statement may be surprising to those who read about a new strike somewhere almost every day. But any stoppage of work nowadays is an item of news, whereas in normal times it would pass unnoticed. Moreover, nearly every strike is now exaggerated in importance. The recent trouble in certain Eastern shipyards was a case in point. Out of nearly two hundred thousand men engaged only two or three per cent of them

(Continued on Page 53)

How Wise Motorists Take Care Of Their Wheels

Careful motorists prove their care by giving the same quality of attention to their wheels as to any part of the car. They make it a practice to have their wheels tightened up now and then. It used to be quite a job for the repairman, as done by old-fashioned mechanical methods.

The wheels had to be taken off. The car was laid up for days. It cost $10 or more. And at best it was only temporary.

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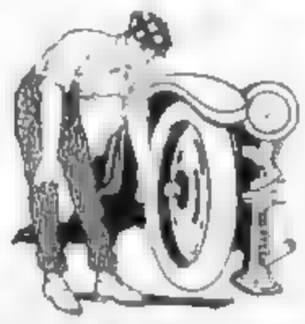

Look at the paint along each spoke. Shrinkage sometimes shows in cracked paint, or chipped off spots. Examine the joints at hub and felloes. Sometimes unpainted gaps will show.

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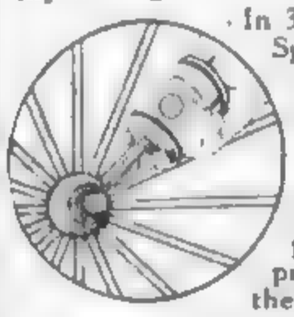
If you have even one loose spoke, don't delay—the cost of Spoktitening is too little to justify waiting.



In 30 minutes Spoktite expands the wood to its original condition. Then it seals the pores to prevent further trouble

Remember that wagon wheels are benefited by Spoktite as well as auto wheels.

The Cost Is Nominal

The auto-size can of Spoktite—enough for four wheels—costs only $1.50 ($2.00 in Canada).

It does a job that would cost you $10.00 if done the old-fashioned way—and does it permanently.

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IS NOT A GLUE SWELLS SHRUNKEN WOOD

Tightens Four Wheels for $1.50

Like every other necessary repair, a better, quicker, cheaper way was sure to be found. So Spoktite was discovered. Spoktitening your wheels is the modern way—done in 30 minutes, easy as oiling, costs only $1.50—and it is *permanent*. Once done, it's done for good.

Don't Neglect Good Wheels

Wood wheels today are made better than they ever were. They are the logical type of wheel.

But no material can stand up forever under the terrific punishment that wheels get—bumps, rocks, ruts, curves, quick starts, sudden stops. Rain and mud swell the spokes, sun and wind dry them out.

You must give your wheels the same attention that you give your springs, your radiator, your motor—any other part of the car.

Spokes Get Loose

Spokes get loose in dry weather. This weakens the whole wheel, reduces its resistance to the strain of driving. The wheels are the very foundation of the car and its safety. They must be sound.

Often spokes are loose without your knowing it. The very weight of the car may keep them from squeaking or rattling.

Be a wise motorist and forestall such conditions by giving your wheels their fair share of attention—Spoktiten them.

THE WOODTITE LABORATORIES

Formerly "LIQUID WHEEL TIGHTENER COMPANY"

MODESTO, CALIFORNIA

Woodworkers! Important Notice!

We are specialists in scientific treatment of wood, and compound preparations for special purposes. Let us help you solve your unusual wood problems. "Woodtite," for application before your products leave the factory, prevents all swelling, shrinking, warping and cracking. Once "Woodtite" has been used, "Spoktite" is never needed.

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Woodtite Laboratories, Modesto, Cal.

Gentlemen: Please send me, charges prepaid _____ (state how many) cans of Spoktite, at $1.50 per can ($2.00 in Canada). My dealer has none in stock. Enclosed find remittance for _____

My Name _____ Dealer's Name _____

My Full Address _____

Easy as Oiling

You don't have to take the wheel off. Just squirt Spoktite from the handy can into the cracks.

Many Other Uses

Spoktite is good for all good wood. Body squeaks, wagon wheels, boats, golf clubs, wooden tools, farm implements, doors, floors. No injurious effect on paint or varnish.

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Or if you do not care to apply Spoktite yourself, any garage or repair shop will do it for a moderate charge of $3.00 to $5.00.

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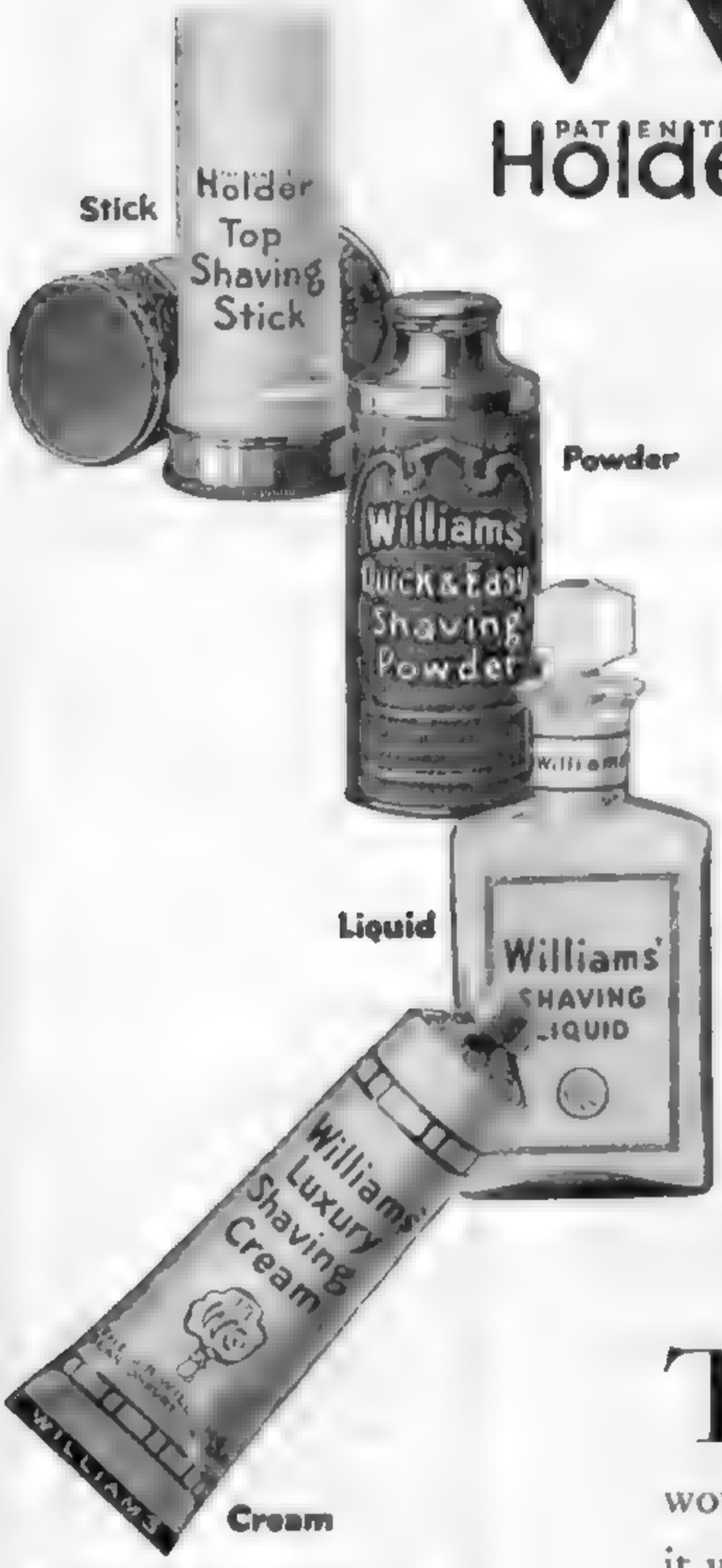
Williams'

PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick



The Holder Top stands squarely on the shelf— a top for the box, a holder for the fingers

THE only purpose of the Holder Top is to add convenience to a shaving necessity. Thousands of men would use Williams' Shaving Soap if they had to hold it with a forked stick. It's that kind of shaving soap. No amount of inconvenience in applying it would outweigh the comfort, economy and effectiveness of its softening, soothing, lasting lather. When you realize that Williams' Shaving Soap is *that* good, then you begin to appreciate what a real luxury Williams' Shaving Soap is when applied with the convenient metal Holder Top.

Williams' Shaving Soap
is as necessary in the soldier's kit
as on the bath-room shelf—
just as efficient in the camp as in the home

Send 20c. in stamps for trial sizes of the four forms shown here. Or send 6c. in stamps for any one.

The J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

After the shave you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc. Send 4c. for a trial size of the Violet, Carnation, English Lilac or Rose.

(Continued from Page 50)

laid down their tools; yet to the uninformed reader of newspapers it must have seemed that the paralysis of the whole shipbuilding program was imminent.

The few strikes that we are having, however, are apt to be intensely bitter in feeling. The assumption of certain employers seems to be that if their plants are engaged in government work and the workers strike the disloyalty to the employer becomes disloyalty to the United States. When this charge is made in a strike it creates locally at least a feeling that is not well for the country.

Such an attitude on the part of some is allied with the argument that in this country we need conscription of civilian labor for the manufacture of war materials. On several occasions there have been strong drives made in this direction, on the theory that the responsibilities of the soldier and the munitions worker are similar. That is, it is argued, if you conscript man power for trench work, then you have the same right and reason to conscript man power for factory work to produce war materials.

Though this argument seems to have force there is an essential difference between the status of the soldier and that of the laborer in a munitions factory. The nation's man power for the trenches is under the direct control of the Government, with the Congress of the United States responsible for the wages of the men and the conditions under which they live, work and fight; whereas the conscription of labor for factories would be the conscription of workers to produce material out of which private individuals might and do secure profits. One proposition is very different from the other.

Even in Great Britain, where the problem of supplying men both for the armies and the factories was much more acute than ours is ever likely to be, the government never made the attempt to conscript labor. The government there adopted the policy of enforcing conditions that labor would accept; and that settled the difficulties. The worker in this country feels that if the Government must resort to conscription in its manufacturing program it is just as necessary to conscript the factory itself as it is the labor. As long as that attitude of mind prevails—and I doubt if it will ever change—to conscript labor without conscripting factories along with it would impair the efficiency of all work upon munitions.

The laboring man of this country has the definite feeling that in working to turn out war supplies he is more patriotic than his employer, who is making a profit out of that labor. It is impossible to get workmen away from this opinion. For this reason the factor that has done most to quiet the labor unrest in the United States has been the Government's hostility to war profiteering. Wherever you find profiteering, there usually you will find a great tendency on the part of the labor to be irritable. This is especially true where the wage rate of the workers has not the purchasing power of the rate received before the war.

Unions Encouraged

In dealing with a general labor policy for the duration of the war the Government must take into consideration all classes of labor—the organized and the unorganized. Questions of unionism, nonunionism, open and closed shops must naturally be thrashed out in the conferences and accommodations reached acceptable to both sides before any intelligent policy can be formulated. The problems of employment rising from the existence of labor unions have been quickened, if anything, and made more acute by the war conditions. There are a great many employers in this country who have never dealt with labor unions and who refuse to-day to deal with their employees collectively. Yet this is a question which is becoming paramount for industry in the present emergency. There is a growing group of employers who are coming to believe that the best war organization and industrial efficiency will result from a general recognition of the right of labor to act collectively. The last convention of the United States Chamber of Commerce went on record with a resolution urging employers to deal with organized labor and even encourage the unions as the best prophylaxis against such agitation as that of the I. W. W.

Among union men in many parts of the country there is to-day a well-defined fear that employers who have fought unionism in the past may seize the present emergency as their opportunity to crush the unions. This fear is not without some foundation, since investigation has found in certain sections the feeling among employers that now is the moment for applying "blood and iron" to the unions. The public is impatient with any stoppage in war work and is apt to charge disloyalty to strikers, while there is continually the threat that public opinion may demand conscription of labor to settle any serious dispute. On the other hand, the present situation offers the union its opportunity, too, to take advantage of the nation's extremity to force its program upon unwilling employers. These two tendencies, if uncontrolled, might lead to a dangerous impasse. The best safeguard against such a situation is a recognized labor policy, accepted by both employers and employees, taking most of the disputed questions out of dispute, defining what is debatable and providing the machinery for adjusting differences peaceably as fast as they rise.

The Department of Labor does not presume to point out the relative merits of unionism and nonunionism. We do not, however, hesitate to state the plain facts. One of the most disquieting elements in the labor situation to-day—the one which perhaps gives greater concern to economists than any other—is the growth of the I. W. W. Alarmists see in the movement a coming red revolution, an overturn of the foundation on which our present security rests. The investigation made by the President's Mediation Commission in the West and other information coming to the Department of Labor demonstrate to us that the I. W. W. philosophy has not gained foothold in those industries where employers have been dealing with recognized labor unions. On the contrary, it is only in industries in which collective bargaining on the part of labor has been repressed that the I. W. W. has gained its greatest strength.

Strikes in Arizona

When President Wilson sent the Mediation Commission into the West some persons must have felt that the United States was drawing dangerously near to a labor crisis. The newspapers were filled with all sorts of alarming reports, news of a nature indicating that the worker might appeal to force and rebellion to gain his ends. It made strange reading for America, where labor has been wont to await the slow but orderly processes of elections and legislation to bring about reforms. At the time when the farmers were preparing to strain every energy in food production threats were heard that the farm laborers of the country would cease to work as a protest against the war and against the present order. Strikes were causing a dangerous diminution of the Arizona copper supply available for ammunition. The unrest of lumber workers in the Pacific Northwest was hampering the war program as to ships and aircraft. We read of labor agitators assaulted, whipped and even hanged; of organizers for the I. W. W. forcibly expelled from one industrial region by a masked and armed posse.

Into this region went the Mediation Commission—primarily to bring about peace if possible in the copper and lumber industries, incidentally to undertake the settlement of other difficulties that rose as the tour of the commission lengthened out into weeks and months. As we went deeper and deeper into the analysis of these troubles we found in each of them some striking similarity.

On the surface there seemed to be no adequate causes for the strikes that tied up the Arizona copper districts in the summer of 1917, closing a field that supplies nearly thirty per cent of all the copper produced in the United States. Grievances on the part of the workmen relating to wages, hours of employment and other working conditions were on the whole of relatively minor importance. The attitudes of the contending sides could be reconciled in these particulars; yet the strikes were widespread.

The fundamental labor conditions in the mining industry of Arizona, far from containing safeguards against strikes, were actually provocative of them. Let us look at the background against which the strikes of 1917 in Arizona must be projected: Distant ownership; a migratory working force, often of wide racial diversity; a traditional policy of repression of unionism on the part of the alien owners; a weak miners' union divided against itself, resulting in a free field for the irresponsible and radical agitator; a bitterness between employers and employees, partly due to charges of disloyalty made against the strikers and partly because the industry was the sole interest in the mining communities, there being no neutrals to offer cooling advice; finally the growth among the men of doctrines of internationalism, the feeling that all wars are capitalistic, a feeling encouraged by heavy profits gained by the mining companies before our entrance into the war.

This was a fertile field for the enemy plotter and for the I. W. W. Had the basic conditions in the industry been right neither the I. W. W. nor the sinister influences of national enemies could have made headway among the miners. And as it was, though many of the employers in Arizona were honest in blaming German propaganda and the I. W. W. for the disturbances, neither of them, nor both of them together, could account for the strikes. The causes went deeper.

Though not expressed in so many words, the dominant feeling of protest on the part of the miners was that the industry was conducted upon an autocratic basis. Many of the complaints made by the strikers were found by the commission to be without foundation; yet these workers had no safeguard against injustice except the say-so of one side to the controversy. There was no direct dealing between companies and committees acting for the men collectively. Whenever a contention rose the miners were given the alternative of submission or strike. In short, the Arizona miners, without defining the issue clearly in their own minds, were in fact struggling for power to secure industrial justice in matters of vital concern to them.

That this was the case is demonstrated by the adjustment made by the Mediation Commission, a settlement which thus far has been successful in preserving industrial order in Arizona and keeping the output of the mines up to the nation's needs. As a substitute for strikes the commission established the machinery, with United States administrators in charge, for adjusting grievances by an orderly and impartial process. The workers agreed to forego strikes for the duration of the war, and in return were given the right to be represented by grievance committees, while the companies agreed not to discriminate against union men. In each district the mediator between the company and the grievance committee is the Federal administrator.

Conditions in the Northwest

The administrators at once began hearing grievances in large numbers. Many of the grievances were trivial or groundless. In the hands of an impartial mediator they presented no difficulty; left to rankle in the breasts of those who thought themselves the victims of injustice they might have become new foci of disturbance. Conditions are not yet normal in Arizona; some of the old resentment still smolders; but there is a new spirit of coöperation and a new hope that the present emergency adjustment may lead to permanent industrial peace.

The lumber camps and mills of the Northwest are shot through and through with the fanatical doctrines of the syndicalists. A strike was called in the summer of 1917, and for several months this prime war industry suffered a breakdown. Eventually the strike was "broken." The workmen failed to attain their objectives, and the mills are again being operated. Yet for months afterward the situation was far from good. Sabotage—the "strike on the job" or "the conscious withdrawal of efficiency," as it is variously called—was practiced by some of the men, and at any time fresh disorders were likely to rise. The entire industry in this region employs about seventy thousand men. Upon the Northwestern forests the United States is relying for wood for ships and aëroplanes.

The lumberjack is a pioneer, living under rough conditions at best; but the lumber companies until recently had made little or no effort to create a healthy social environment for their employees, who have been described as "womanless, voteless and much of the time jobless." Many of the camps require extensive betterment to make them fit places for human habitation. These conditions have developed a migratory, drifting sort of worker. The labor turnover, as it is called, is shocking—as high as six hundred per cent annually for the entire industry; which means that to secure the

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MURATORE

This Famous French Tenor sings his Metropolitan successes exclusively for Pathé. Ask for List.

continuous power of seventy thousand men the camps each year must hire more than four hundred thousand.

Here, too, we found that the recognized labor union had been repressed and stifled. True, the operators claimed that the very nature of the industry is discouraging to unionization; yet the employers as a body are uncompromisingly bitter and hostile toward any organization of their men. The I. W. W. is filling the vacuum.

Though the specific demand of labor in the lumbering region was for the eight-hour day, yet at the bottom the unrest which is giving that whole part of the nation so much concern is, like that in the Arizona copper districts, a manifestation of human dignity—the unexpressed but nevertheless real desire to be able to command decent treatment. The red card is carried by large numbers of the timber and sawmill men, yet the possession of one by no means implies that the holder believes in the I. W. W. philosophy. He is groping toward fellowship, and the I. W. W. is there to fill his need.

The commission endeavored to bring about a better condition in the lumber industry by negotiating with the operators' association for the general installation of the eight-hour day. We found that among many operators the opposition to it was based mainly on pride. They had beaten the strike for an eight-hour day; therefore to grant this just demand would, they feared, only open the door to future unjust demands from the labor. Yet we were on the point of gaining this concession when certain Pacific Coast lumbermen, who then were in Washington conferring with officials of the Government, advised their associates on the coast to hold out against the innovation until the entire lumber industry of the nation should adopt the eight-hour day.

The Eight-Hour Day

At length the War Department sent an army officer, Colonel Disque, to take charge of all the Northwestern spruce production for aëroplanes. Late in the winter this officer made arrangements with the timber companies to adopt the eight-hour day. The innovation began on March 1st. It is worthy of note that contrary to the usual experience the shorter day has not resulted thus far in any great increase in the efficiency of the workmen. However, there has been already a marked decrease in the labor turnover, which it is hoped will result ultimately in increased efficiency as the men stay long enough on their jobs to become skilled workmen.

And in fact upon war contracts everywhere the Government should insist upon the eight-hour day. It has become the established policy of the country. Experience has shown time and again that the shorter working day makes for efficiency on the part of the workmen. In war the eight-hour day—with, of course, adequate provision for longer hours with appropriate overtime payment—is even more essential than in peace. The British war government has studied this question very thoroughly from the standpoint of developing the maximum productive power of that nation. The experiments of the British Ministry of Munitions left no question that shorter hours of labor are productive of greater efficiency.

Two other labor differences of major importance on the Pacific Coast were investigated by the commission—the threatened strike in the California oil fields in November, and the strike of telephone operatives in Washington and Oregon during the same month. The chief issue in the telephone strike was the recognition of the telephone girls' union. The skilled electricians and other male labor were already organized in the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. When the girls formed locals and affiliated with the Brotherhood the men went on strike to secure for the girls the same recognition they themselves enjoyed.

But these and other questions did not present great difficulties. There was a better atmosphere here, where the employer was used to dealing with the employees collectively. In the settlement the company recognized the girls' union. The employees on the other hand agreed not to resort to strikes but to submit their grievances to the arbitration of Federal administrators. The wage scale was left to future negotiations; but the new currents of coöperation thus set up led to the adoption of the new scale without either side calling for arbitration.

In the California oil fields the companies had made no special efforts to block the spread of unionism; nevertheless it was not until April of last year that the men were organized in a union affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. The men are English-speaking, nearly all Americans by descent and most of them highly skilled. Of the eighteen thousand men employed in the fields five thousand work for the Standard Oil Company, the rest for the independents. In November the employees of the independent companies threatened to strike for an eight-hour day and four dollars a day as a minimum wage.

The Standard Oil Company had some months previously adopted the eight-hour day, and there was no wide difference of opinion in the matter of wages. The settlement was readily brought about, and government administrators were named to settle all future disputes without strikes for the duration of the war.

Thus in these four instances of labor disturbances we find the two types of industries that we have in this country to-day. In one, where the men are organized in recognized unions, we find loyalty to the nation on both sides and a readiness to coöperate for the national welfare. In the other, where organized labor has been repressed and the employers maintain an autocratic attitude toward their men, we find the unrest at its height and the I. W. W. sowing its destructive propaganda.

The doctrine of the I. W. W. asserts that an industrial establishment is valuable only as it produces profits. Hence, if it should become valueless, the workers themselves could take it over and operate it collectively. Consequently the movement has adopted sabotage, "striking on the job," to accomplish this end.

By striking on the job the I. W. W. workers hope to curtail output to the point where the establishment can no longer make profits. But these theorists forget that before the perfection of labor-saving machinery a man's production was much less than it is to-day, and still the employer made money. If all labor were to adopt the policy of consciously impairing its own efficiency the result would be not to end profits but to lower the standard of each man's living.

Before the war an average of a million immigrants a year were coming to the United States—to remain here, most of them, for the rest of their lives. They forsook the countries they knew, their friends and their home associations to take this step, and they had sufficient reason for doing so. Notwithstanding some of the dark spots in our industrial world, the standard of living here in the United States is much higher than it is anywhere else on earth. That standard of living is due to the fact that the American wage worker is the most productive in the world.

The higher productivity of our workmen produces a greater wage fund from which wages can be paid.

The employee and the employer have a mutual interest in procuring the largest possible product from a given amount of labor, paying due regard to the health and safety of the workers and a proper opportunity for their recreation.

The interests of employee and employer begin to diverge only at the division of what has been produced. When there is a divergence here the wise course is to sit round a council table and work out the problem on a basis as nearly equitable as the circumstances of the industry will permit. This can be done fairly only when an industry adopts the principle of collective bargaining.

In the West the opposite has happened, and it has happened in those industries where migratory labor is most numerous. This class of labor does not readily lend itself to organization. The employer of this sort of labor finds it easy to repress collective bargaining.

It is to the advantage of both sides to have a government conciliation service, which may adjust these difficulties without loss. Industrial conflicts are like wars—they should never be engaged in unless absolutely necessary for the maintenance of essential principles. If you eliminate strikes you save waste and suffering. Whenever an industrial dispute occurs it is to the advantage of both employer and employees to secure the mediation of the Department of Labor. In the early days of our work the employees were the only ones who sought us, but in the last year and a half we have had many calls from employers.

Last fall it became apparent that in order to prosecute the war efficiently the Government should have a central war-labor administration, to take care of problems not only of conciliation but of many other matters of concern to both laborers and manufacturers of war materials. Questions of apprenticeship, of dilution of skilled labor, of standards of safety and sanitation, of the employment of women in industries formerly occupied exclusively by men, and of the wages paid to women; problems of housing; of recruiting and placing labor—all needed, and still need, adjustment to the present emergency.

As this was written the legislation authorizing such an administration within the Department of Labor and providing funds for the work was pending before Congress. Part of the proposed organization is already at work, having emergency funds from various sources.

Up to a recent time the labor questions most vitally connected with the business of turning out the materials for war have been handled by a number of agencies. The Ordnance Bureau has taken care of its own production program, the Quartermaster General has looked out for his own interests, the Shipping Board has concerned itself with its own production, and so on. When it came to matters of labor, each section managed its own affairs; each had its own adjustment commission; and as a result there were as many policies on labor problems as there were purchasing agencies. Outside of them all the Department of Labor has tried to survey the whole field and coöperate everywhere.

A Plan of Administration

In this statement there is implied or intended no criticism of the various production bureaus in their dealings with labor. Each bureau was charged with the responsibility of showing results in its own field. It had to fight its own battles, to look out for its own interests everywhere.

There was a strike in a large munitions plant last fall, and mediators from four departments of the Government at once stepped in, each with different orders and a different policy for settling the dispute. Only the good sense of the mediators themselves enabled them to get together and bring about a satisfactory settlement.

Moreover, these various producing bureaus of the Government, acting independently, began to compete against one another for skilled workmen, increasing the costly and inefficient labor turnover as men were kept moving from job to job for higher pay. England early recognized the danger in such a procedure by forbidding, with heavy penalties, the practice of enticing operatives away from essential war work.

It was evident that only through a central control of these questions could order and efficiency in war industry be brought about. In January the President asked me to undertake such an administration, and I appointed an advisory body to assist in working out a program. This advisory council consisted of John Lind, chairman; Prof. L. C. Marshall, of the University of Chicago, an economist and student of industrial problems; Waddill Catchings, of the United States Chamber of Commerce; and A. A. Landon, general manager of the American Radiator Company and vice chairman of the Aircraft Board—both of them to represent employers; John B. Lennon and John J. Casey to represent labor; and Miss Agnes Nestor as the representative of women in industry. This council in due time worked out a plan of administration which utilized the agencies of the Department of Labor already in operation and added several new divisions:

1. An adjustment service to deal with all industrial disputes;
2. A service to administer questions of safety, sanitation and other conditions of labor in business plants;
3. A service to promote sound labor sentiment and to enable manufacturers to develop correct policies of employment and management methods so far as they relate to labor, and similar matters;
4. A service to deal with the questions rising from the wider employment of women in industry;
5. A service to develop plans for the emergency training of apprentices and the dilution of skilled forces in essential industries;
6. A service to solve the problems of housing and transporting workers;
7. Finally, an employment service.

Though the legislation is still pending which will give money and authority to this

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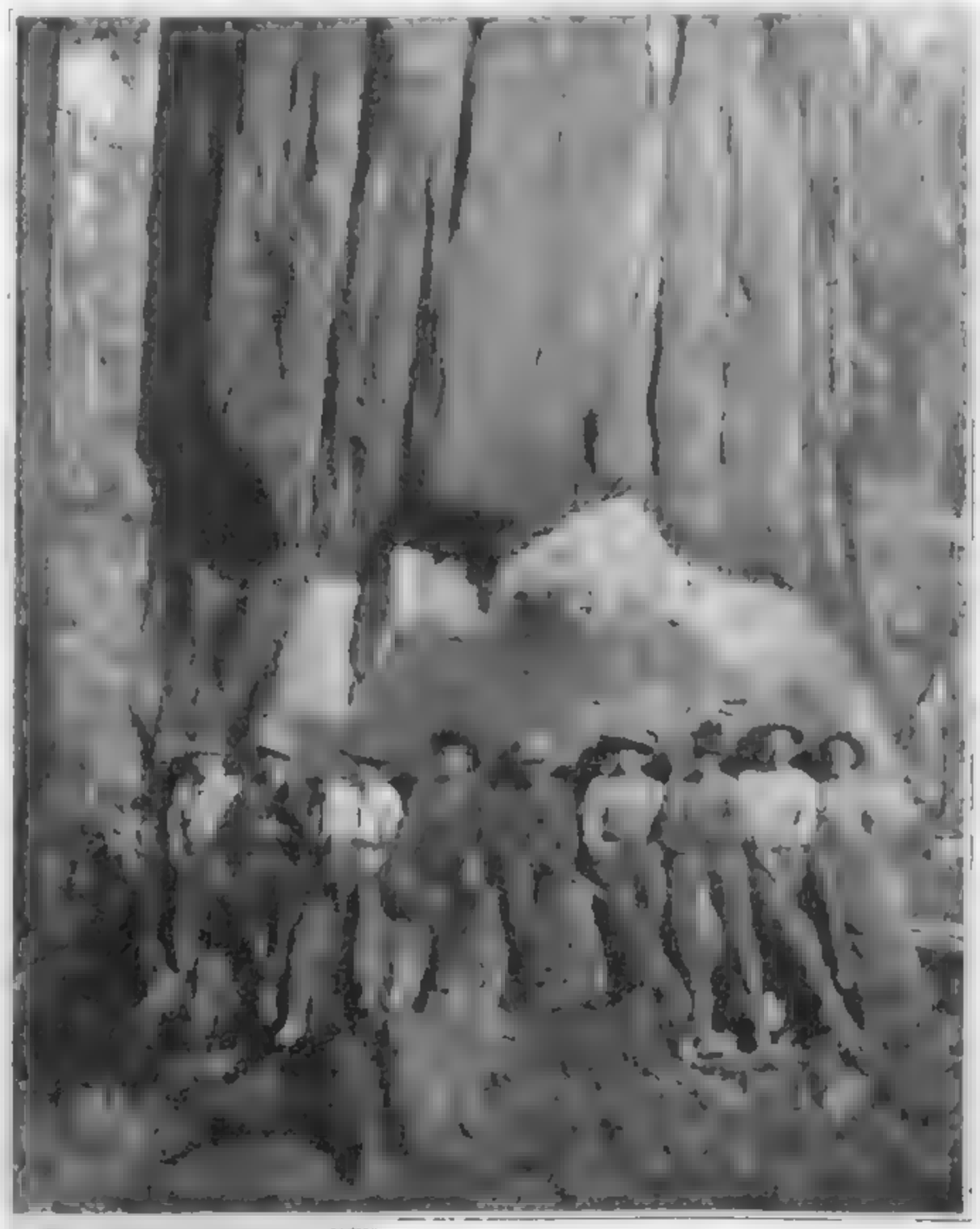

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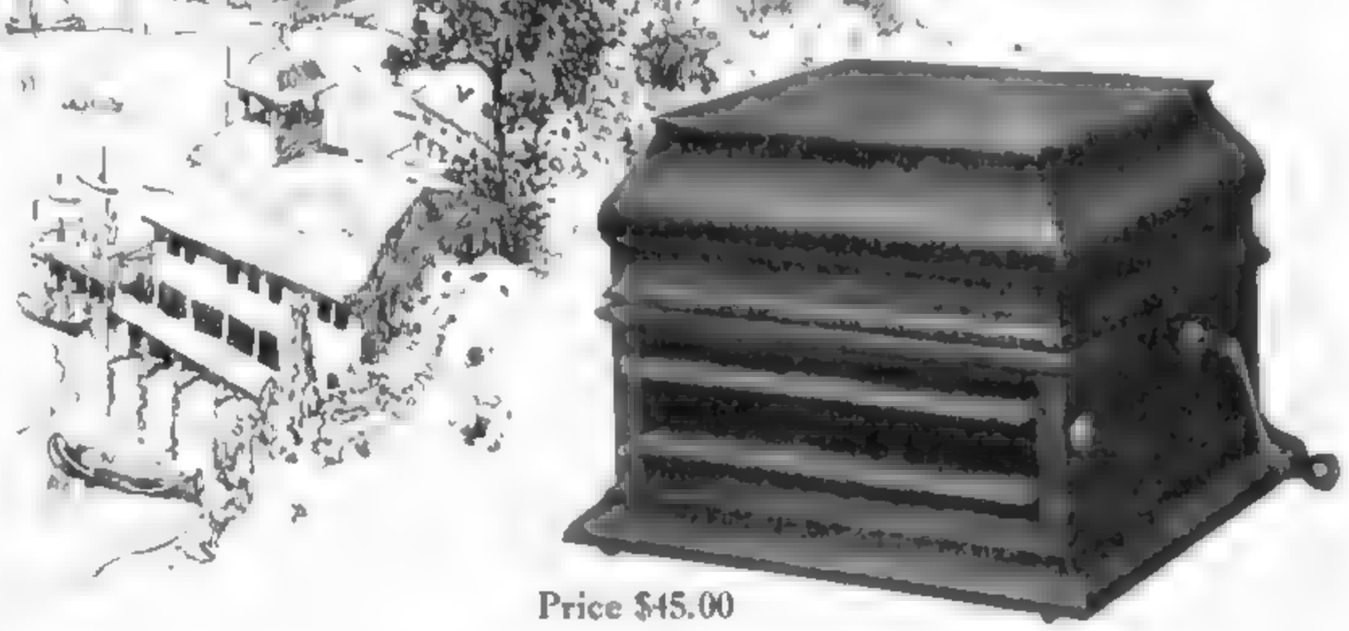

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Price $18.00

Traveling light, strong, and compact, with a voice that is sturdy, sweet, and clear, the Vacation Grafonola will sit up all night to give you music for dancing—and then be ready and cheerful for a bathing or sailing party bright and early in the morning.

Wherever you go in the joyous vacation lands by seashore, lake, or river the Grafonola will give you music.

Price $30.00

Make this a musical vacation. You have no idea how much added pleasure it will mean for you and your friends.

Any Columbia dealer will show you these Vacation Model Grafonolas. They range in price from $18 to $55. And for $7.50 you can buy twenty selections on standard Columbia Records that will give a good variety of vacation music—popular hits, war songs, dance music—anything you like from the great Columbia musical library.

To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY NEW YORK

(Concluded from Page 54)

organization, by various makeshifts we have been able to go ahead with some of it. The adjustment service has been formed from the old adjustment service of the Department of Labor, and Mr. Hugh L. Kerwin is in charge of it. For this we had departmental funds. Because of the pressing needs at points where war industries of various sorts are mobilizing labor in great numbers Congress voted a large appropriation for housing work. That gave us our housing and transportation service, and Mr. Otto M. Eidlitz, the New York builder, formerly in charge of housing investigations for the Council of National Defense, was placed in charge of it. We also were able to organize the information section to promote sound labor sentiment on the part of both employers and employees. Mr. Roger W. Babson, the well-known writer on economic themes, is in charge of this section.

But we are still without a conditions-of-labor service, a women-in-industry service, and a training and dilution service—all necessary in the war administration. For these we are waiting for legislative authority.

The employment service, with Mr. John B. Densmore as its chief, we gained by expanding the old employment bureau of the Department of Labor. This service plays almost the leading part in the new organization, since through it some of the most notable reforms may be brought about. The employment service has the power to check the drift of labor by placing workmen in the proper billets for them in the first place. It is already moving great numbers of workingmen, thus preventing shortages in labor that might rise if there were no national agency to handle this work. The service has its local offices, its state clearing houses, and finally its national clearing house in Washington.

One of the most important services which the Department of Labor has been able to render since the war began was that of registering skilled workmen for shipbuilding. This task was carried out by the employment bureau. At one time last winter when all labor was scarce the employment bureau provided an additional hundred thousand workmen for the merchant shipyards.

Early in the war the United States Shipping Board and the Council of National Defense got in touch with the steel interests in an effort to speed the production of ships, but the earliest moment at which the steel shipbuilders were willing to guarantee delivery was eighteen months after a contract was signed. It was then that the Shipping Board turned to wooden ships as a solution of the shipping problem. The builders of wooden ships said that if only shipwrights and calkers were available in sufficient numbers they could turn out vessels of this type in six months.

Speeding Up Shipbuilders

At that point in the negotiations the Shipping Board asked us if we could find enough shipwrights and calkers to form the nucleus of a working force. We specially sought this type of workman in a three days' registration conducted wherever there was navigable water and where ships have been built of wood in the past, on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, along the Great Lakes and at the navigable rivers. In those three days twenty thousand men signed that they knew something about wooden shipbuilding and were ready for the work.

With this assurance the wooden shipbuilding program went ahead. Its interesting aftermath was that the successful negotiations with the wooden shipbuilders brought a new, revised offer from the steel builders, with the guaranty to turn out steel ships in six months, thus equaling the rate of wooden construction. In this one instance, by causing double progress in shipbuilding, the employment bureau justified its existence.

By recruiting men for shipbuilding, however, we must perforce take skilled men from other essential industries. Hence we have on our hands the problem of training new hands for the essential work and the dilution of skilled forces in factories with these semiskilled men. As the war goes on it will become more and more necessary to put unskilled men on jobs requiring skill. This can usually be done by promoting the less skilled to places requiring a greater degree of skill in the workman, and so on down until the raw, unskilled man is placed in the job at the bottom of the ladder.

Unless we have some means for giving quick training to these unskilled workers the efficiency of our industry will not come up to normal for a long time. Through the training and dilution service we aim to devise shop methods for bringing this about.

This problem was long since met in England, where training and dilution are now well recognized, by labor and employers both, as a wartime necessity. When a certain steel plant in Wales attempted to operate some new iron furnaces it was unable to find enough men, skilled or unskilled, to do the work. The Ministry of Munitions supplied women, who took the places of laborers, doing hauling, loading and unloading in the yards. The laborers were set to work on the lowest skilled jobs in the plant, as fourth-hand melters and mixers. The fourth-hand melters and mixers were promoted to be third-hand melters and mixers, and so on, until a new force had been created for the furnaces.

The Pay of Women

Questions of safety and sanitation, too, should be in the hands of the central labor administration as a supervising agency, though in general such matters will continue to be administered through the usual state agencies. There should be no letdown in the conditions of employment; present state standards should be maintained; and in industries where standards are not what they should be the Government itself ought to bring about reforms. All of this leads to industrial stability.

It must be apparent to anyone that before such a plan as the one we have outlined can become effective labor must be consulted about it. Labor, especially organized labor, has some very definite ideas about the number of apprentices that may be trained and the length of time for the apprenticeship, as well as fixed principles relating to the employment of women and the relative wages paid to women and men. Some of these principles may require modification to conform to the plans for a war administration for labor. In England today, for instance, women, unskilled two years ago but now working shoulder to shoulder with expert mechanics in machine shops, are earning two or three times as much as the skilled male workers. The women are doing piecework; the men are paid on the wage scale that existed at the beginning of the war. We have not come to such a condition in the United States yet; we might come to it; but no man having the true American respect for womanhood will consent to the employment of women in heavy or dangerous occupations except as a last resort. What position would American organized labor take in such matters?

It is evident that to secure the teamwork that we need to win the war we must have not only central labor administration but a recognized labor policy as well, a policy agreed to in advance both by labor and by the employers. To that end I called a conference of both sides to meet in Washington and thrash out these questions. The National Industrial Conference Board named five representatives of employers to sit in this conference: L. F. Loree, a railway official and coal operator; C. Edwin Michael, a builder of bridges; Loyall A. Osborne, a manufacturer of electrical equipment; W. H. Van Dervoort, a structural engineer; and B. L. Worden, another bridge builder. These five men are among the largest employers of labor in the United States. Only one of them has ever dealt with labor unions in his private business. The American Federation of Labor named as its five representatives: Frank J. Hayes, of the mine workers; William L. Hutcheson, of the carpenters; Thomas J. Savage, of the machinists; Victor Olander, of the seamen; and T. A. Rickert, of the garment workers. Each set of five representatives named another to represent the general public. The employers' representatives selected William Howard Taft, the former President of the United States. The labor representatives chose Frank P. Walsh, recently the chairman of the Industrial Relations Commission.

With Mr. Taft and Mr. Walsh sitting alternately as chairman, this conference speedily adopted a war-labor program or method of procedure that has been accepted for the present at any rate by the National Administration as its labor policy. Later this program may be expanded if the need rises. The most striking feature of the report of these conferees was their recommendation that a National War Labor Board be created to be made up exactly as the labor conference was. Having accepted the report I named the conferees as members of the permanent board, with Messrs. Taft and Walsh as the joint chairmen; and President Wilson by proclamation approved the report and confirmed the appointments. The board at once took offices in the Department of Labor's building and has been constantly engaged in the work of the War Labor Board ever since.

The War Labor Board is another and a greater agency for settling labor troubles by mediation. It is, so to speak, a court of last resort. It is pledged not to take cognizance of any controversy until all other legal or agreed-upon agencies have failed. It confines itself to disputes affecting industries either directly or indirectly concerned in the prosecution of the war. In case the board fails to agree unanimously upon the terms of a settlement the matter is then referred to an umpire. As a matter of fact, few contentions reach the stage where it becomes necessary for the board as a whole to act in the matter. The individual members of the board acting informally are usually able to bring about agreements without referring the disputes to the whole body. The board is working in a most interesting fashion, having virtually constituted itself its own field force. The members work in pairs for the most part. If there is trouble threatened in some industry the employers' representative and the labor representative respectively who know most about that industry travel together to the scene and bring about peace. One of the pair of mediators has given up large private business activities to engage in this work; the other is a union official who has surrendered his duties for the time being; and both work together harmoniously for the nation's good. If the dispute is brought to Washington it is likely that the joint chairmen, Mr. Taft and Mr. Walsh, may handle it.

In this work Mr. Taft and Mr. Walsh and the other members of the board are performing a nonspectacular but invaluable service to the country. Almost every day disputes reach Washington after local, state and Federal mediators have failed to settle them. In the normal course of events strikes would occur to hamper the industrial effort of the nation. But through the tact and good sense of these men agreements are invariably reached within a few hours.

No Compulsory Powers

The board has no compulsory powers, but the President in his proclamation called upon and urged all employers and employees to submit their disputes to the War Labor Board when other means of settlement fail; and the spirit of this proclamation is being universally observed.

Now to guide it in its judgments the board sitting as the National Industrial Conference adopted a set of principles which, taken together, form the present labor policy of the United States for the duration of the war. These principles may well be astonishing to one who does not realize how closely labor and capital in the United States have been drawn together by the necessity to win the war. For these principles are not a set of rules drawn up by a labor convention, nor are they open to the charge that they were dictated by a political administration anxious to curry favor with the labor vote. But they were written after sober deliberation by a conference in which both workers and employers were equally represented. As such these rules represent compromise on both sides, sacrifices of normal objections. And this compromise appears in the first and most important of the principles adopted by the board:

"There Should Be No Strikes or Lockouts During the War"

No cessation of work on the part of the employees; no "blood and iron" against unions on the part of employers. This policy is no commandment with penalties of law to enforce it; but it is the opinion of the chosen representatives of both labor and capital, and it has behind it the mighty force of public opinion.

But this same spirit of compromise runs through most of the other articles of agreement. Anyone may see them. I will set them down here in brief form:

1. The right of workers to organize and bargain collectively is affirmed.
2. The right of employers to organize and bargain collectively is affirmed.
3. Men are not to be discharged for trade-union membership or activity.
4. Unions are not to use coercion upon nonunion men nor upon employers.
5. Union shops are to be continued and standards maintained.
6. An open shop is not to be deemed a grievance to workers. On the other hand the right of unions to organize men in open or nonunion shops is affirmed.
7. There must be no relaxation in the protection of the health and safety of workers.
8. Women at war work in factories are to receive equal pay with men for equal work.
9. The eight-hour day is recognized where law requires it. Elsewhere the question of hours shall be considered with regard to the Government's necessities and the welfare of workers.
10. Maximum production should be maintained, and anything which interferes with it or tends artificially to increase the cost of production is discouraged.
11. Trade unions, official employment bureaus and employers shall aid in keeping the labor supply mobile in cooperation with the Department of Labor.
12. The customs of localities are to be regarded when fixing wages, hours and conditions of employment.
13. The right of the worker to a living wage is affirmed, and minimum wages should be sufficient to keep the worker and his family in health and reasonable comfort.

The British System

There are some points of difference between this policy and the labor policy under which the industries of England are now operating, the chief point being that ours is a voluntary arrangement, whereas the British agreement, written by a joint conference of workers and employers in the spring of 1915, was afterward enacted as law with severe penalties to enforce its provisions. This agreement gave the Minister of Munitions power to control all war industries. He could take the plants and operate them if necessary. It limited the employer's profits to the peacetime average plus a slight increase. As a return concession the labor unions agreed to the fixing of a scale of wages as they existed then. Having fixed wages the government set up a committee whose duty it was to see to it that labor did not suffer from the mounting cost of living. Whenever it becomes necessary to raise wages on this account the government itself pays the increase.

Under the British agreement strikes and lockouts are illegal. Arbitration is compulsory. Any man who is responsible for a cessation of work, whether he is an employer or an employee, lays himself liable to heavy penalties. The government arranges arbitration in disputes. The trade unions surrender the principle of the closed shop for the duration of the war, and they agree that any person may be allowed to do any kind of work. The government in return is pledged to restore pre-war conditions in the shops after the war.

To be sure, the labor problem in Great Britain was not identical with ours by any means. The proportion of people in the organized unions to the whole labor body is much greater in England than it is here. The trend of thought in England is all toward collective bargaining on the part of workmen; that principle may be said to be established there. Here there is a struggle against it. Our territory is much larger than England's. England is a one-language country, and the people have local ties and traditions that keep them in the same locality for their entire lives. America is a polyglot nation, with a tremendous migratory spirit and element among the working people—a leading factor in our enormous labor turnover.

For these reasons it would be impolitic if not impossible for us to conclude a trade agreement in this country as rigid as the one adopted in England and written into law there. Then, too, it should be continually borne in mind that out of a population of eighteen million people engaged in gainful occupation, England has sent seven million to the camps and trenches, or over thirty per cent. Thus far we have sent to the war only a million and a half of our thirty-five million workers, or slightly more than four per cent. We are not yet driven to the drastic labor policy of England to secure here the industrial peace and harmonious teamwork that will provide the maximum production of war materials in the United States.

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WHEN you know Vacuum Cup Tires, you know the fullest measure of tire *safety*, *service*, and *economy*.

You know what it means to ride over wet, slippery pavements without thought of the ever-present menace of skidding

You know the grip, hold, let-go suction principle of the Cups and why they are the only rubber projections *guaranteed* non-skid.

You know you pay for them practically the same price you would pay for ordinary 3,500 mile tires, and much less than for any other make carrying anywhere near the same mileage assurance.

You know the meaning of longest service at lowest per-mile cost for, as a general rule, Vacuum Cup Tires generously exceed the aggregate for which they are *guaranteed* —per warranty tag— ***6,000 Miles***

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DEMENTIA GERMANICA

By Erich Brandeis

BEFORE me, on my desk, lies a little folder. On the cover these words are printed: United States of America. Department of Justice. Alien Registration Card. On the first page is my name and address, and the postmaster's affidavit that I have duly registered as an enemy alien. To the third page my photograph, signature and left-hand thumb print are affixed.

Beside the folder lies a cablegram. It is aigned "Mother." And this is the text:

You have broken my heart But may God bless you and may success come to you Wherever you may go never forget that you are a German

The folder and the cablegram are closely connected. Because of the one I have the other.

I received the message a few minutes before the American liner St. Louis sailed from her dock at Southampton, just about ten years ago. Two days before, I had left my home in Berlin without saying good-by, and I was on my way to America. The direct cause of my departure had been a New York friend of my father who was visiting us.

He told us glowing stories of the "land of unlimited possibilities," as we called it in Germany. He had spoken of that great city where the gold was actually lying in the streets, waiting to be picked up. He had pictured the wonderful farming country of the Middle West, the Rocky Mountains and the high Sierras, the majestic Yosemite and the awe-inspiring Grand Cañon, the ranges of Texas, the cotton fields of Alabama, the fruit orchards of California, the gold and silver mines of Idaho and Colorado, the giant furnaces of Pittsburgh and the salmon fisheries of Alaska.

And here was I, just twenty, just graduated from college, ready for a German life. In a few days I should have to report for military duty. Then I should have to follow a career carefully laid out for me by my father and marry a girl already selected by my mother. I should see the same faces day in and day out, until I should finally be laid away in the family plot with my ancestors!

That Yankee tale and that thought were the final straws. Already during the last year of college I had become a rebel. I had learned to admire the Greek philosophers; but those of my own country were strangers to me. There was something in their doctrine that did not appeal to me.

I was too young to understand just what it was that made me restless. I thought it was the wanderlust. And in spite of the fact that I have traveled many thousands of miles since that day when the St. Louis left Southampton, I never quite understood just why I left Germany.

Only after the war broke out the light dawned on me. And then I said a prayer of thanks because I had so narrowly escaped that terrible disease which I have named Dementia Germanica.

It is the disease which has caused the war. The larger part of the German people are afflicted with it. It is better known under other names. Kaiserism, Prussianism, Militarism, Junkerism, and similar terms, are often used.

Little is known about the malady in America. But until the people of this country become better acquainted with its symptoms, effects and general characteristics, they will not know what they are fighting in this war. And, therefore, I have written this story.

"Why, of course we know what we are fighting," you will probably say. "We are fighting that beast, the Kaiser."

With Whom is Our Quarrel?

EVERYWHERE you see these slogans: "Crush the Kaiser With Cash!" "Buy a Liberty Bond and Defeat the Kaiser!" "Drive the Kaiser Across the Rhine!"—and others *ad libitum*.

There seems to be a general idea that the whole task is to capture Kaiser Wilhelm, to hang him to the limb of the nearest tree and thereby to end the war. As soon as the job is over the Germans will throw down their arms, walk back across the Rhine, give up all the stolen territory, throw their arms round your shoulders, and shout:

"Thanks, American brothers! You have slain the monster as St. George slew the dragon. Now all we have to do is to elect a president, establish a republic, and drink a toast to the democracy of Germany."

How simple! But you who have this dream of Utopia have reckoned without Dementia Germanica. As quickly as possible you should get out of your minds the idea that you are fighting the Kaiser and his clique, and not the German people.

I am a great admirer of President Wilson. I believe that in history he will rank with Washington and Lincoln. But I do not quite agree with him when he says "We have no quarrel with the German people." Our quarrel is decidedly with the German people.

When a person is afflicted with a contagious disease you do not stop to ask whether he contracted it through any fault of his own. You put him where he can do no harm and then try to cure him.

The German people have not acquired Dementia Germanica through any fault of their own. But they have the disease. They have had it for many years. It has become chronic. I am afraid it is incurable—at least in this generation.

But the fact is there—that they have the disease. And, therefore, we must either cure them or arrange things so for them that they can do no harm to the rest of the world.

The German Kaiser is not a man. He is a religion, a cult, a system. "The King can do no wrong." He is perfect. He is God's personal representative and spokesman, according to German doctrine.

For instance: I lived in Germany for twenty years. During that time I saw the emperor at least a hundred times; but until I came to this country I never knew that one of his arms is dwarfed. And I am sure that not one German in fifty thousand knows it.

When the Kaiser speaks or issues his imperial orders and edicts he speaks in the plural, a privilege that in this country is reserved entirely to editors.

How well I remember those imperial manifests published in the newspapers: "We, Wilhelm, by God's grace German Emperor and King of Prussia, hereby ——" And those invitations to court affairs!

Showy Court Receptions

MY FATHER was what is called in Germany *hoffähig*—admitted to court—because of a title that had been conferred upon him. This is how he was invited to attend receptions at court: "You are hereby commanded to be present at a reception in His Imperial Royal Majesty's old castle in Berlin on January twenty-seventh at ten o'clock in the morning. Count So-and-So, Imperial and Royal Major-Domo." And in the lower left-hand corner was that terrible order: "Full court attire."

At seven o'clock on the morning of the affair my poor father was up and preparing for the honorable ordeal. An evening coat, knickerbockers, silk stockings, silver-buckled pumps, a plumed hat and a foolish little sword made up the full court attire. How miserable the poor man felt in his glory! How he would have preferred his pipe and slippers! But it had to be done or social ostracism would have been inevitable. And how the women envied my mother because her husband had been admitted to court! How proud I was and how happy my sister!

If you could have seen those receptions—*cercles* they were called in Germany! Hundreds of pages in medieval costumes, footmen and butlers of all descriptions, chasseurs and valets, chamberlains and masters of ceremony! There was gold braid by the ton, decorations and plumes by the bushel, silks and satins by the mile. To an American it would have been a circus. To the German it was honor, glory, achievement, life.

And there we come to the seat of the trouble. The Kaiser is divine. He sits on his throne, covered with ermine and royal robes, scepter and ball in his hand, the imperial crown on his anointed head. He is the peak of the mountain, Tradition. He is the shrine at which all Germany worships.

If you establish that fact clearly in your minds you will understand the German psychology ever so much better. Forget the personality of the man when you think of the Kaiser. Substitute the abstract for the concrete.

Kultur, contrary to established ideas, is not at all the German word for culture. Culture is the development of moral and mental faculties. Kultur is discipline, efficiency, system—German civilization.

The Kaiser is the embodiment of everything that is German. He is the voice of the German people, and what he says and does represents their will. An individual, no matter how powerful he might be, could not have kept a nation of sixty-six million in starvation, in misery, in the trenches for four years.

No man has that power unless he has the backing of his people. And the German people are backing the Kaiser because he represents a cause which they have been taught for centuries is a just cause—the cause of Might. For that the German people will die, just as the American people will die for their cause—the cause of Right.

It is a mighty appeal the emperor makes to his subjects:

You see what they say in America: "Crush the Kaiser!" They will dethrone me—God's representative on earth. If they succeed you will perish; you will be destroyed; you will disappear from the face of the earth.

The German people believe that. Have they not been told since earliest childhood that they are the chosen people, destined to be the lords of the world? Have not their philosophers, their great writers, their preachers, said that they are the nation of supermen; that God is a German God, who speaks to the world only in the German language?

If you doubt my words let me give you rough translations from some of the folk songs we sang in school when we were six, ten and fifteen years old:

"The people rise; the storm breaks. Who keeps his hands folded in his lap like a coward? Shame on the lout behind the stove! He is an honorless miserable cur! Good luck to you, men who can wield a sword!"

"You sword, at my left, why do you shine so gayly? You make me feel so glad; you look at me so kindly."

And the sword answers:

"A brave horseman carries me; that's why I am so glad. I am a freeman's weapon; that's why I am so gay."

Again the soldier speaks:

"The trumpet calls; it will be a blood-red night. When the cannon roar, then I am happy."

This is from the German national anthem:

"Glory to you, Emperor; glory to you in the victor's wreath. Feel in the splendor of thy throne the satisfaction that you are the people's favorite."

"What is the German's Fatherland? As far as the German tongue is spoken and German prayers are said—that shall it be; that, oh, brave Germans, call your own!"

"The youth is torn away from home by his desire to go to war and to die for his Fatherland."

"There is no more beautiful death than a soldier's death on the battlefield."

These quotations have been picked at random from a popular German songbook we used in school. They are not extraordinary in their ideas; they are the standard.

War was a household word in Germany. It was not something to be afraid of, to be avoided; nothing abstract or remote. The idea of war was kept alive in the minds of the people, and every German boy was taught to be ready when it came.

As a matter of fact, every German youth pictured himself as a warrior. The officers and soldiers were envied by every boy. A papier-mâché helmet, a tin sword, a wooden gun and a hobbyhorse were the most coveted Christmas presents. No German nursery was without an ample supply of tin soldiers, which were used by five-year-old tots in complicated maneuvers.

And how the frequent parades inspired the Germans! How the splendid uniforms of the various branches of the service drove them to wildest enthusiasm as they were lined up in the streets and watched the soldiers pass by!

Military Fripperies

YOU don't see those wonderful uniforms in the war. They have done their duty and are stowed away in the armory lockers. Those magnificent trappings were well-calculated and successful stimulants for Dementia Germanica.

Many a time I have stood in Unter den Linden and watched the troops march by. First came the generals with shining helmets topped with flowing feathers, dressed in gorgeously gold-braided coats with broad scarlet facings and tight-fitting trousers. High patent-leather boots and silver spurs completed the costume; dozens of decorations on their breasts, a clanking sword, a haughty stare from a monocled eye.

Then came the Royal Guard Cuirassiers. You have seen the pictures of these magnificent giants, in snow-white uniforms and silver armor, their helmets crowned with the flying eagle of Prussia, their hands in gauntlets, their mustaches pointing straight to heaven.

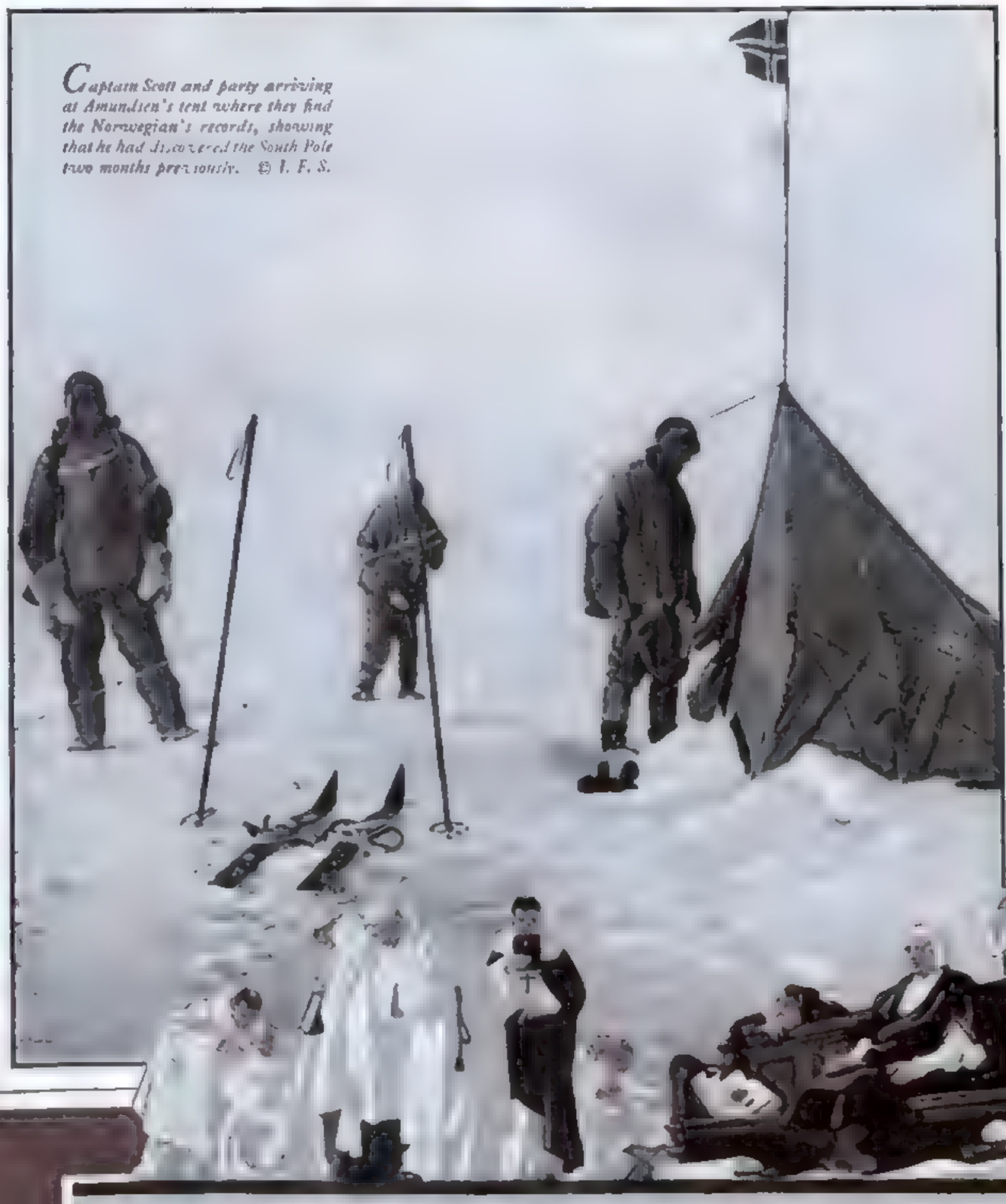
And those natty hussars! Fur caps—shakos they were called—with aigrets, red coats or blue, laced with silver or gold cords, embroidered boots, and much other claptrap. The uhlans were next in the procession, each carrying a lance, with the black-and-white pennant of Prussia.

After the mounted men came the infantry, marching past the emperor and his reviewing staff in the stiff and stupid goose step; eyes right, each one of them, and never an emotion in their faces. Finally the artillery rumbled over the pavement, with rattling cannon; and last of all the train—the much despised quartermaster's corps.

Each regiment was headed by a band and each band played martial airs, thrilling the spectators and inflating their breasts with pride and joy.

Up on the balcony of his castle the Kaiser stood. Beside him were the empress and the imperial princes; in the background the highest members of the General Staff and the ministers.

(Concluded on Page 61)



Captain Scott and party arriving at Amundsen's tent where they find the Norwegian's records, showing that he had discovered the South Pole two months previously. © I. F. S.

They doubted Columbus— but we believed Scott's photographs

WHEN Columbus declared that he would find a shorter route to India and asserted that the world was not flat, and even after he returned from his wondrous voyage, men doubted all he told them. He was even thrown into prison as a fraud and a cheat.

But yesterday a brave man sent back a message from the frozen South—a touching, authentic history of his travels and trials in reaching the Pole. There was no tendency to disbelieve. In fact, no one could doubt, because the Kodak saw, and gave us photographic proof.

Photography has given the world new eyes for truth—eyes that see, observe, record and testify. It is an indispensable aid in science, commerce, engineering and art.

It has been the privilege of the Eastman Kodak Company to have been associated with photography in its early history and to have continued the association through its many successes. Today the Eastman Kodak Company is an institution so departmentized and inter-related that it can serve most effectively the photographic world for which it has done, and is doing, so much.

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As pure and sweet and fresh
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vegetable shortening

Try Snowdrift. If you don't like it better than any cooking fat you ever used before, we won't ask you to try it again. But you *will* like Snowdrift. Everybody does.

Do you know how sweet and fresh shortening *can* be and how much better shortening *is* when it is *really fresh?*

Snowdrift is pure, rich vegetable fat, and nothing else.

It is white and creamy—not too soft in warm weather nor too hard in cold. But of all its advantages, the chief reason you will like Snowdrift better than any cooking fat you ever used before, is because it is really fresh.

Try it in your own best recipes. Your grocer has it now in our new full weight 2, 4, and 8 pound *airtight* tins.

If you have never cooked with a vegetable shortening before, the food administration has done you great service in suggesting that you try it now. Even if you already know how much nicer vegetable fat is, *fresh Snowdrift* will still prove a delightful surprise.

THE SOUTHERN COTTON OIL TRADING COMPANY, *120 Broadway, New York*

(Concluded from Page 58)

An earnest lot they were and all attention. Every now and then the ruler's eyes wandered to the west. I did not know in those days what he was dreaming, but the last four years have enlightened me.

Those of us who lived in Berlin, the capital of Germany and Prussia, were ever conscious of the divine presence. One could never tell when His Majesty or His Imperial Royal Highness the Crown Prince, or their royal highnesses, the emperor's younger sons, might bob up in the streets. Always they were duly preceded by excited mounted police, ruthlessly shooing away anyone in the way; always they were accompanied by overliveried, gold-and-silver-trimmed, patent-leather-booted, white-trousered footmen and attendants.

And always the emperor was in a hurry. When on horseback he and his suite rode through the avenues of the city as if they were heading a cavalry charge. When in his carriage or automobile he was always driven at top speed. And when he walked it was always in some secluded nook in the Tiergarten, Berlin's beautiful park, where he promenaded for hours with his counselors, while no one was permitted within a mile of his august presence.

When I lived in Germany all these things impressed me very much, just as they impressed everyone else. I never doubted the Kaiser's divine right to rule. We never questioned it; we took it for granted.

Tyrant, demon, devil, beast and monster the emperor has been called since the outbreak of the war. He oppresses his subjects; he keeps them in slavery and prevents them from developing, from helping themselves. That seems to be the general opinion nowadays. But it is a dangerous opinion!

If this country should deal with Dementia Germanica on the presumption that by dethroning the Kaiser Kaiserism would be eliminated, a grave mistake would be made. You might as well assert that Catholicism would be eliminated by the destruction of a saint's image in St. Mary's Church.

Only a few days ago I had a talk with General Henri Claudon, of the French military mission in Washington. He lived in Germany for many years.

"What wonderful years they were!" he said. "And what excellent people I met! But when the war broke out how everything changed! Overnight the German individual had disappeared and only the German mob remained."

Just consider the difference in the national mottoes of the French and the Germans: *Liberté! Egalité! Fraternité!* Liberty! Equality! Fraternity! Each of them is a human factor; each of them of direct benefit to the individual. That is France. *Mit Gott, für König und Vaterland!* What a contrast! With God, for king and fatherland! That is Germany.

Ranks and Rewards

The German is taught from earliest childhood that the supreme being is God. Next to him—very close—comes the emperor. Then the state, ruled by the emperor in the name of God. And in this state there are certain well-defined and well-marked classes: First, the kings, princes and dukes—the royal highnesses, as they are entitled. They are the reigning families, governing under the emperor. There is the King of Prussia—who is also the Emperor of Germany—the King of Bavaria, the King of Saxony and the King of Wurtemburg. Each of them has his queen, his heir apparent, his princes and princesses, his counts, barons and nobles; and each has the right to confer titles of nobility.

Then there are the grand dukes and dukes, ruling over states that are about as large as the average county in America. They also have their perfectly appointed courts, with their aristocracy, their chamberlains, equerries, masters of ceremonies, gentlemen and ladies of the ducal bedchamber, and what not.

And how each nobleman tries to please his sovereign in the hope that he may be elevated to the next rank; that he may add another point to his coronet! How little intrigues and plots are hatched that one may be discredited and another cuddle himself into the good graces of the potentate!

This system of rewards for faithful services extends even to the smallest storekeeper. For instance, a delicatessen dealer prepares an especially luscious goose breast. He sends it to the court of his state, the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, a country not much larger in population than the city of Washington. The grand duke likes the goose breast.

"Who made it?" he asks the Oberhofmeister—court master in chief.

"Herr Heinrich Dillpickel, of the Schlossstrasse, your Royal Highness," replies Baron von Piffelhuber.

"Excellent!" exclaims the duke. "You may appoint him my Grand-ducal Goose-breast Provider."

In due course and with due ceremony the honor is conferred upon the humble delicatessen dealer. An imposing document with golden seal and silken ribbons, beautifully lettered on parchment, is given to him. It appoints him and all his heirs, forever and for all time, the official goose-breast providers of the court. It grants him the privilege of carrying the grand-ducal coat of arms on the sign over his store, in his show window, on his stationery and handkerchiefs; and it immediately lifts him and all his family one large rung upward on the social ladder. A title! Wonderful!

His wife is not Frau Dillpickel any more. She is Frau Hoflieferantin Dillpickel. In Germany titles are community property. In America General Wood's wife is Mrs. Wood. Hindenburg's wife is Frau Field Marshal von Hindenburg.

There are thousands and thousands of these court providers in Germany. Of course not one of those so honored would even dream of accepting any money for the things the court consumes. The advertising is sufficient pay—and the glory!

Various Imperial Dewdabs

Another great little trick is the granting of decorations. Beginning with the Prussian Order of the Crown, fourth class, up to the Black Eagle, which makes the owner a nobleman and entitles him to the coveted prefix, Excellency, these little dewdabs are the alpha and omega of every German's ambition.

They come in all shapes and colors, in all sizes and styles; in silver and gold, with swords and without; with knights' crosses, officers' crosses, grand crosses, honor crosses; with eagles and lions; with yellow ribbons and red and blue; with diamonds and rubies. And always the conferring of such a decoration makes a staunch imperialist out of the overwhelmed receiver.

Many a rank socialist has been converted into an ardent conservative by the Order of the Red Eagle, and many a royal debt has been squared with the Cross of Merit.

But there is still another stout rope that ties the German citizen to the throne. It is the title.

A lawyer has done something that has attracted His Majesty's attention, let us say. He is appointed Royal Counselor of Justice; and his wife, of course, becomes Mrs. Counselor of Justice. Again he distinguishes himself. He is made Chief Counselor of Justice. You would not think that a man could climb higher than chief. You are wrong; this is Germany. Up he goes to Secret Chief Counselor of Justice, and finally into the holy of holies—Real Secret Chief Counselor of Justice, a title that carries with it the nobility and the above-mentioned Excellency.

There are all sorts of counselors and secret counselors in Germany; counselors of administration, of finance, of commerce, of medicine, of government, and even of bookkeeping. Many a poor government employee who could not meet his grocery bills has been burdened with an honor when a small raise would have relieved him. But not one would have exchanged his title for money. He who has neither title nor decoration in Germany is indeed hopelessly bourgeois, and his name is strictly barred from the society columns.

This is what you have to fight against, people of America—not a devilish individual. It is a devilish system; an institution of such marvelous and insidious ingenuity that it will take centuries of education or a mighty smash of arms to enlighten the German people, and to convince them that the days of idol worship have passed. For what difference is there between the adulation of a golden image and the glorification of titles and silver crosses?

It is not militarism alone that has created this system. Militarism is only a part of it. It is just one of the phases of Dementia Germanica.

The state is the Moloch that demands human sacrifice. And the German for generations has been taught to offer himself willingly—yes, joyfully—on the altar of that omnivorous god.

Germany over all! That's the national song. And that means not only Germany over all other countries—though it means that too—but Germany, the state, above every other consideration in the world.

There is a vast distinction between the American and the German idea. In America the state exists for the protection of the individual. In Germany the individual exists for the protection of the state.

One need not be a philosopher to see the absolute wrong of the latter idea. A few years of light—of human atmosphere—teach one the right perspective. Because of what earthly good would be even the most perfect state were it not for the fact that it is made up of individuals? Therefore, by the precedent of Adam and Eve, the individual has the precedence over the state.

I do not know whether the German offensive will be over when this is printed. I have no idea whether the Germans will be in Calais or east of the Rhine. But I do know—at least I have seen it in reliable press dispatches—that Hindenburg said "I am prepared to sacrifice one million five hundred thousand men in this offensive."

There you are! Hindenburg stands for the Kaiser and the Kaiser for the system. And the system is willing to throw one million five hundred thousand human beings into the maw of Moloch.

How about the men who are sacrificed? What do they say about it? Nothing! Because they are not asked about it and because they do not ask. They are told to go to the Front; and they go. Germany must be right because she is always right.

How about their wives, their children, their mothers? Never mind, says the state. You fight; we will look after them if you are killed.

In Germany life is not a human element. It is a scientific factor. You are born, you live a certain length of time under the auspices of the state, and you die or are killed, as the case may be. That is all there is to it!

Man's Whole Duty

Your principal duty—if you are a male—is to become a soldier when you are old enough and to fight for your country when necessary. Second, you must marry and become a father. You should produce enough children to keep the army up to the required strength. Therefore it is desirable that you produce a preponderance of boys; though there should be enough girls to supply the necessary army of mothers.

If you are a female your duty is clear. Above all, you must be healthy, so that you can marry and be the mother of men. You must also be a good housekeeper, for the future soldiers should be strong, well fed and sensibly brought up.

There is no sentiment about all this. It is simply biological perfection. A large race, a strong race, an efficient race—that is what Germany wants.

For that reason Germany, before the war, had fine schools, fine playgrounds, fine parks. That is why she paid so much attention to art, literature and science. Happy people make healthy people; healthy people make strong people; strong people make good fighters. German people must be happy, by order of the Kaiser.

You must understand the German psychology to understand this war. You must know German reasoning to comprehend German deeds in Belgium, France, Serbia, Russia.

The human soul is a personal affair. Officially it is not known. Each man, woman and child in that land of fiendish efficiency is card-indexed and cross-card-indexed, just as is the stock in a grocery store. A German subject cannot become lost.

Some time before the war an uncle of mine who had come to America when he was twenty years old went back to Berlin to visit his mother. He had not seen her for thirty years.

In accordance with the law he filled in the prescribed announcement blank, in triplicate, as soon as he arrived, and forwarded it to the nearest police station. Every new arrival in a police district has to go through that formality, and when he leaves the district he has to go through the same ordeal, stating at the same time where he is going.

The original is kept in the police station of the district. The duplicate is sent to police headquarters. And the triplicate is returned to the owner with the official approval stamp. That is his identification.

The day after my uncle had sent in his forms he was placed under arrest as a deserter from the German Army thirty years before. The fact that he was an American citizen availed him nothing. The treaty with the United States provided that deserters could not be extradited; but if they returned to Germany they were to be subject to military law.

Berlin's Long Arm

My uncle happened to have some influential friends and escaped with a heavy fine. Otherwise he would have been sent to prison. After thirty years the arm of the German law reached him within twenty-four hours!

Here is another instance. It is my own experience:

When I left Germany I was twenty years old. I obtained military leave of absence for one year. That leave was extended for four years. That was the limit. Every German must serve his time when he is twenty-five years old. Nothing can change that.

But meantime I had settled and married an American girl. Needless to say, German military service did not interest me very much.

Two weeks after my twenty-fifth birthday I received a formidable-looking document from the military commander of Berlin. It was my notification that the day after I was expected to report for service I had been duly tried by court-martial on a charge of absence without leave. The military court had found me guilty and imposed a sentence of sixteen days in a military fortress, with the alternative of a fine of one hundred and sixty marks. I was to present myself immediately for duty.

When war was declared in 1914 I again received a memorial, with the royal seal of blue and the white eagle. This time I was informed that if I reported without delay to the nearest military authority royal amnesty would be granted to me.

I have reported for duty—to the War Department of the United States; and I hope that a place will be found for me somewhere.

The German system is everywhere; it concerns itself with everything; it works at all times.

If the system decides that frightfulness is the proper procedure, then nothing is permitted to stand in the way of execution of orders.

A cobblestone, a woman, a house, a child, a church, a cripple, a tree, an old man—all are military obstacles. The cries of stabbed noncombatants are horrible to the ears of a German soldier; but more horrible is the general's wrath.

The German loves his family. He is good to his wife, and his children are dear to him. If you call him a Hun, a barbarian, you misunderstand him. He is a human being; more sentimental, more idealistic than most of you.

But carved into his brain, into his heart, into his soul, are the words that mean more to him than the Ten Commandments: With God, for King and Fatherland!

That is what America is fighting for, to replace those words with the three others—Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!

Now that I have finished this story I shall burn that cablegram which I have kept for ten years; for I have seen the light, and I know that even in that message of motherly love lurks the germ of Dementia Germanica.

"Good Things

come in threes." And so with Rockinchair Underwear.

1 Intelligent method of *sizing*, the work of a leading *men's clothing designer*. For every size there are *three shapes*—regular, tall slim, short stout. *A model for every figure.* And proportioned to body lines, like a tailored suit of clothes!

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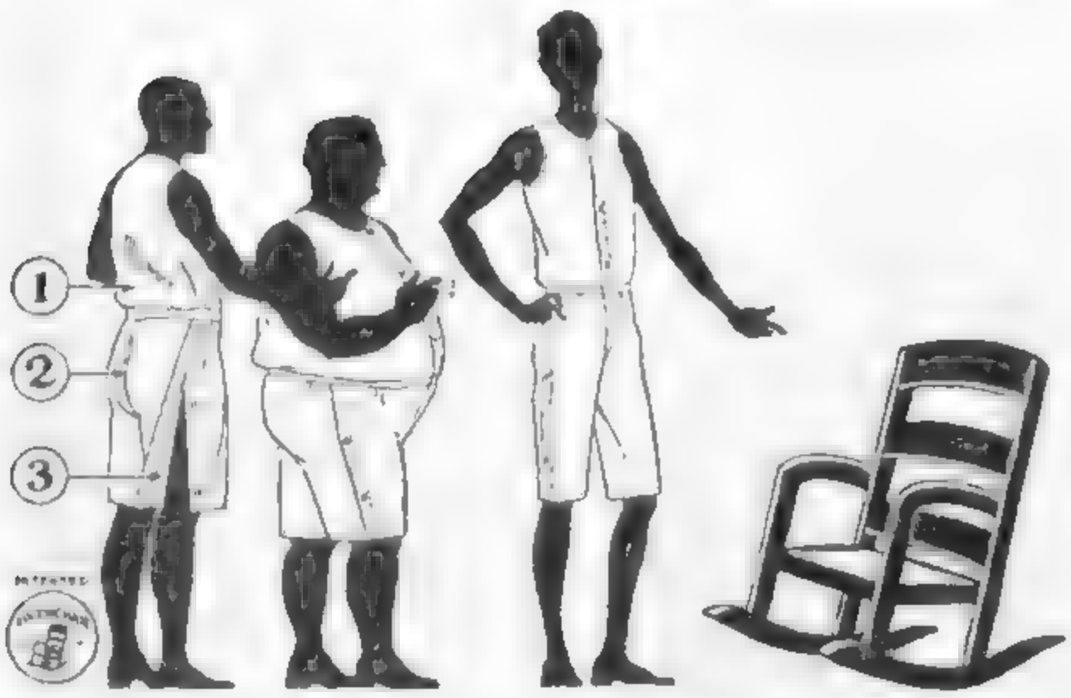

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THE FIRE FLINGERS

(Continued from Page 17)

"I'll have to talk to Ellen."

"Fire her, Dick! For me!" She patted his cheek. "Right now! Before we go!" And as Richard drew back: "What's the matter with you anyhow?"

"We're not going, Maggie."

"Say, you haven't lost your nerve, have you?"

"I can't get away, Maggie. You see, Maggie ——"

"Maggie, Maggie, Maggie!"

She walked away from him and then back.

"Why don't you say it? Don't mind my feelings! Go ahead and say it!"

"I hate to disappoint you, Maggie. The fact is, Maggie—things have been breaking wrong with me, Maggie."

"Couldn't you get the money?"

"It's all tied up, Maggie."

"Don't call me Maggie! I hate it! You told me you had the money where you could get it."

"I must have been dreaming."

"Didn't you bring any of it?"

"None to speak of."

"Then we're not going to-night?"

"I didn't have the chance to tell you, Maggie, but I've just about got to the end of my rope."

Maggie, it is to be feared, was not so unmercenary as she looked. She was pretty, and she knew it. Even when she was angry she was attractive to look at. Indeed, she could afford now and then to seem angry when she was not. But to-night she was really angry and strode back and forth across the room in a fury. Nevertheless, she did not forget herself—she watched Richard out of the corner of her eye the whole time to see how he was taking his discipline. After a little she seemed to become calmer, and stopped in front of him.

"Was it the Stock Exchange, Dick?" she asked.

"Hemp and cotton," replied Richard gravely.

"Haven't you any money at all in your pocket?"

"I thought maybe you'd have some left that I gave you ——"

She again pretended to be displeased.

"Well, I haven't!"

"We'll have to wait a while."

"Wait! Wait!"

She looked him over from head to foot.

"That means—we aren't going! Hemp and cotton! Gambling! Ugh!"

She uplifted her pretty nose.

"Good—night!" she said.

She turned upon her pretty heel.

"Good—night!" she repeated.

She paused at the porch door for the final shot.

"Good—night!"

After that, darkness took her fair form. She passed out into the good night she had so forcibly mentioned and was gone.

"Olwell's mistress!" mused Richard. "And even she never suspected me! The 'Menæchmi' over again! I shouldn't have dreamed it was possible!"

IX

RICHARD followed her to the door and locked it. The scene with Maggie, which he had begun in desperation, had resulted in an increase in his knowledge of Olwell that was later to serve a useful purpose. The fact that Maggie had not suspected him enormously increased his self-confidence. He was even able to laugh at her final tantrums.

"Why is it," he reflected—and the words indicate the distance he had traveled since donning respectable clothes—"why is it that pretty women imagine their little snubs are inflicting unendurable pain?"

He was thinking back past his prison days to his life in college.

After locking the door he returned to the table, seated himself, and began examining the contents of Olwell's pocketbook.

As Maggie had said, the pocketbook contained railroad and Pullman tickets to Los Angeles, dated that day. It also contained something under four hundred dollars in bills.

"Enough to last them the rest of their lives!"

He replaced the money in his pocket, rose and crossed swiftly to the closed door of the little back parlor.

"All right, Chris," he called.

By this time Chris was likewise ready to emerge from his cocoon. His appearance was almost as greatly altered as Richard's. He remained younger, smaller, stronger, darker, with larger bones and thinner hair; but he was now smooth-shaven; his hair had been trimmed; and though he wore the suit of clothes in which he had arrived in Borealis, his fresh linen and careful grooming gave it an altogether different appearance. He carried Olwell's satchel.

"You'll do," said Richard after looking him over.

But Chris was thinking of Ellen and the policeman.

"Have they—suspected anything?"

"Not yet."

"But they will."

"They're bound to," admitted Richard. "The question is, how soon."

"I sure thought the bull had you then."

"I thought so too. And he had, only he didn't know it. His mind wasn't working. He had me tagged as Olwell."

"It makes my teeth chatter to think of you facing down that brass buttons."

"The woman was the worst. Olwell's mistress. She had me tagged as Olwell too. Expected me to go to Los Angeles with her. I gave myself away a dozen times, but she never noticed. I must have acted something like Olwell anyhow."

He held out his right hand toward the grip.

"First, get out a handkerchief and bandage my head. That's for the police."

Chris found a linen handkerchief in the grip, folded it, and fastened it in place with a laundry pin from a shirt.

"It won't fool the doctors," he said.

"There aren't going to be any doctors. Now if I can only act and talk my part for half an hour longer ——"

He stepped back and began rehearsing a series of movements in imitation of Olwell's.

"Watch me and tell me where I'm wrong."

He walked up to Chris with a swagger.

"How's that? That's the way he walked up to us this morning when he fired us."

"You'll do in your step, but you made a big mistake. You made it twice. You're using the wrong hand. Don't you remember? Olwell was left-handed."

Richard threw out his arm in despair.

"I'm an idiot. It's a hopeless undertaking, Chris. I'll slip up every third word."

"You didn't to that bull. Nor to that woman."

"That's true too. But then, they'd tagged me. Maybe if I can keep my tag tied on in plain enough sight, and can find a tag for you ——"

He took Olwell's light overcoat from the chair across which it was lying and held it open.

"Try this on. You're shorter, and it will be long, but it's a good-looking coat and not conspicuous in color. Plenty of people wear overcoats that don't quite fit them."

Chris tried on the coat. As Richard had said, it was a trifle long, but not noticeably so. Richard stood back and looked it over. Then he got Olwell's soft hat.

"Pretty good. They will have to do. We haven't time to take out the tailor's labels and the hat mark, but the moment you are in your room remove them and burn them. No labels!"

He reshaped the hat, bending down the brim in front.

"Wear it so!" he said.

Then he handed him the grip.

"Now, Chris, I want you to register at the Kirkwood Hotel as from this city. Carry that grip, for looks. In the morning take the interurban for Chicago and catch the first train East—and the faster the train, the better. Pay excess fare. Travel Pullman. Eat in the diner, and don't hide. And don't stop to disguise yourself further here. The police here do all their thinking from tags. I'll remain behind for a few hours and then follow you. The chances are against us. Our only hope is to play it up boldly."

When Richard returned Olwell's pocketbook to his pocket he knew that he was in possession of nearly four hundred dollars. The money question need not bother him. In the curious way in which a man's mind sometimes works, at the same time that he was planning their escape without especial regard as to cost he was also intending to leave this money behind somehow, on the ground that it did not belong to them. Nevertheless, it was available. He had

(Continued on Page 65)

Like Nature's Light
Yet Legal Everywhere

THE Warner-Lenz sheds a diffused light, like sunlight or like moonlight. It floods the whole scene just as Nature does, with a light that's unconfined. There are no glare-rays, no direct beam, so height is not restricted. Roadsides, turns and ditches are not left dark. That is why a million cars are Warner-Lenz equipped, by makers or by owners.

Consider These Things

Indoors and outdoors, the ideal light is diffused light nowadays. Everywhere, by indirect lighting or diffusing globes, we are substituting flood-light for the old-time piercing rays. We are imitating daylight.

The Warner-Lenz applies that ideal to your car. It is 176 lenses in one.

Piercing shaft-lights are for water, not for land. There is no need to over-light a narrow strip of road. An all-pervading light is wanted, to make the whole scene clear.

You wish to light the roadsides, ditches, curbs and turns. That means widespread light.

Upgrades should be lighted like the downgrades. Road signs should be visible—railroad crossing signs. Light rays should reach high enough for that.

You need a light which is not affected by rise and fall of the car. Or by turning of the lens in the lamp-rim. Or by a lamp bulb jarred out of focus.

The Warner-Lenz meets all these requirements. That is why it dominates the field of lawful lenses.

End All the Faults

Law and reason both condemn the glare-light. It must go. But laws do not require eccentric light, dimmed, clouded or restricted light. The Warner-Lenz is legal everywhere.

In ending glare, end all the faults of old-time headlights with it. Get away from shaft-light limitations, its straight-ahead beams and its narrow spread. Don't add new restrictions.

The Warner-Lenz gives the ideal light were there no laws to consider. Yet it is legal. It has been approved by every commission appointed under any state headlight law.

How to Decide

Glare-lights are illegal almost everywhere today. Those who have them must change lenses or else quell their lights.

But don't change twice. Get the right lens now. Ride, if you can, with a user of Warner-Lenz. After that, you will never drive without them.

Or accept the verdict of men who know. Note the list of great car makers who equip with Warner-Lenz. Take their judgment on the right lenses as you would on other features.

The Warner-Lenz means safety for yourself and others. Everywhere it means a lawful light. It multiplies the joy of night driving. Don't wait longer—get the right light on your car. The change can be made in a moment.

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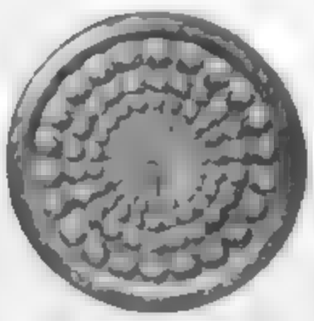

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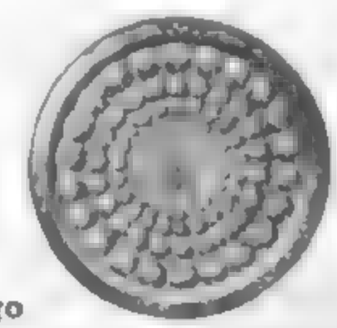


Your Favorite Shot Shells —How They Are Made

A Visit to the Remington UMC Factory—Home of the Wetproof "Arrow" and "Nitro Club" Steel Lined Speed Shells

THE simplest thing is often both the hardest to achieve and the most far-reaching in its results.

In the Wetproof invention (*Remington UMC*) the shooting world receives a shot shell improvement so simple that it seems as though almost anybody might have thought of it.

Yet so difficult to produce that for years it taxed the keenest minds in the ammunition world to develop it.

And such a practical step ahead that Wetproofing makes of Remington U M C "Arrow" and "Nitro Club" virtually a *new type of shell.*

Wetproof is an advanced method of waterproofing a shell — exclusive, perfected and patented. It comprises both the *new scientific waterproofing* compound and the *method of application.*

The Wetproof compound of special oils is applied not only to the body of the shell; but also hot under pressure to the top of the shell after loading. *It covers the top wad, penetrates into and around the crimp, and completely seals the shell against wet.*

* * *

THE AMERICAN shooter, probably more than any other, judges his shells by his personal experience.

Taking it for granted that any marketable shell will shoot, he wants to find out which make of shell gives him the *best results.*

And he is apt to go at it in the most direct way—by trying out various makes of shells in the field, and sticking to the shells that prove themselves *surest to get the birds.*

There is not a shooter anywhere but knows the "Arrow" and "Nitro Club" Steel Lined Speed Shells Remington U M C—used by the millions all over the world.

But probably few shooters realize the *precise manufacture* that gives these famous shells their remarkable *pattern, speed* and *penetration.*

These shells, obtainable all over the world for a few cents apiece, represent the research work and inventive skill of four generations.

The paper for the tubes, made to exact specifications, is tested for weight, thickness, strength, elasticity and ability to absorb the waterproofing compound.

There is the chronograph test which measures to the fraction of a yard the velocity of a shell.

Thousands of rounds are tested by actual firing on the Remington proving grounds every day.

* * *

THE tube of a shot shell is made of the special Remington paper by machines which cement the paper and roll it over polished steel mandrels into tubes.

Let us follow the waterproofing process—by which the shells that have been made to *shoot right* are also made to *keep right* in spite of damp storage or wet conditions in the field.

First the tubes go to huge ovens where they are baked for a specified time at a determined heat to set the cement.

After the baking comes the first waterproofing, where the outside of the tube is uniformly coated with the patented Remington Wetproof compound.

Then there is another baking, in ovens minutely regulated as to temperature and humidity.

The heat of the oven converts the Wetproof coating into a thin, elastic film impervious to wet.

The tubes are now taken from the oven to the sizing machines, where each tube comes out polished, perfectly round and true inside and out, so tough that it crackles like a piece of horn—and with its *Wetproof* coat thoroughly ironed into the pores of the paper, a *positive guarantee against wet.*

Now the inside of the tube must be waterproofed, and this is accomplished in vats simmering with a hot fluid compound of waxes, oils and greases. And here the tubes stay for a specific period so that they absorb an exact proportion of their own weight of waterproofing.

One more baking to set the inside waterproofing, and the tubes are ready to be trimmed to exact length, receive their brass heads with battery cup and primer; their steel linings and base wads. And so to the loading machines, where each shell gets its charge of powder, its powder wads, shot and top wad, and its crimp.

* * *

RIGHT here comes the special genius of the Wetproof invention.

Every make of shell is waterproofed more or less up and down the body of the shell.

No other shell has ever been waterproofed at the crimp.

This is an important matter. The shooter can satisfy himself of that by comparing any make of shells with Wetproof "Arrow" or "Nitro Club" Steel Lined Shells.

Let him compare them for pattern, speed, penetration.

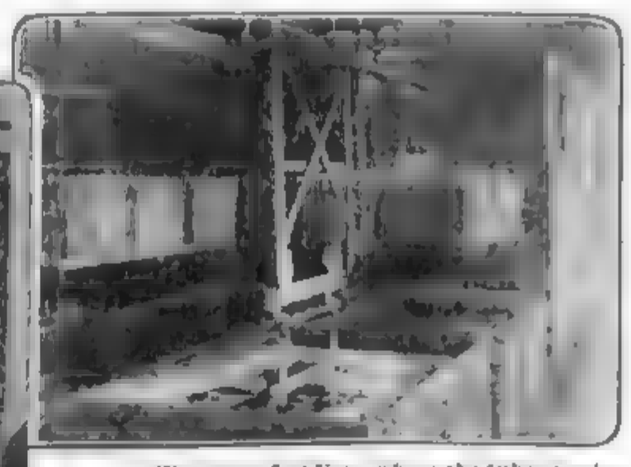
Let him take them out together on a wet day or into the duck boat. Get them wet. Tumble them around in his pocket. Work them through his gun.

Whenever a shell jams in his gun—when a crimp brooms out—when a top wad humps up—when a shell squibs in his gun—let him look to the make. *It will not be a Wetproof Remington U M C.*

The Wetproof process is now applied to all "Arrow" and "Nitro Club" Steel Lined Speed Shells—Remington U M C. Eighty thousand dealers sell them.

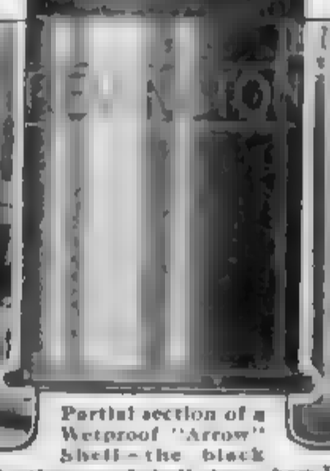
You pay nothing extra for the Wetproof improvement—and it makes these famous shells better worth while than ever for the man who is looking for results with his shotgun.

A room in the Remington UMC Laboratories, where every step of manufacture is checked up by precise chemical and mechanical tests

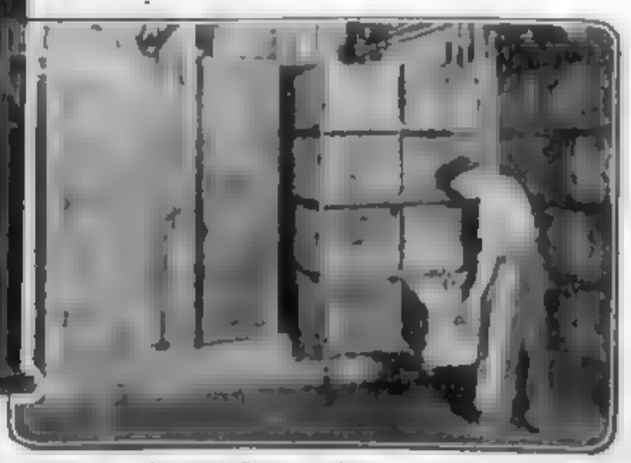


Waterproofing Vats, where the tubes receive the second, or body waterproofing, after the wetproofing and baking

One of the battery of Sizing Machines, where the wetproofing is ironed into the paper and the tubes are polished and made exactly true



Partial section of a Wetproof "Arrow" Shell—the black line in the top of shell shows how Wetproof coats the top wad and penetrates into and around the crimp



Drying Ovens, where each tube is baked three times, finally coming out tough like a piece of horn

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(Continued from Page 62)

forgotten the money; but because he had known he had it he had also forgotten that they had no money of their own.

Chris, however, had not lost sight of this important fact, as his next remark indicated.

"What'll I do with the rest of my money?"

"Oh!" cried Richard blankly.

After a moment's hesitation he took Olwell's pocketbook from his pocket and counted out three hundred and fifty dollars.

"It's Olwell's money, but he would have spent it on that woman. I'm giving you three hundred and fifty dollars to keep for both of us. I'll save out fifty for myself. We'll have to borrow it and pay it back."

"It will prove we're honest," said Chris. "We'll both promise."

"It will prove we're honest up to four hundred dollars. I'm glad it isn't four thousand."

"We'll both promise," repeated Chris.

Richard, glad that the four hundred dollars was not four thousand, almost rendered his gratitude superfluous by his next action.

"What's this?" he asked, picking up the two-hundred-thousand-dollar bread sandwich package and peering superficially into it.

"What is it?"

"Sandwiches."

Like Powers and Maggie Driver, he did not pursue the investigation.

"Better take it along," he said, passing it to Chris. "The police might ask us questions about it. It's always the things that look smallest that trip you up."

And Chris thrust the thing that looked smallest into the grip unopened.

"Where are we going to meet? And what are our names? And who are we anyhow?"

"I was going to tell you," said Richard: "Call yourself Ellery; Chris Ellery. My name is Richard Olwell. You're foreman of the job room, on a business mission for the Olwell Press, if you have to explain. In case anything happens refer to Richard Olwell, of the Olwell Press. I'll try to arrange it so that you can."

"I'll sure keep out of anything like that."

"Then good-by, Chris! I'll write you at the Hotel Paxton, New York."

"Good-by and good luck!"

They clasped hands. Chris, not trusting himself to speak further, started abruptly for the kitchen door. But Richard stopped him.

"No, Chris. The front door for you! No more side entrances! Full speed ahead!"

"For both of us."

"For both of us!"

x

RICHARD waited until he heard the door close behind Chris; then he went out into the other room, picked up Chris' discarded linen and the newspaper containing the barber-shop débris, and took them to the kitchen, where he placed them in the range and burned them. He also burned Chris' hat. He next returned to the back parlor, threw off the light and opened the window blinds. Then he walked slowly back to the dining room, examining the floor carefully to make sure that the rugs were in unsoiled condition.

He had reached the spot where Olwell and Chris had fallen, had decided that the room was ready for inspection, and had begun planning what he should do after notifying the police. He dreaded the ordeal, but it had to be faced. The house was silent. The street was one on which there was no traffic. The night had been utterly still.

Suddenly he lifted his head and listened. Clear and high and long, piercingly distinct through the silence, came the unmistakable sound of a police whistle.

Something had gone wrong with Chris!

Richard hesitated a moment, uncertain what to do. But he knew that whatever was done must be done at once. After the police returned with Chris it might be too late to act. A delay even of seconds might be fatal. He must give the alarm, and at once.

His first act was to run to the porch door, unlock it, open it, and himself whistle three times as if calling for help. He listened until the police whistle responded. Then closing the door he hurried to the telephone, where his trembling fingers took down the receiver. He did not attempt to find his number in the book.

"Central! Give me police headquarters," he called. . . . "Police? This is Richard Olwell. I've just had an accident at my house. Send someone out here, will you?"

He did not listen to the questions that were asked, but hung up, and threw himself into a chair to await developments.

How long he sat there in Richard Olwell's chair he hardly knew. It seemed hours—in reality it was only a few minutes. But at last a knocking was heard at the front door. A moment later he had admitted Sergeant Powers and Chris. A moment later still and the three were back in the dining room, with Richard explaining about Chris to Powers. "Ellery is one of my foremen. Didn't he tell you? He was working here with me this evening."

Richard was trying to keep his grasp upon his self-control.

"I wouldn't have bothered him," he heard Powers say, "only he tried to run away."

"He scared me—that's why I ran."

"I stopped him because he was running," said Powers. "I was going to let him go, but when I heard your whistle I fetched him along."

It was Chris whose self-possession brought Richard to his senses. Seeing the bandage as if for the first time, he made a solicitous inquiry as to Richard's health.

"Hurt yourself, Mr. Olwell?"

"Look here," replied Richard, taking the cue. "You, too, officer."

He led the two men to the open door and pointed into the darkened back parlor. The light from the dining room was barely sufficient to show that a man's body was lying upon the floor.

"Hello!" cried Powers. "Who is it?"

"That's for you to say. The man entered the house and, when I spoke to him, came at me."

He touched his bandage significantly.

"I came off fairly well. But he —" He paused. "That's why I whistled."

Powers stepped inside and knelt down over the dead man's face. Then he searched his coat pockets for papers.

"Richard Hatton. I thought so! Here's his prison discharge. This is one of the ex-convicts I was warning you against, Mr. Olwell. A little disguised since this noon, but not enough to fool me. He's been trimming his hair and beard with a tin shears."

"I don't like to look at him," said Richard, turning away.

Powers followed him back away from the door

"Does that mean trial for homicide?"

But Powers thought not. "He attacked you, didn't he? It's your house, isn't it?"

"I think the fall must have killed him," said Richard.

"No matter. It was self-defense, whatever killed him, and very good riddance of bad rubbish! You'll not be bothered, Mr. Olwell, except for a few minutes by the coroner. Leave it to me."

"I'll do as much for you some day."

"Leave it to me."

Richard now felt the necessity of getting Chris out of the way before the police arrived.

"It's all over, Chris. You'd better get back to your hotel. There's nothing you can do here."

"Nothing at all," agreed Powers, crossing to the telephone. "I'll notify headquarters."

"I've already notified them."

Almost as he spoke the words they heard another arrival at the front door. The patrol wagon had come up so noiselessly as to be unnoticed. Richard started to admit the officers; but they were already inside the house, he found; and the next moment one of them was talking to him as if he knew him.

"I came myself, Dick. Where is she? Did you kill her?"

"It isn't a woman, chief," explained Powers. "Look here."

And he took his superior officer by the arm and walked him up the room to the back parlor, where he showed him the body.

"Hatton, one of those California convicts. I notified Mr. Olwell this noon who he was, and he fired him, and Hatton tried to get even. He waited until this man Ellery here left the house, and then tried to slug Mr. Olwell, and Mr. Olwell got him. I'd just spoken to Ellery down on Fifteenth Street when I heard Mr. Olwell's whistle, and we both came back."

Chief of Police Benjamin Burly seemed impressed.

"Where's the other one? Where's Cotteril?"

"I was on his trail when I heard the whistle."

"Oh! They'd separated!"

"That's it."

"I see you've changed your appearance, Dick," he continued, addressing Richard. "I'd almost forgotten how you looked down against your hide. Where's your wife? Where's Winnie?"

"She's not in the house."

"I'm glad of that. Women never take these things well. We'll get him right out so she'll not see him."

He stepped into the hall, returning a moment later with two policemen and a stretcher.

"Help them out with him, Powers," he said.

Powers led the way; they placed Olwell's body upon the stretcher, covering it with a blanket; and upon the blanket they laid Richard's discarded hat. Then the two policemen left the house with their burden.

"We could give you a lift, if you don't mind riding in a patrol wagon," suggested Powers, as he was leaving, to Chris.

"Thanks, but I believe I'd rather walk."

"You can sit up on the front seat with the driver if you want to."

"You're thinking about the looks of it," said the chief. "Maybe you've never seen our patrol wagon. It's inclosed."

"I'd a little rather walk."

"Better ride, Chris," advised Richard significantly. "They'll take you direct to the Kirkwood."

He had avoided standing beside Chris, as he did not wish the officers to remember seeing them together. A dangerous train of association might be started.

"Then I'll change my mind. Thanks."

Chris thereupon took up his satchel and followed Powers to the wagon.

Chief Burly remained behind for an additional word with Richard.

"I didn't think you had it in you, Dick. I would have said you were too soft."

"I didn't mean to kill him," said Richard.

"Forget it!"

Richard ended the painful interview by asking the chief to give the dead man a decent burial. He would be glad to foot the bill, he said. It was the least he could do for the unfortunate man.

"I'll take care of it. I'll have an undertaker, and tell him to send the bill to you, if it will make you feel any better. But it isn't necessary."

"I'd feel better to have it done."

After closing the door Richard stood listening for a moment. Then he made the rounds of the lower floor as if he were in his own house, locking doors and windows and turning out the lights, room by room. The hall light, however, he left burning. He then went upstairs to Olwell's lighted bedroom. The morrow would bring its own evils.

"He couldn't see past my tag," he mused. "He didn't see me at all! I wonder what he will be able to see to-morrow."

Had he known that Chief Burly's first act upon arriving at headquarters was to have Olwell's finger tips inked and pressed upon a slip of paper, and his next to wire Sacramento for Richard Hatton's finger prints, he would have wondered still more.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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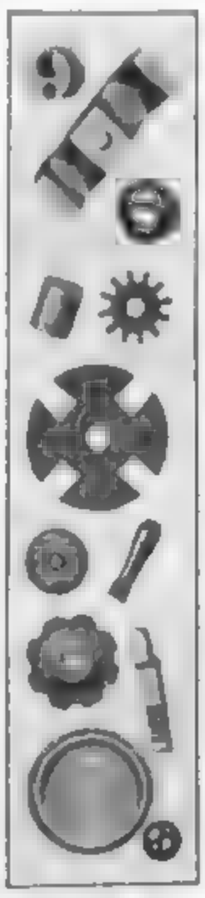

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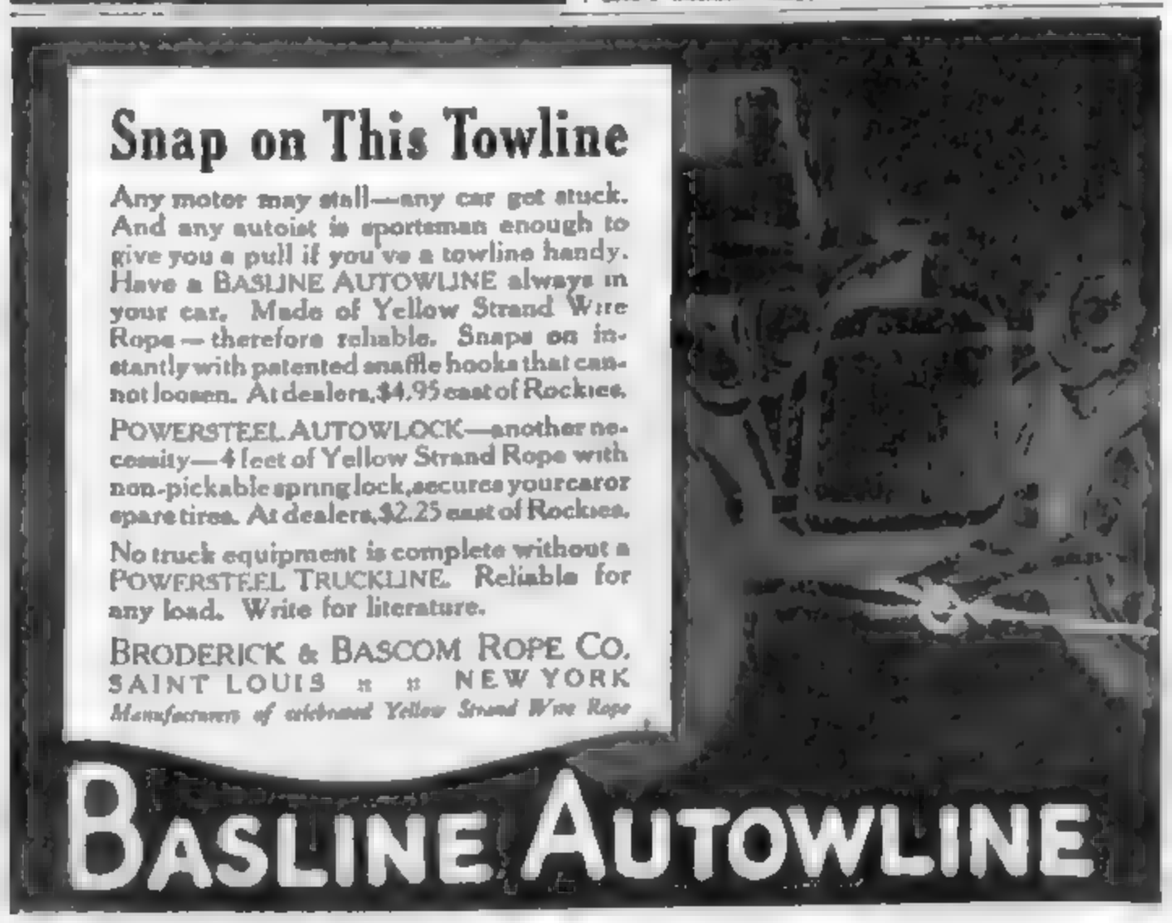

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ACES HIGH

(Continued from Page 13)

It is when the flyer is caught in a nest of bursting high-explosive shells that acrobatics play an important part—nose spins, virages, *renversements*, wingslips, and all the rest of the stunts we had learned. Looping the loop is seldom used, and though it sounds sensational its value is probably overestimated. In fact, though I looped many times in practice I made use of the trick only once in an actual air duel. That was when I had a jammed machine gun and there was a fast German pilot right behind me. He opened fire and in order to lose the pest I looped and came down behind him. When I straightened out I could see that he had decided to keep right on ahead. There was plenty of room up front.

A favorite trick the Germans employ is for their men to fly low and try to get an Allied pilot to come down in pursuit and within range of their antiaircraft guns. But of course this trick works both ways, and the Allies can do the same. One of our tricks to catch the boche was to have one of our men, with a protecting patrol far up over him, lead a Fritz over our lines. If the antiaircraft guns don't get him the patrol swoops down on his tail. If he is wise he knows when the antiaircraft guns cease fire that something is above him. By that time it is generally too late for him to do anything. But then again, they can do the same to us too.

I was once caught in a predicament like this. A Fritz led me into the antiaircraft fire. All of a sudden the guns were silenced, and I started to get out of the way. I looked up and saw a machine coming at me out of the sun. I skipped. The only thing to do in a case like this is to try to cut under the enemy as he plunges. If he is diving straight try to dive at an angle, which will force him to incline toward an upside-down position. As soon as he passes watch him and get above that Maltese cross again.

A Practical Demonstration

However, as a rule the Allies and the boches try the same tricks on each other. The only thing to do is to try to keep on top, for the man above has the better part of the argument. When a German is overhead we try to climb faster and get above him if he misses. In diving the Germans have always something of an advantage. An Albatross can fall faster than a light Spad or Nieuport, for instance.

I found that I had much to learn even after I had been at the Front for some time, and I had to ask numerous questions. One of my instructors was especially kind to the boys, giving us tips. Just because he was an ace he was not above teaching tricks to younger pilots. Shortly after I had engaged in patrol work I asked him what would be the correct thing to do if while flying alone I should encounter a team of enemy chasse machines. What were some of the finer points for handling such a situation?

His reply was a suggestion that we take out our machines and go up and look for a couple of Fritzes. We would not bother picking on a lone machine. Up we started and located a pair of Albatrosses in less than half an hour, about fifteen miles back of the German lines. As instructed I stayed behind at a respectable distance and watched his attack as the two boches approached.

My instructor maneuvered to get between those two machines and the burning sun. He climbed, taking care to keep both in front of him. The first man was shot down in flames within a few seconds, and our ace was ready for the second one. Twisted into a neat virage just as the enemy dived for him, the French ace almost instantly had caught his aim accurately enough to splinter the Albatross fuselage. That German got away only because his machine could dive faster than the Frenchman's.

This drastic lesson taught me a great deal. After seeing that scrap, meeting two enemy planes at once never worried me.

When this war is over and we who survive look at the whole wretched business in retrospect we must not give all the credit for victory to man and the machinery his brains and hands have produced. We must not forget the dumb animals who have done their part. For without the aid of certain invaluable animals it would have been necessary to prosecute an entirely different system of warfare to beat down the Prussian. The noble horse, actually a fighting part of our cavalry, used to a smaller extent in this war than in others, but nevertheless important; the sentinel dogs and the dogs trained to carry messages and to drag the wounded to safety, and dogs taught to attack boches in a raid; and last but not least the humble carrier pigeons all are factors.

Particularly in the early months of the war the phenomenal homing pigeon formed the basis of one of the cleverest of spy systems, which as history reveals has been used for centuries, but which was perfected to real efficiency by virtue of the modern airplane. Every ten miles or so along the Western Front there were stationed camions with dovecots. These remained sometimes for months in one spot, but could be moved quickly when desired.

Breeding War Birds

The breeding of homing pigeons, incidentally, is a highly specialized sort of animal raising. It is expensive, and years are required to develop a race of these birds to a point where their intelligence and instinct are keen enough to be of military value. At the age of three months they begin their primary training, flying a distance of only a few hundred yards, which distance is increased by degrees until their powers of orientation are brought to the highest point.

Then to make war birds of them! The noise of the bursting *obus*, the shock of the high-explosive shell, the suffocating odors and all the other horrors of the Front are things to which these feathered aids must become accustomed. Some make good and are not afraid to fly through or over a barrage fire; others can never be fitted for the work.

The first time I visited one of these dovecots at close range I was amused. The old French farmer, who evidently loved his pigeons without limit, was playing with a pair of them when I walked up. One was gray and one snow white.

"*Les Deux Pigeons*," I remarked as I engaged him in conversation. "I recall La Fontaine's fable of the two pigeons."

"*Ah, m'sieur! Un grand poème!*"

Then he proceeded to assure me of the merits of that particular verse of La Fontaine's. Furthermore he informed me that this was the poem that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt had recited, when as a child she made her début in public. The man burst into rapturous eulogy of the famous tragedienne, swearing by forty saints or more that there never had been an actress who was her equal!

I marveled at this earnest peasant, uneducated and yet apparently possessing ability to appreciate an artist and proud of the fact that she was a Frenchwoman. Here was this unschooled, untutored old fellow trying desperately to convince me and "sell" me on the proposition that Bernhardt was what all the world knew her to be—a truly great artist.

I agreed with him and asked if he had named one of his birds Sarah. He had—a long time ago—but, he told me, Sarah had died. "Ah, m'sieur, it was so sad!"

One day while flying in back of Fritz' lines on reconnaissance work I noticed an unusually large supply train. On my way back I witnessed one of the unusual air battles—a battle between a Hun airplane and one of our carrier pigeons, which had just been released and which was flying for our lines. The boche plane was a Rumpler and it encountered that pigeon by accident. I was just far enough off to see the observer in the rear seat firing away with his machine gun—and not hitting. It was nothing short of marvelous to see that bird doing instinctively the selfsame things we human flyers had been taught to do when pursued by an enemy. That bird would dive, soar, tear off at a wide angle, and do apparently everything to disconcert its attacker. It knew that flying in a straight line was dangerous. There was a display of intelligence and generalship by a bird that is ordinarily considered stupid.

Without waiting to inquire, like the Irishman, if this was a private fight or could anybody get in, I proceeded to try to give the Rumpler a dose of mitrailleuse pills. In so doing I would be going against

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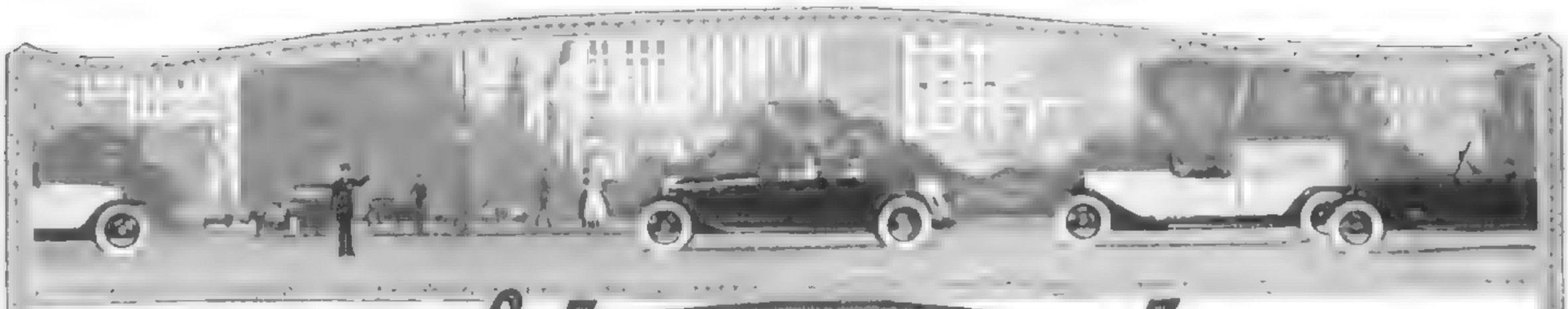

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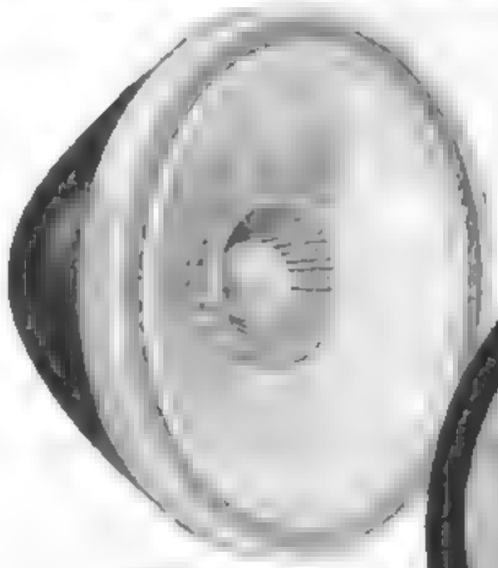

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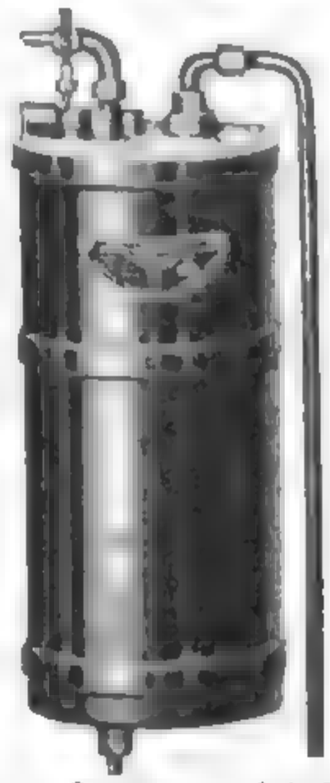

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(Continued from Page 66)

orders, for I was not to open an attack and not to fire unless in self-defense; but gee-whiz! I was bound I was going to help that bird if they put me in the guardhouse for it! For all I knew, the Rumpler crew might hit that pigeon, flying straight into a strong wind, and prevent some valuable intelligence from reaching our lines. As I made for them in a long pique above I noticed that the boche plane had almost caught that pigeon, which was directly in front of its propeller. For a second it looked as if the bird knew enough to stay in front of the propeller. You see, the pilot did not dare to hit it with the propeller, for the blow would splinter the blades to pieces and a burning airplane might result.

In fact, if Fritz was not quick enough throttling down his motor after such a smash a flaming motor certainly would result, for the engine would "race," having no propeller-thrust resistance, and as the carburetor drained too quickly a back fire would result and then—"cuckoo!" This is a point for any prospective flyer to remember under such a circumstance.

Anyway, I made for the Rumpler and took a pot shot at it as I swooped down in a wild whiz and swung off to avoid it. I missed making an effective hit, though I saw the machine wabble as some of my bullets probably hit a spar or strut.

Then I scooted, and proceeded to obey orders, but seeing that my boat was a chasse Spad the Rumpler pilot feared a re-attack from me and immediately sought lower atmosphere. What amused me most was that the pigeon got away safely.

Burdette's Nerve

One of the most hair-raising experiences that ever happened to members of our escadrille in connection with landing men was down in a quiet sector one autumn day. Two of the Morane pilots had been ordered to drop two men behind the German lines simultaneously, at points not far apart. Whether these two men were to work together or not I do not know, for naturally we manage to learn very little about what these men are actually doing.

The first pilot—Burdette, I believe it was—located his landing place and, after spiraling low enough to ascertain in the gray misty dawn if the coast was reasonably clear, he landed his man. In starting back he had no idea that he was about to do something for which he would receive the French war cross. He looked for the other machine and saw that it had landed. As this was not part of the program the pilot in the air piqued down and presently got a distress signal from his mate below. Something had happened to that machine.

Burdette immediately went to the rescue of his comrade, though it was mighty risky work for all concerned. From his position in the air Burdette could see German automobiles and motorcycles approaching. The plane had been observed as it descended. It was anything but desirable ground for a landing, as the turf was uneven and had caused the other unfortunate pilot to break his propeller.

Anyway, Burdette landed and managed to keep right side up. His pal certainly scurried, tried to get aboard, and in his excitement forgot to set his own disabled plane afire. So Burdette would not take him aboard, and though time was precious he made the boy go back and touch a match to the stopcock of the gasoline tank. This is the simple method the French employ. The Germans are more elaborate. They explode theirs by electricity.

One of the funniest jokes we ever had on the boches was the time an Albatross pilot landed within our lines and the grand, elaborate incendiary system failed to produce the spark. It had short-circuited or else the juice it generated happened to be a pro-Ally current. The annoying part was that the enemy airman had no matches. When he found that the French were going to take the machine intact his broad smile vanished. He was wild.

It was in the Champagne sector, one night in the late autumn, that I found out what a bombing party was really like. Words absolutely fail me, and I believe it would stump even our most noted linguists to describe such an affair adequately. Possibly some other language than English might portray the word picture more lucidly. One has simply to be in, or rather under, one of these bomb raids to obtain a thoroughly comprehensive idea of what is what. It was bad enough for us fellows who are used to warfare and a steady diet of gunfire, and I must say I feel sorry for the frail and nervous women and little children, and even the men, in a city like London or Paris when a cowardly Zeppelin raid is on.

That night the Huns raided us with most remarkable regularity. Six two-seated Rumplers came over at a time, swooping down, and each machine dropping about four bombs. Apparently the Rumpler crew would drop its entire load and fly away, and the next machine would dive down.

Before the alarm was given I had awakened from my peaceful slumber. It was on account of my friend and roommate, Sergeant Pilot Charlie de Gorce. He had lighted a *bougie*, or French candle, before the raid began, and was writing.

The light from his candle had awakened me because it shone in my eyes, and I shied a sabot at it to extinguish it. I told him he had all day to write, and that I felt like sleeping and was not going to let him keep me awake nights. I missed my aim, and was just informing him that the next shoe was going at his head, which was what he deserved, when the siren started to blow. It told us that Fritzie was coming over the lines. But that made no difference to me. I did not know whence the raiding party was coming, nor where it was going. It was nothing in my young life. I judged the boches to be pretty close at hand, as I fancied I could hear the exhausts of their motors.

Then the first thing I knew I heard the strangest, most uncanny sound whistling and z-z-z-s-ing through the air. It was the concentrated essence of frightfulness, and if you have ever heard a boche bomb come down you will agree with me. It's the weirdest sound in the world. In falling it sounds as if it is going to hit you in the back—right plumb in the back; and then comes the shock. With a detonation that seems to crack the eardrums and sends a sharp pain through the spine, making it vibrate right inside one's carcass, as the earth shivers beneath, the huge bomb bursts. Then when it becomes evident in the dazed mind that the missile of hate has landed some distance away there is some relief.

All Hands Turn Out

When I heard the first one dropping that night I thought it was directly over my bed, but still I would not get up. It landed several hundred feet away but I could hear more coming. De Gorce jumped up, stuck his feet in my sabots, and out he went, yelling "Me for the trenches!" for each escadrille has its trench dug for the purpose of protection during bomb raids. But still I remained in bed and pulled the covers over my head. I believed that if a bomb was going to hit me it might as well find me in bed as anywhere else.

After six machines had dropped bombs the concert stopped. I decided that I had done the wise thing by remaining and thought I had the laugh on the fellows in the trenches.

But just then—more motors buzzing, followed by more souvenirs! Bang—blam—r-r-up—crash! One landed right near the hut with such force that the structure rocked to and fro, and a minute later another one took one whole end of the hut off and scattered splinters of it over me and onto me. This was a little too much—I leaped out of bed, grabbed some clothes and blankets, and threw the blankets round my shoulders.

The whole escadrille was out in a little stretch of woods—not a soul in the barracks or even in the trenches. I had to run across a clearing of about two hundred yards before I reached the woods, the gang yelling and hooting at me as I flew across: "Come on, bo! There's a boche behind you!" "Oh, you kid!" "*Vive l'Amérique!*"

These were some of the things the Frenchmen and American boys yelled at me. They told me afterward that I ran so fast the blankets stood out straight behind me like boards. I think I broke all records. There are only two times when I break records—when there are bombs or boches chasing me.

All the fellows were out there in the glade, some half-dressed, some in bare feet. I was glad I had brought my blankets, and I sat down and began to dress leisurely. We all wanted cigarettes. Not a soul had one. We could watch one of the hangars burning on the hill. But we didn't care. All we said was "God is with us; we

An Advertisement by Jim Henry

There's a man in Kansas City who makes me Sore!

I got chummy with him one evening on a Pullman, running into Louisville. Next morning, in the dressing-room, he was performing a facial operation which he claimed was shaving. He needed an anaesthetic. The expression I caught in the mirror suggested that he was extracting his beard with forceps.

"Let the torture cease, friend," I says. "Wipe off that whitewash and brush a half inch of this Mennen's Shaving Cream into the undergrowth for three minutes. Don't rub it in with your fingers. It makes no difference if the water is cold. I'll guarantee that your beard will be softer than it ever was before and that your face will feel fine afterwards."

Nothing doing. Habit to that man is like a religion. "I've used this kind of shaving soap since I was a kid," he replied coldly, "and I don't care to change." Lucky he didn't start on laundry soap. I've seen men who would rather itch all day than use Mennen's Talcum simply because they think it's a baby powder. But that's another advertisement.

Mind you—all I ask of any man is to try Mennen's Shaving Cream. Perhaps it isn't any good. Maybe I'm prejudiced. Perhaps the lather won't hold three times as much moisture as any other shaving preparation. Possibly it isn't the most concentrated and economical cream that's made. It may not soften your beard without rubbing and it may get your face all roughed up.

But try it. Good heavens! You had to try *olives* before you liked them. I don't even ask you to buy a full size tube. Send me a few stamps—say about six twos—and I'll send you a generous demonstrator tube. A million men have tried Mennen's and kept on using it. Don't be like that fellow from Kansas City—try it.

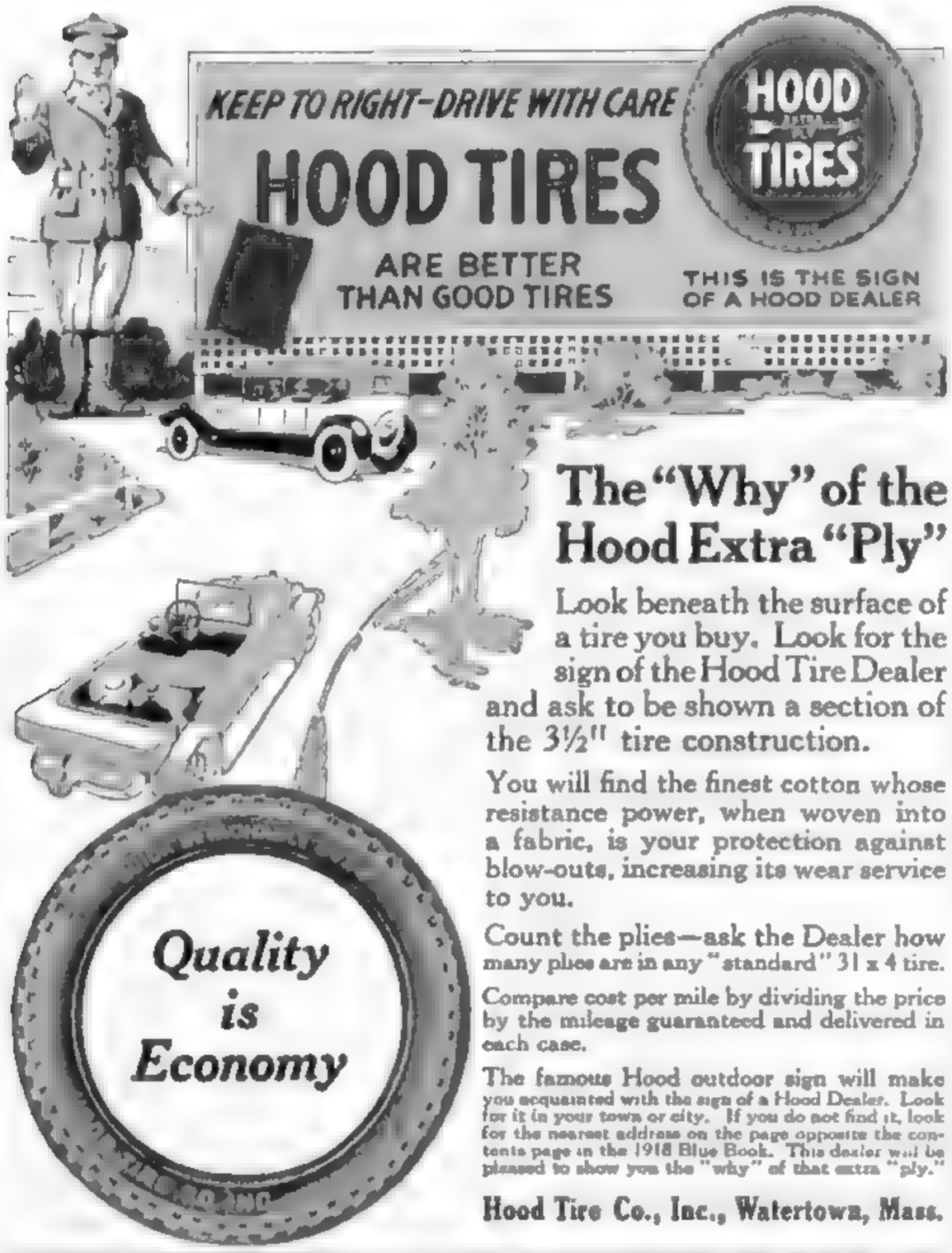
Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN'S
SHAVING CREAM

The House of Mennen exists because people wish to be comfortable. Many know the silky luxury of a Mennen Talcum bath. Mennen's Kora-Konia eases the pain of chafing, scalds, sunburn and skin irritation. Mennen's Tar Shampooing Cream and Cold Cream are delightful to use.

Trade Mark

JIM HENRY
Name
Address


KEEP TO RIGHT-DRIVE WITH CARE
HOOD TIRES
ARE BETTER THAN GOOD TIRES
HOOD TIRES
THIS IS THE SIGN OF A HOOD DEALER
Quality is Economy

The "Why" of the Hood Extra "Ply"

Look beneath the surface of a tire you buy. Look for the sign of the Hood Tire Dealer and ask to be shown a section of the 3½" tire construction.

You will find the finest cotton whose resistance power, when woven into a fabric, is your protection against blow-outs, increasing its wear service to you.

Count the plies—ask the Dealer how many plies are in any "standard" 31 x 4 tire.

Compare cost per mile by dividing the price by the mileage guaranteed and delivered in each case.

The famous Hood outdoor sign will make you acquainted with the sign of a Hood Dealer. Look for it in your town or city. If you do not find it, look for the nearest address on the page opposite the contents page in the 1918 Blue Book. This dealer will be pleased to show you the "why" of that extra "ply."

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World's Fastest Selling Auto Accessory!
County distributors wanted; write today. G. L. W. SPRING OILER CO., San Diego, Calif., U. S. A.

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted and $1,000,000 in prizes. Our four books sent Free. Send sketch for *Free* opinion as to patentability. Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

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LEARN AT HOME THE NEW WAY
Many students earn $75 to $40 a week. Speed of 80 to 100 words a minute in typewriting and 125 to 150 words a minute in shorthand guaranteed. Entirely new method. Learn at home in spare time.
WRITE TODAY FOR AMAZING OFFER
Entire Course on trial. Complete business training included. Send today for new free plan and special offer. Address THE TULLOSS SCHOOL, 84 College Hall, Springfield, Ohio

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Clears sh ed top and bottom clean across
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At Dealers or ma ed direct
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Don't say that it cannot be done—Had Mr. Bell said that, there would have been no telephones. I have shown over 325 000 deaf persons that they can hear distinctly and have thousands of grateful letters from them, mainly because I said to them what I now say to you. My conviction does not rest on theory alone but on the fact that the Acousticon will make you hear. Just send a line and say 'I am hard of hearing and will try the Acousticon.' We will immediately send you, charges paid, the new and inconspicuous

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After you have given it any test that you choose, if it entirely fails to help you we have kept it or return it—at least you will know whether you are among the hundreds of thousands of fortunate ones whom it enables to hear distinctly.

The ACOUSTICON has improvements and patented features which cannot be duplicated. So no matter what you have tried in the past, send for free trial of the ACOUSTICON today and convince yourself—you alone to decide. Address me personally if you prefer. E. M. TURNER, President.

General Acoustic Co., 1301 Candler Bldg., N. Y.
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FORGET Your Garters—

You can't work efficiently if you are annoyed by garters that restrict your muscles and veins, that slip down or come undone.

Enjoy the comfort and freedom Nature intended, with the

E.Z. GARTER
"THE ONE THAT WON'T BIND"

The Wide Webbing (patented) rests lightly; no hooks or straps; easy on and off; the ideal support.

50c for silk finish; 25c for lisle. Also the E. Z. 2-Grip, 60c and 40c. E. Z. D-Luxe, $1. If not at dealer's, send his name and price to The Thos. P. Taylor Co., Dept. S, Bridgeport, Conn.

Dealers: Ask your jobber, or order sample dozens from us, without obligation.

won't have to fly to-morrow!" We were like the little kid watching the schoolhouse burn.

After trying in vain to get a cigarette from someone my friend Douchey called me aside and said: "Let's go down to the canteen."

It was a brilliant idea and we started, defying the boche bombs, just like two modern Ajaxes defying the lightning. Only that fellow Ajax' stunt was a joke compared to what we fellows were going through. He was a shine!

At the canteen, which was quite deserted, we raided the cigarette case and then drank some light wine—we decided we might as well drink it before it was ruined by Fritz. We hated to see anything wantonly wasted. Then stuffing bottled goods into our pockets and under our sweaters, all we could carry, we started back. We prayed that a bomb would hit the place so that what we had removed would not be missed. The bar is run by one of the sergeant majors and the profits go to the different messes, but there would not be much profit that night.

Back at the woods everybody grabbed the cigarettes. We called our particular friends to give them a drink, but the whole crowd saw what we were doing and declared themselves in on the party. The captain, too, came back and sampled some of the vintage. We drank luck to ourselves and hoped the bombs would not hit the woods.

Meanwhile the mechanics were out fighting the fire. They had their hands full too. According to the rules, that is their job and the flyers do not interfere with their work, which is mean work.

Soon after the raid was over we learned that several machines had been completely destroyed. When I returned to my room I found Georges Babo ready to climb into my bed, as his shanty had burned down. With the persuasion of a 45-caliber revolver I managed to get him out, and he slept on the floor.

It was evident that our escadrille would not do much flying for some days, as these fast battleplanes are only replaced in lots of five at a time. Repairing our hangars and smoothing out the field would require a week or more. There would be a short vacation for us, and if no more bombing parties came for a week or two we could make preparations for a reprisal.

A Chance to Retaliate

Some nights later the boches came over our lines again, while en route to bomb a French town which they had carelessly neglected, and the sausage eaters decided to drop a few samples on our escadrille just for luck. It was a beautiful moonlight night and our hangars were quite visible.

On nights when there is a full moon we always expect the Fritzies to visit us on a bombing expedition. Bombing is only attempted at such times, as the planes would lose their way in the dark.

The towns en route are never in total darkness, as the pitch blackness would give them away. There are always some lights along the roads. In fact, this is one reason why it is so easy for the enemy to bomb Paris. The surrounding towns, showing stray lights here and there, only make the total darkness of the big city the more easily distinguishable. Then, too, it is simple for the Germans to reach Paris by merely flying over the Marne Valley, following the Marne River, which runs into the Seine, and then pursuing the course of the Seine right into the heart of Paris. This is the route generally taken.

They use two-seated Rumpler tractors, and on this particular occasion they tossed some twelve or fifteen big bombs at us, the explosions of which were terrifically violent. What annoyed us most about this raid was that we were all having a good party when the intruders arrived.

The machines kept on going over our lines. We did not know whether they were bombing our escadrille only or whether they were merely on their way to do more damage in the French towns. The captain was not there that night, but someone suggested that after the Huns got through having their fun with us we take our machines out and go up and treat them to what we would call a "razoo."

The suggestion met with approval. We would wait for them to return from their excursion to that poor little town, wherever it was. About ten men of the French Flying Corps decided to go up. As my machine was being overhauled I remained below and stayed up to watch the fun. Each man had his own machine and there were five extra machines held in reserve for each group of fifteen flyers in the escadrille, but that night we decided that ten machines were enough for the purpose. Our men were in no hurry to ascend, because we knew that it would be some time before the Fritzies returned. We were able to guess where they had come from, for the reports are wirelessed to us as these raiders cross the lines at various points.

Our boys started and flew over the German trenches five miles distant at a height of about fourteen thousand or sixteen thousand feet, which is rather high for night flying. Aërial work in the dark is usually done at lower altitudes.

We proceeded to turn the tables on the enemy by taking advantage of the stupidity of the Germans. Instead of starting their raid an hour or so before dawn, so as to take their machines back just at daybreak and make it difficult for Allied planes to catch them, they were using their own superior system. Perhaps the reader will imagine that the enemy would stand less chance of being shot down in the dark, but ——

Our squadrilla flew round in the general locality of the enemy hangars, keeping up more than high enough to prevent the hum of their motors from reaching earth. Those of us who remained at camp sat round, keeping eyes on a certain section of the heavens, watching for the show.

A Raid on the Enemy

After a bit we detected overhead the buzz of the boches returning. We wondered if they had any bombs left. Even if their bombs were exhausted each Rumpler carried two machine guns—a rigid one in front and a swivel mounted one in the rear seat. As far as our plans for the "razoo" or "royal raspberry" were concerned these weapons were utterly useless for them. They elected to let us alone on this return trip, quite guileless and ignorant of what was ahead of them.

Three or four minutes later, shortly after they had crossed No Man's Land, the leader of the flock did just what we knew he would do. From his machine dropped a fusee with five pretty prongs—an earthbound rocket, distinct and brilliant in the deep blue heavens. This was a signal for his flying field to answer him with a flare so as to guide the raiders to the proper location for safe landing. It was also a signal to our ten flyers far aloft, telling them just what to do; only Fritz did not know this.

Then came the second signal—another fusee, which told the crew at the hangars to illuminate the field.

Now for business! We knew our ten men were circling directly over that spot, as it was well lighted. We could even see the glow radiating upward from where we sat. Below them our flyers could make out the enemy planes as they approached. Our boys would wait just long enough to see the silhouette of the Rumpler come within the circle of illumination—and then a dive! It would be done systematically. Our men would dive in rotation, according to their position, the first Frenchman going for the first German; and as the second one approached the second Frenchman would dive for him. No confusion among our squadron—nothing but confusion among the enemy.

Suddenly we saw sparks—an explosive bullet hitting a boche plane; and immediately followed the burring sound of our man's gun. Presently another machine gun sounded through the still air, for the lines were quiet that night; and then the sound grew louder—more machine guns. Presently there was a puff with a great flash of flame in the air. One of our phosphoric bullets had exploded a boche gas tank. A moment later a tiny bit of something in flames dropped like a plummet, leaving a comet's tail of sparks. It was another machine, whose wings had been set afire by one of our incendiary shells.

The enemy had antiaircraft guns, to be sure, but these were useless at this time. The gunners could not see the planes overhead and in firing they would be just as likely to hit their own flyers as ours. Whereas our men in the air could tell by the shape of the silhouette whether they were shooting at a Rumpler or not.

The enemy pilots could not distinguish our planes from their own as they swooped

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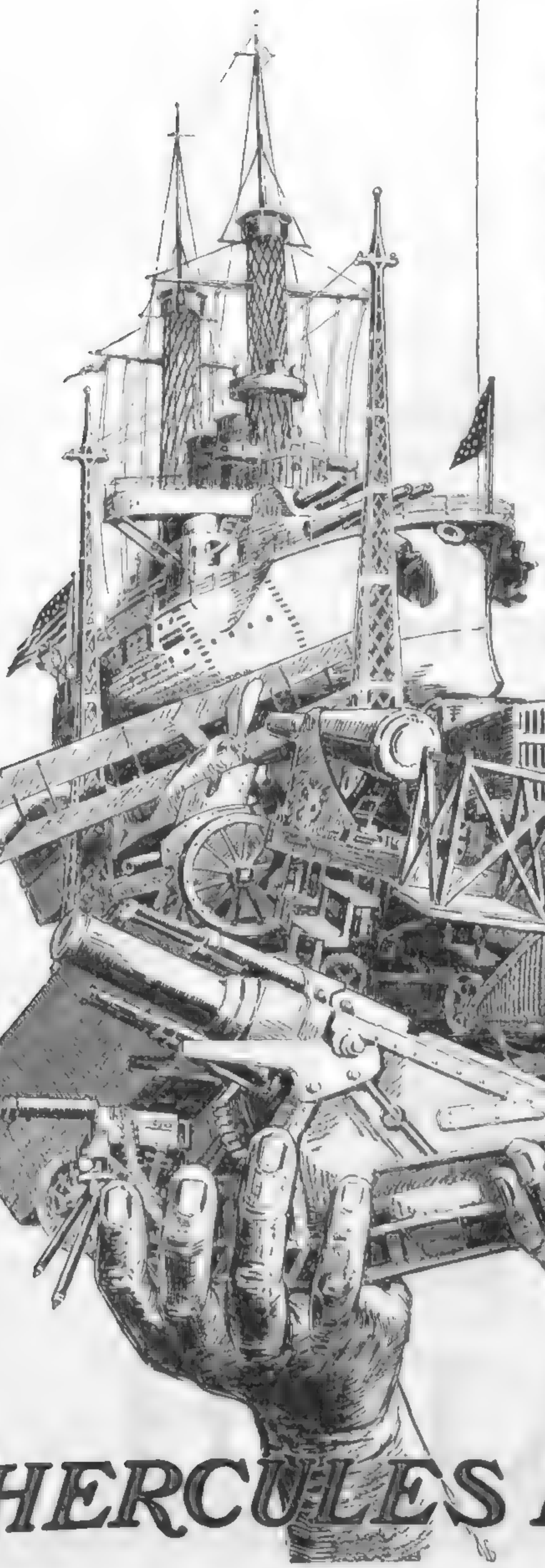

At the Nation's Service

The ability of our country adequately to meet force with force on the battlefields of France is due in no small degree to the mineral wealth with which Nature has so richly endowed us. In the dark interiors of our mines and on the scarred sides of our hills are born our battleships and transports; our tanks and ambulances; our cannon, guns and bayonets; our shells and grenades; in fact all our implements of active warfare.

The miners of the country are the men who labor first that these things may be put at the Nation's service. That they realize the importance of their task is evidenced by the way in which they are performing it. The production of practically all minerals during 1917 shows a great increase over 1916. And 1916 was a record year.

The Hercules Powder Co. is glad to call attention to these men and their work. We know them well, for our connections with them have been intimate for years. By far the greater part of our production of Hercules Explosives is used by the miners who are doing so much to provide these implements which are vital for the winning of the war.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

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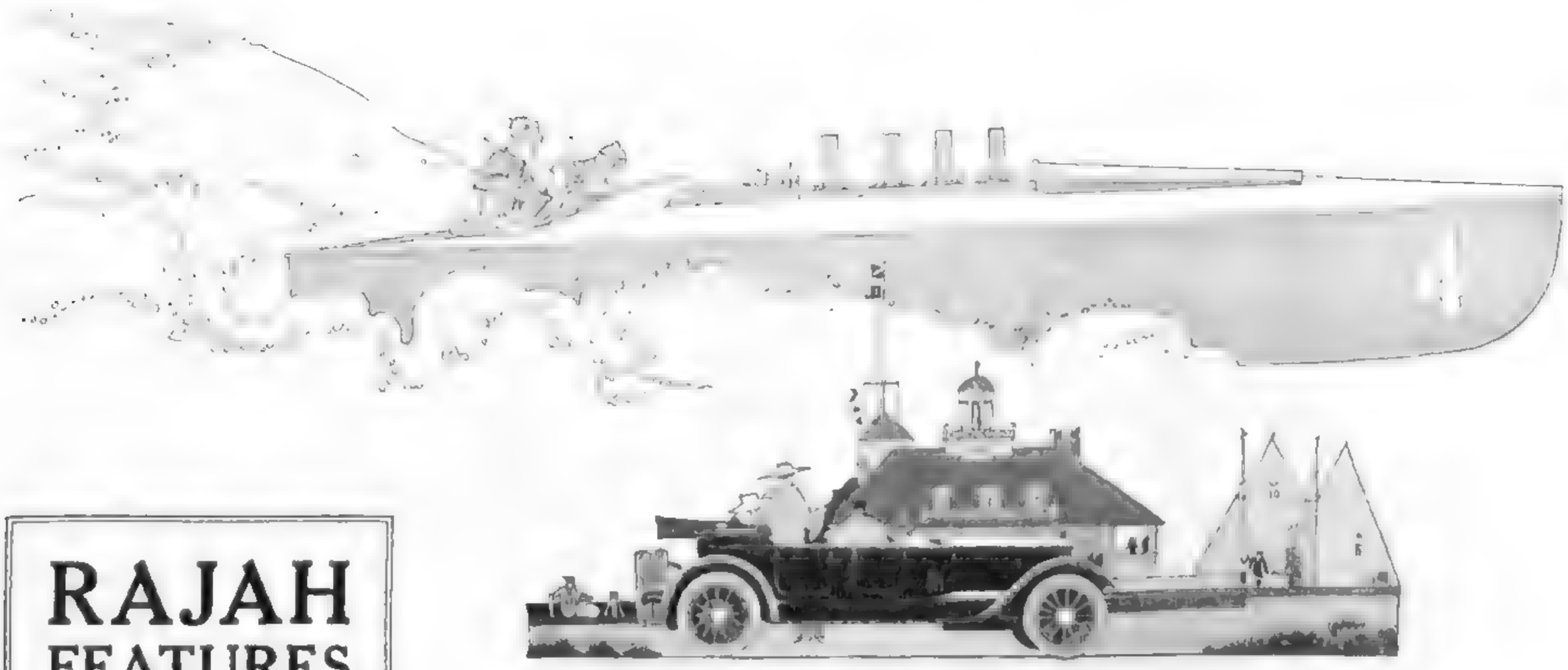

RAJAH FEATURES

Simple Construction

The Rajah Plug embodies no freak ideas or experiments. There are but five parts, all interchangeable, easily taken apart, cleaned and assembled.

Knife Edge Bushing

adjusts itself to the shoulder of the porcelain. All possibility of injuring the porcelain is thus eliminated when the bushing is tightened down to secure a gas-tight joint.

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consists of the highest grade, hardfire, heat-resisting porcelain, of special pattern, so assembled as to insure against firing through.

The Button Top and Rajah Clip Terminal

do away entirely with the necessity for either thumb screw, nut or other device for attaching the cable to the spark plug.

Rajah Terminals and Adapters

are furnished so that Rajah Plugs can be used with any car.

Rajah Regular and Ferrule Clip Terminals

Adjustable to any cable and with ferrule to fit any cable. With the extra collar supplied both can be used with any make of plug.

Rajah Thumb Nut and Stud Terminals

The Thumb nut is an adapter for Dodge, Ford, Hup, Hudson, Maxwell, Mitchell, Packard Twin Six and Pullman. The Stud for Buick, Chevrolet and Oldsmobile.

Rajah Ball Terminal

Adapter for Franklin, Locomobile and Willys-Knight.

Manufactured by

Rajah Auto-Supply Co.
Bloomfield, N. J.

Sales Department
Edward A. Cassidy Co.
280 Madison Ave., New York

The plug that puts power behind the pistons

In speed boats, racing cars and airplanes, Rajah Plugs unfailingly deliver the quick, hot spark that turns gasoline into power.

Records of racing, hill-climbing and flying events, past and present, are indisputable proof of Rajah supremacy.

The automobile owner, who wishes to have available in his car the last ounce of power and be forever free from ignition troubles, should need no stronger endorsement than this.

Spark plugs should not be carelessly bought. They are of vital importance in the efficient and economical operation of any car. There is a big difference in service between the best spark plug and the next best. There is little difference in the price.

NOTE—Use a complete set of Rajah Plugs and secure 100% efficiency.

Then you will enjoy the delightful sense of quick response, increased power and absolute dependability.

RAJAH SPARK PLUGS

(Concluded from Page 70)

down, and if they could they would not have time to aim. Of course they were impatient to land. Then, too, the advantage was with the man on top.

We learned from our men upon their return that the enemy planes had landed two at a time—when they landed safely at all—and had skirted the field in a wide circle so as to leave room for the next two to land. When our boys missed out while diving for the enemy in the air they would straighten out and fire on the machine as it landed or ran along the ground. And those who successfully shot down a Hun would swoop down to tear up anything on the field—fine targets on account of the illumination. They simply raked the field with bullets before ascending again.

Our boys could see men dropping and machines catching fire all over the field, but the enemy mechanics did not dare to turn out the lights, for some of the bombers were still in the air and would not see where to land.

Then having raised the devil sufficiently with the household of the Hun our men came flying back over the lines, laughing at the antiaircraft guns which were trying to wing them. Our fellows were flying too swiftly for accurate aim to be beaded on them.

We talked to the boys as fast as they landed safely on our field and they could not tell how many planes had been wrecked. They were reasonably sure that Fritz would have to send for a new squadron of Rumplers before he could raid us again.

As for the damage inflicted by the boches on our camp, subsequent investigation showed that no damage was done other than to cut some big gashes in our landing field.

Their aim had been miserable. Looking at it from an economic point of view they did not accomplish much, for they must have wasted about four or five thousand dollars' worth of explosives on us. That was no sort of strafing at all. The net result was zero—no women or children murdered; no hospitals wrecked.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Sergeant Wright. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

Footnotes on the War

A Reminiscence

FOR more than half a century the country has pointed a scornful finger at New York City because, in July, 1863, rioters there resisted the Civil War draft, disarmed the guards, smashed the furniture, burned the building and for forty-eight hours defied the Government.

The extenuating circumstances are seldom mentioned. The conscription law provided that anyone drawn for military service could buy himself off by paying the Government three hundred dollars. That was bad enough when three hundred dollars would hire a substitute; but by the summer of 1863 depreciation of currency, rise of wages and long mortality lists had altered the situation. The price of substitutes had gone to two or three times three hundred dollars.

When the drawing began in New York, on July eleventh, it immediately appeared that far the greater part of the conscripts were mechanics and laborers; naturally, as they formed the bulk of the population. Distinguished Democratic lawyers had said the law was unconstitutional anyway. A poor laborer upon whom the lot fell must go to the bloody business of Gettysburg; but a man with three hundred dollars could get off, though that sum would by no means hire a substitute.

That fact without doubt is what inspired the riots. A like law to-day, fixing the price of a life at three hundred dollars, would cause riots not only in New York but everywhere else.

The extenuating circumstances are seldom mentioned, however. Extenuating circumstances seldom are mentioned or remembered in any case of resistance to the government when a nation is at war.

Some people have been harshly treated in this war. It is regrettable, but when they have provoked their fate by opposition to the war, sensible citizens can have little sympathy with them. A public's judgments are always harsh when its sons are on the firing line. They ought to be.

Reorganizing Schemes

THE interest charge on the national debt of every European belligerent now amounts to more than the total revenue of each government before the war.

To that extent governments are in the position of a railroad whose fixed charges exceed its income. The railroad reorganizes—calls its creditors together and gets them to exchange their securities for others, bearing a smaller fixed charge. To the holder of a bond which stipulates that five per cent shall be paid yearly it gives preferred stock which stipulates that five per cent will be paid provided the road earns that much. The fixed charge is thus reduced below the road's revenue.

But with that superficial likeness the comparison between a railroad and a government ceases, for there is no absolute limit upon the revenue of a government as there is upon the revenue of a railroad. It can get more revenue by simply levying more taxes. And a railroad's creditors consent to reorganization in the expectation that presently its earnings will increase, through better business and better management, so it will be able to pay them as much in interest or dividends as before and in the long run they will lose nothing. As a matter of fact they very seldom do lose anything in the long run. A government's creditors could have no such expectation of being compensated in the future, for a government can increase its revenue only by levying additional taxes, and if it is unwilling to levy the additional taxes at one time it would probably be unwilling to levy them at a future time. Creditors could expect only a dead loss from any concession they made. A dead loss to creditors means ruin to the borrower's credit, and a government without credit is about as badly off as an individual or private corporation in the same condition.

The Bolsheviki think they can solve the problem by simple repudiation, but they will find they are quite mistaken.

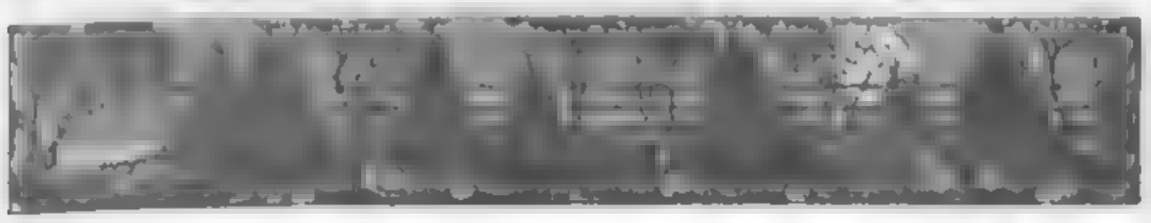
Speculative minds are naturally fascinated by the problem of the enormous mass of promissory paper which has been issued during the war. They are fertile in suggesting expedients for disposing of it. But there has never been more than one satisfactory method of dealing with a promise—that is, to redeem it. We have no doubt that war debts, including those of Russia, will finally be dealt with on the old plan.

Franked Mail

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "With our transportation and mail conditions all overcrowded, why cannot congressmen and senators show their patriotism by suspending the franking of their personal mail and campaign junk until after the war? This would save a good deal of money and relieve the overworked mail service."

Congress no doubt would reply that this franking business is a relatively trivial matter. But it is symbolic of a very large matter—one of the largest matters in the United States.

Congress shows no sign of yielding any of its habits for the purpose of meeting the war. It sticks to its partisan, seniority-rule organization. It makes no move toward a budgetary system. Not attempting to deny that its method of handling appropriations inevitably involves dissipation of the sinews of war—as the President has pointed out and as party platforms have affirmed—it makes no move to adopt a more efficient method.



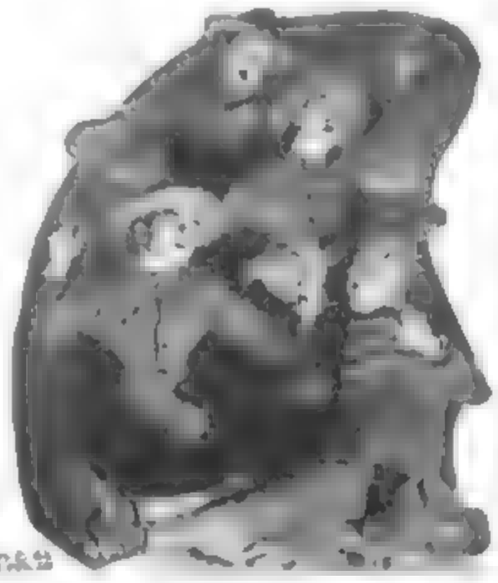
A NATION'S SONGS

The Popular Songs of America at War

By A Patriot

A NATION that sings can never [illegible] each song is a mile-stone on the road to victory.

Songs are to a nation's spirit what ammunition is to a nation's army. The producer of songs is an "ammunition" maker. The nation calls upon him for "ammunition" to fight off fatigue and worry. The response has been magnificent. America's war songs are spreading through the world—hailed by our allies as the omen of victory



When the boys march down the Avenue, it's the martial crash of "Over There" that puts the victory swing in their stride. When the subscription squad "sets to" before a Liberty Bell, "It's a Long Way to Berlin, but We'll Get There" starts the signatures [illegible] blanks. When the troop trains speed [illegible] "Good-bye Broadway, Hello France" sets every heart with confidence.

Even into the jaws of death! American history has no finer page than that of the boys on the Tuscania, who went down singing "Where Do We Go From Here?"

But aside from their effect as stimulants of the national spirit, these war songs, simply as developments, are interesting.

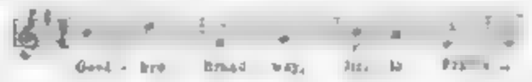
Whence did they come? What brought them? How did they happen?

The list is already a familiar one. Heading it is "Over There." Pressing close for popularity are "Where Do We Go From Here?" "It's a Long Way to Berlin, But We'll Get There," "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," "Good-bye Broadway, Hello France." And now they're singing a lot of newer ones like "We're All Going Calling On The Kaiser," "If He Can Fight Like He Can Love, Why Then It's Good Night Germany" and "Just Like Washington Crossed the Delaware, Genr'l Pershing Will Cross the Rhine."

When we examine into the source and nature of these songs, we find that practically every one issues from a single publishing house,—the house of Leo Feist, Inc.

Practically every one gives voice to a tremendous eagerness for "Getting over and at 'em." And the music has a certain buoyant urge that stirs the very corpuscles of the blood.

Truly remarkable that one man should give the nation practically all its war songs.



But this is only the external fact. Music is not to be judged as other things made, bought, and sold. It comes not from without, but from within. It is the language of innermost feeling. That a hundred million sing Leo Feist's war-songs means that he has succeeded in truly reaching a hundred million hearts.

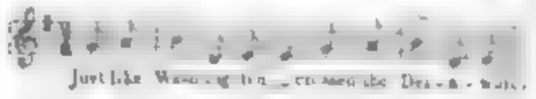
That Mr. Feist himself neither wrote words nor music of any of these songs is away from the point. It was he who made them possible. It was he who conceived "Where Do We Go From Here?" It was he who made "It's a Long Way to Berlin, but We'll Get There" into a great recruiting song. It was he who brought "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" to the status of a full-fledged camp song. It was he who dug "Katy" out of an army camp, and gave it to the people. It was he who paid George M. Cohan $25,000 for "Over There."

It was he who made a part of America's tradition "Homeward [illegible] Will Knock the Heligo Out of [illegible] Bring Back My Daddy To Me [illegible] Back to You When It's All Over [illegible] Her Navy Sox Wears a Yellow Ribbon [illegible] Give Me a Kiss in the [illegible] Each Sketch is a Thought at [illegible] "Good Morning, Mr. Zip Zip, [illegible] Don't Want to Get Well," "We [illegible] At the Movies," "Keep Your Head Down, Fritzie Boy," "I'd Like to See the Kaiser With a Lily In His Hand," "When I'm Through With Arms of the Army," "When We Wind Up the Watch On the Rhine," "Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You."

Mr. Feist is also responsible for one of the greatest innovations in music since the war began. It was he who conceived the idea of a pocket-sized songbook for the use of Soldiers, Sailors and the folks back home.

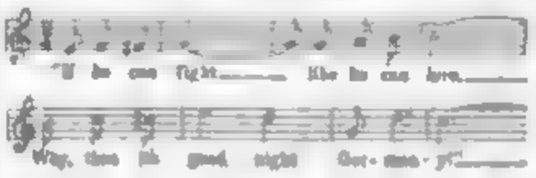
This eighty-page gloom dispeller contains all the old favorites with words and music of the newest copyrighted songs. He gave the book its appropriate title, "Songs the Soldiers and Sailors Sing," and marketed it at a price within reach of all, 15c.

One of Mr. Feist's most valued treasures is a letter framed in his office from a soldier in the trenches telling how he and his pals appreciated and enjoyed this book.



Zwingli said, "Nothing makes a man more of a man than music." Leo Feist is not only building national-spirit—he is building man power. He is a genius that serves subtly—but none the less powerfully.

Like all men with a purpose, Leo Feist has a whole hearted slogan—"You Can't Go Wrong With A Feist Song." With it he has established [illegible] campaign for [illegible] with a success that is evidenced in every city, town and hamlet of the United States, for the great Feist songs are heard everywhere. Today they are our inspiration—tomorrow our memories.



They are the songs that will commemorate the victory of Liberty in the great big future—when young faces have been marked by the hand of time—when guns are aged by rust—when great monuments mark the land where rest those who went forth *singing*. Get these songs—learn them so you will know them in years to come, just as you know "Dixie," "Marching through Georgia" and the songs of the Civil War.

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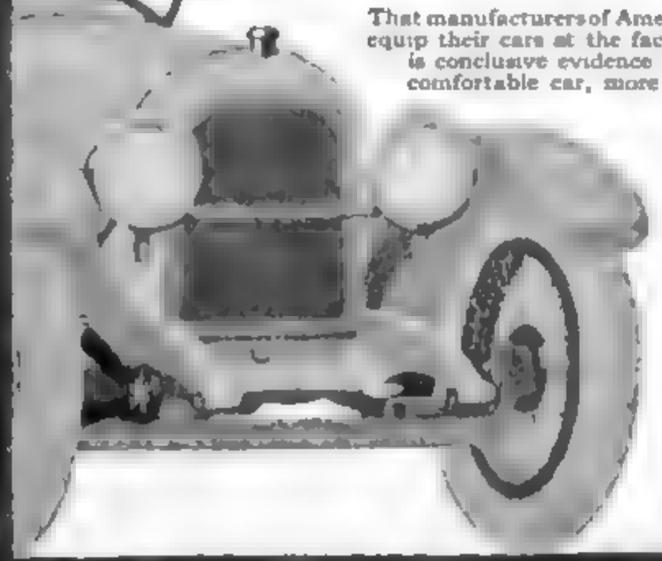

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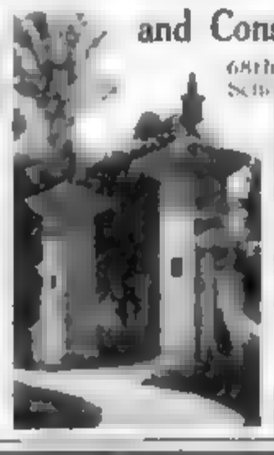

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HARPOONED

(Continued from Page 11)

The ice pilot's answer was to throw one leg over the edge of the crow's nest. The other followed. He sat there a moment upon the rim, with his tapered beard pointing out toward the spot below the wheeling gulls.

"It's a chance," he concluded. "There's something there, agoing south. I seen white water, but no spout. He's afraid to come up. He's cagy, all right."

The two seamen took charge of the last boat lowered from the whaler. The Grimsby had been equipped with six whaleboats at the beginning of her voyage. Two of these had been smashed beyond repair in the first nip of the winter ice. The ship tenders, under command of the mate, lined the rail as Micky took hold of the tiller and swung the sharp-pointed whaleboat out from under the lee of the dingy whaler.

Red Landyard worked to the bow and stood by the bomb gun, which was loaded with a wicked-looking projectile in the shape of a pointed dart that could be shot into a whale, but which would never pull out. To this bomb lance the whale line was fastened like a life line is fastened to the ball in a mortar. The bomb gun was a weapon in a thousand. It not only fired a projectile with a line attached to it but it also delivered a tonite bomb that was designed to explode in a whale after the line had fastened. Some Dundee whalers place the bomb guns upon the ship and not upon the boats.

The first three whaleboats that were lowered gave way to the little skipper's. They were willing to be in at the killing, but they were not willing to meet McMasters' wrath in the event that they might miss the last chance of the three seasons. The boat leaped ahead, cleft the oily sea and leaned to the wind in a manner that charmed the captain's anxious heart. He cast a watchful eye about. He saw that the line which ran to the bomb gun was clear of snarls and ready to run from the tubs. He noted the eager crew well out to windward, each member peering ahead as if his very life depended on sighting the first white water that would mark the presence of their quarry. All was as he wanted it. He rubbed his hands, then grasped the tiller and glanced beneath the single straining sail.

The wild waste of waters ahead of the whaleboat held the eyes of the little skipper as if it were some charmed canvas. He blinked and studied the details of each wave's furrow. He noted the wheeling gulls and heard, despite the wind, their shrill calls as they protested the presence of the onrushing boat. These same gulls guided Micky. He saw, a cable's length away, the bore of water that had been forced upward by the passage of some large object underneath. Bubbles were there and an oily film; and once, as the little skipper strained his eyes, there came the churn and the agitation of white water deep in the trough between two reaching waves.

The ice pilot stiffened. He touched the trigger of the bomb gun, ready to fire down upon the mark. The distance between the whaleboat and the gliding mound of water lessened rapidly. They were at the boat's best point of sailing. The other boats had been left far behind. The Grimsby was a blur to the north.

Micky rose in the stern and made ready to unship the rudder and get out the steering oar. One of the crew took the sheet while another stood by the mast to catch the sail when it dropped. The bow of the boat lifted up the incline of the mound. The pilot leaned and peered down into the depth of sea below him. He saw there a darker green, a blackness. It moved with stately unceasing motion—with beat of giant flukes. He waited until the staunch whaleboat was over the monster's widest part. A hump rose there. He heard the little skipper call "We're hover 'im!" It was then that Red Landyard touched the trigger which drove the bomb lance down beneath the sea.

The roar of the brass cannon deafened the ears of the sailors in the whaleboat. Its acrid fumes struck back and choked them. They rose to their feet. The whaleboat's triangular sail came down. The centerboard was lifted. The rudder was replaced by a sixteen-foot steering oar. The crew got out other oars and set them man-of-war fashion.

Micky McMasters shouted orders like a pirate captain. He reached and loosened a long lance that was intended for the finishing touches to a whale. This he passed to Red, in the bow. Red mounted beside the bomb gun, poised the lance, and waited. He watched the whale line as it floated upon the surface of the sea. He wondered whether the whale had sounded.

Then suddenly there came a snap to the line that had been fired from the cannon. There followed a jerk that piled the crew into the stern of the whaleboat. They were thrust away by the indignant skipper. The bow of the boat went down under the surface of the sea.

Water poured in over the gunwale. More water followed. A Niagara struck from above. A cataract roared into the ears of the crew. Micky and the ice pilot abandoned hope as the half-filled boat was jerked through the waves as if tied to the tail of a comet. They waited for death, and saw that the very speed of their passage was the thing which was keeping the boat afloat.

McMasters glanced at the water-soaked form of his ice pilot. Their eyes met. They questioned in a mute interlocking. Both seamen clutched the rail of the boat and turned toward its stern. Out over this they looked and saw, through the spume and the spindrift of their passage, the melting speck that marked the position of the whaler they had quitted. Smoke rose over it in a tiny cloud. The mate had gotten up steam and was following the runaway whaleboat.

The chase would be hopeless. Micky felt that they were tied to some planet which was making its way toward the Pearly Gates or to Davy Jones' locker. Their speed was all of twelve knots—perhaps greater. The boat was three-quarters full of brine. The crew had abandoned hope and were clinging to the centerboard—well, in the manner of rodents that had been doused by many buckets of water. It was the big Yankee who voiced his conclusions.

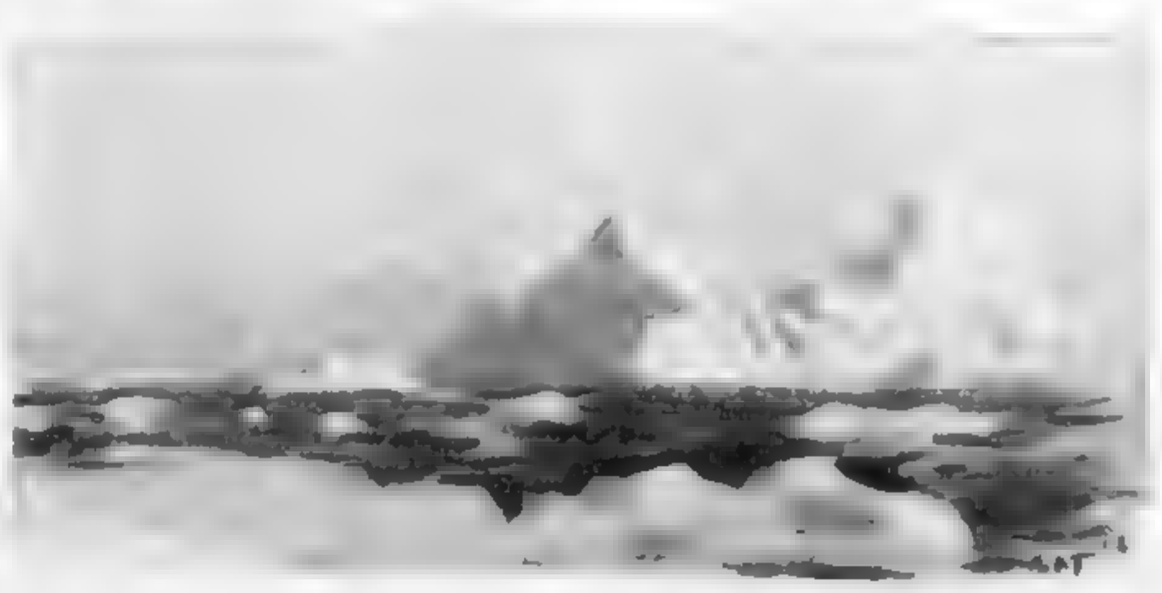
"I hope you're satisfied!" he drawled cuttingly.

Micky glared at the two red-rimmed eyes above the salt-incrusted beard of the American. He passed on his glance and gazed ahead without answering. There seemed no answer possible.

They had fired a bomb harpoon into a sea serpent that had speed and strength to spare. But, more than this, the monster was drilling a hole to leeward at the rate of a seven-day boat; and in all Micky McMasters' experience in whaling he had found that a whale goes to windward or toward the ice as soon as the iron is driven home.

"Better cut!" suggested the Yankee, pointing to an ax.

(Continued on Page 77)



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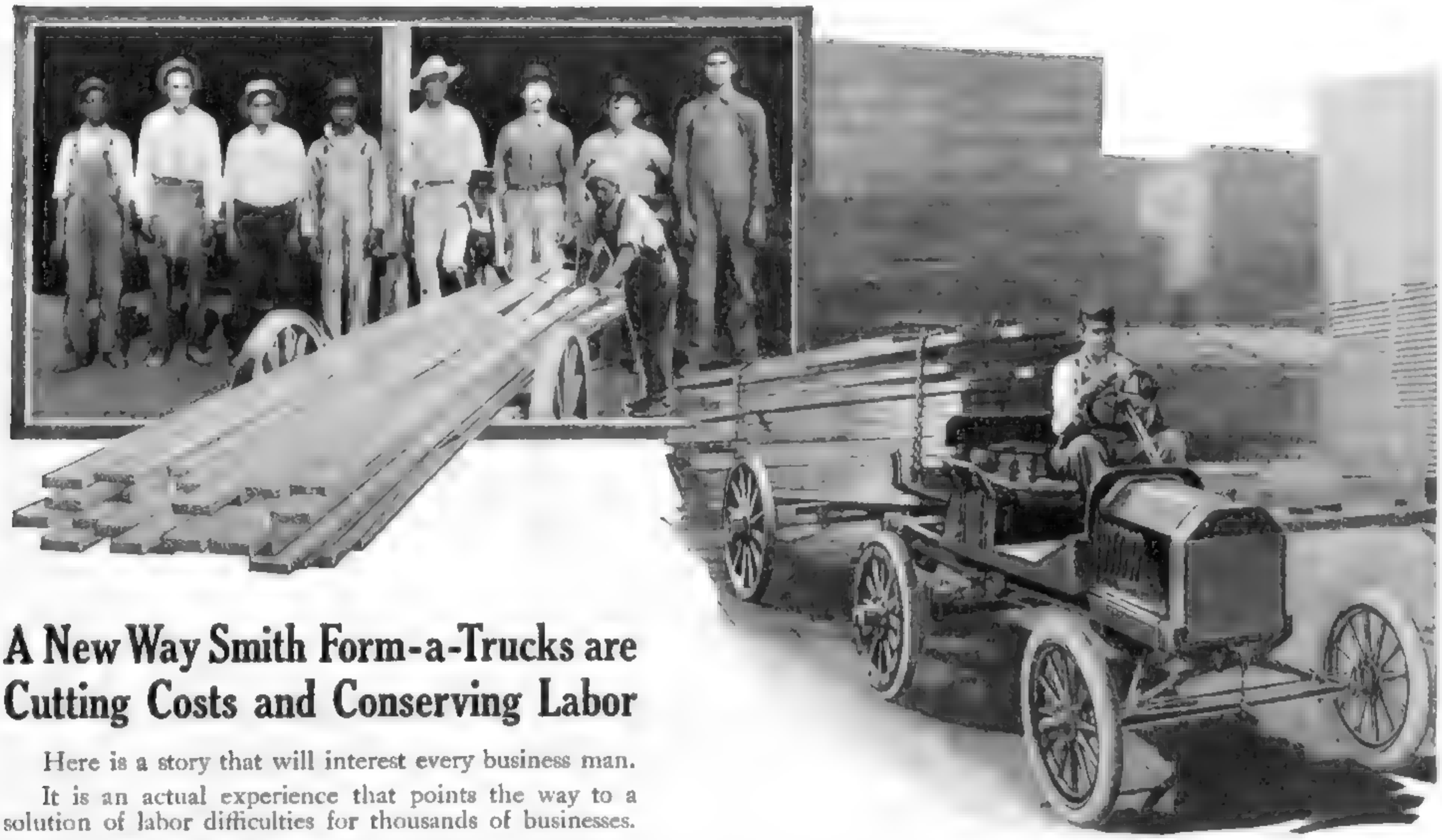

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Smith Form-a-Truck

Made for All Cars

(Continued from Page 74)

"I'm blymed hif I will!" shouted the half-drowned skipper.

The Yankee grinned. He stroked his beard as he leaned and peered forward. The little skipper was as game as a fighting cock. The American would have him that way. They had voyaged far and wide; and, now that they had fastened to their prey at the eleventh hour, it would be better to hold on and take the consequences. One whale, and such a monster as they were fastened to, would wipe out the sting of the barren voyage. It would please the hard-headed owners. It would prove that a man and a whaler isn't beaten till he says he is. The Yankee hadn't said it, and the little skipper was built of the stuff that never says die.

Red Landyard waded forward till he came to the twisted whale line that had been looped about the butt in the bow of the flying whaleboat. He leaned and tested the line where it went out and down into the sea. It was strained to the breaking point. It had been drawn from inch rope down into quarter-inch cord. It was of the best of hemp, however; and it would hold, he concluded, as he braced himself and searched the sea ahead for some sign of the leviathan that was drawing them on.

Nothing showed save a rising mound that ran ever before them—a bore with a truce of white water that revealed their quarry. Waves were sliced through as if the boat were some flying knife or wedge. The bow dipped under and drenched the Yankee pilot with salt sea spray. The after crew hung on. Their faces were white and drawn with the tenseness of the passage.

The little skipper, alone of the boat's crew, seemed to enjoy the situation. He was counting the moment when the monster would tire. He had already figured out the amount of bone they would cut from the animal's upper jaw. It should be over a ton. It could not be less, with the size and power of such a whale.

He pictured, notwithstanding the flying spray, the amazed faces of the Scotch owners when he told them of the biggest catch of the seasons taken right out of the North Sea. He rehearsed what he should tell the missus and the children of a regular Moby Dick cruising round the tight little isle of England—of the way and manner of their fastening, without seeing spout or blow. He thought on.

A wave larger than the others came aboard as they sliced through it. The boat filled high over the centerboard well. The crew rose in protest and glanced at the form of the determined daydreaming skipper, who was braced at the stern and smiling in the teeth of the flying brine.

The Yankee came aft with dripping beard. He reached and found a sodden plug of badly bitten tobacco. Into this his yellow teeth clamped like a shark taking a bite from a native baby.

His beard worked up and down. His great red eyebrows lifted and fell in the manner of a gorilla's.

"'Pears to me," he shouted, so the little Briton could hear, "we're hooked up with the captain of them all. It ain't natural—the way that whale is actin'. Never a spout or a sign of a blow! All it knows is speed and meanness. It ain't got no heart at all. It's a-carryin' the mail for the South Seas. It's the whackingest bowhead I ever heard of. It must be all of a hundred feet long. Good thing we used the bomb gun!"

"There was enough there to rile anything," snapped McMasters. "I loaded the gun myself; and it was some load!"

"It tickled him," grinned the Yankee, turning and glancing over the slicing bow. "He ain't got over it yet. He ain't tiring a bit, though. He's a-takin' us right home to Grimsby and Mother Simkins' pub."

Micky shaded his eyes; then he moistened his salty lips at some memory. They were running down their latitude faster than steam could ever take them on the whaler. They were in a wild waste of water that marks the broad funnel of the North Sea. Micky knew the place by the tang and the feel of the air. He could have found his way to port with his eyes blindfolded. He had fished and combed that sea since the time of the first steam trawlers; but never before, out of Dundee or out of Grimsby, had a whale been bringing him home.

He turned aft and tried to pierce the haze astern for some glimpse of the Grimsby. It had vanished. No sign of sail showed there. He grew thoughtful. His eyes rested on the smoking water that seemed to leap by them. He was on the point of ordering the crew to try and haul up some of the whale line when the big Yankee, with a muttered surprised oath, gripped his arm and pointed a long spikelike finger out over the bow of the whaleboat.

The little skipper sighted one optic along the pilot's arm. He saw, then, the reason for the oath and the American's steely grip. Smoke hung along the southern horizon, just over the mound of water which marked the presence of the monster that was towing them. It was an oily smoke, which seemed to come from more than one funnel. A fleet of ships was there!

There were little ships and big ships. There were drifters and trawlers; and back of these loomed the war-gray sides and towering funnels of giant cruisers. They had spread out fanwise and were coming toward the north and the whaleboat like two long arms that were reaching to encompass something they had been combing the sea for.

Micky and his ice pilot rose and stood upon the gunwale of the rocking boat. The crew rose from their watery seats at the side of the centerboard well and fastened their eyes on the coming squadron. It was the far-flung outpost of the British Navy. It was a fleet bent on business. It was opening for them. Micky saw that the monster they were fastened to would draw them down through two columns of destroyers, with a background of other ships too far in the haze of the horizon to determine their rank or size.

The little skipper strained his eyes and sighed for a chance to pull up on his whale before it would be gallied by the fleet. He saw that two of the destroyers—two grim water snakes—had detached themselves and were slicing down in his direction. They came with the speed of a cloud's shadow across the waters. They flung to the gray sky over their toothpick masts a line of bunting—a signal Micky could not translate.

He hesitated and glanced blankly at the tall Yankee, who had waded forward to the down-drawn bow of the whaleboat. He clinched his fists as there came the flare of a forward gun, the skipping shot over their quarter, and then the sharp boom of England talking to those who do not heed her signals—her warnings. It was the same destroyer that had rounded the Grimsby.

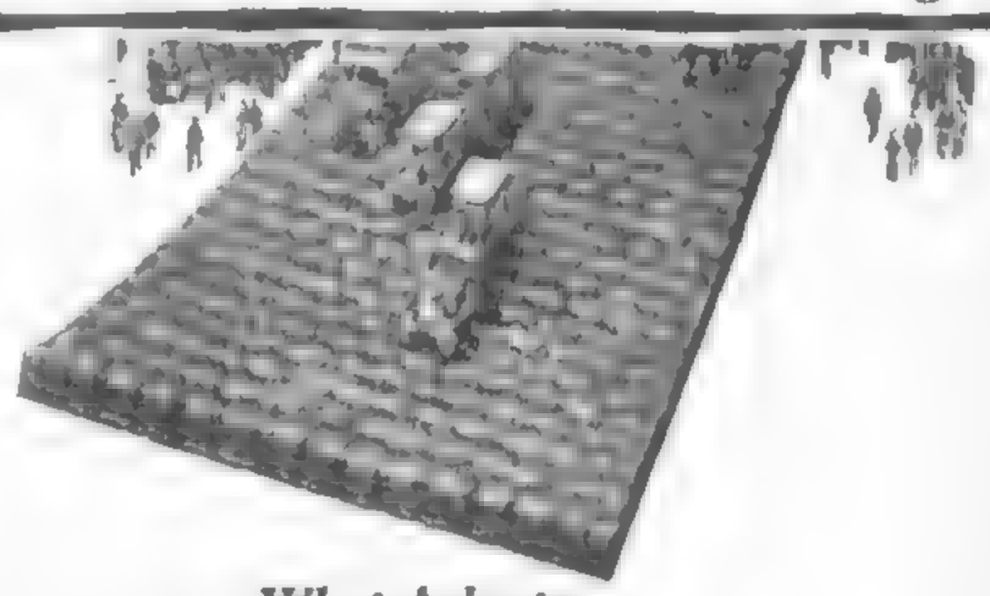
"That's stand by!" said the Yankee, glancing soberly at the spot where the shot had disappeared.

"I'm damned hif I will!" said Micky.

Red Landyard cast a wise eye over the far-flung fleet. He spat a stream of tobacco juice in its direction. He studied the bore of the moving monster ahead; then he turned toward the little skipper.

"They mean business," he suggested. "They carry more than one solid shot in

The Whaler Finally Thrust Her Jib Boom Through the Last of the Spring Ice and Steamed for the Whaling Grounds and the Home of the Bowhead Whale



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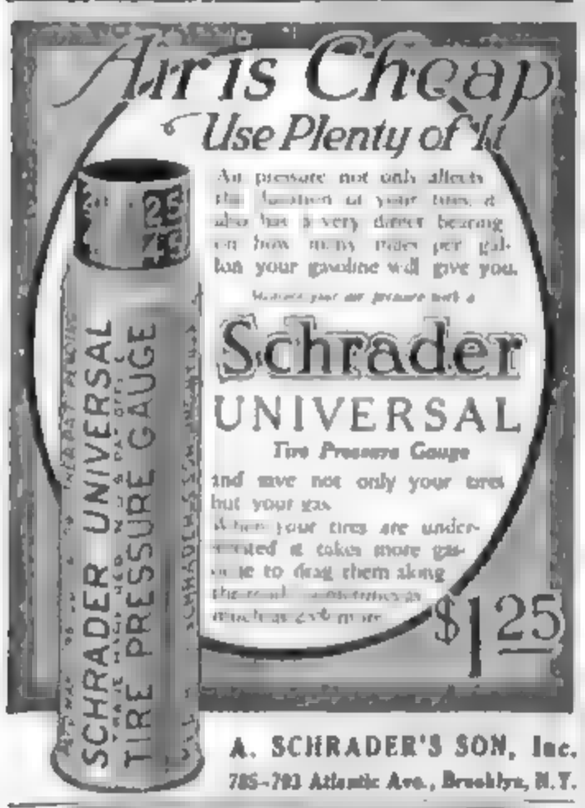

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their magazines. I shouldn't be surprised if they had three or four. Here comes another!"

The second shot from the gray side of the destroyer was aimed to perfection. It took a portion off the stern of the whaleboat and splintered the sea to windward. It threw little Micky McMasters half across the boat and into the arms of the big Yankee.

"Close work!" drawled the American. "I think we'd better cut while the chance lasts. There won't be any, pretty soon. They're improving their aim. This ax will do"

Micky clutched the long arm of the ice pilot as it was raised to cleave the whale line. The little captain's eyes were ablaze. He had cruised too far and too long to let go of his last quarry without a struggle. It meant going back to Grimsby without a pound of bone. It meant an empty larder in his home on the Humber. It meant the derision of the rest of the whaling fleet.

He held the ice pilot's arm with a grip of steel as he squinted toward the whale line and the sea ahead of the boat. He wheeled and studied the surface of the ocean. Their speed had decreased. The monster was tiring. It had sounded and the boat was barely moving.

It was for this reason that the destroyer's lieutenant had not called for the finishing shot. The range was perfect and the boat at the mercy of the gun pointer. He had seen, however, that his command was apparently obeyed. He kept the cross hairs upon the mark as the destroyer came up knot over knot and swung broadside to the shattered whaleboat and a dancing skipper who was shaking his fist at the entire High Seas Fleet.

"Go 'way!" shouted McMasters, lowering his fist and cupping his palms. "Keep away! You'll gally our whale! It's down in the mud, sulkin'. Clear out, you rotters, and let a poor whaler 'ave a chance. It's the first for three seasons."

The boyish lieutenant in charge of the destroyer leaned over his bridge canvas. He lifted a greasy cap and brushed back his hair.

"Who are you?" he asked. "And what are you doing in these seas?"

"I'm a peaceful law-abidin' whaler—that's wot I am!" shouted McMasters. "I've fastened to a bowhead and I'm waitin' for my ship. She's comin' down the wind."

"The Grimsby? The one we inspected?"

"The same!" snapped McMasters.

Red Landyard reached and tested the down-going whale line as the destroyer's commander consulted with his second in command. The American noted that both were young and undecided. They glanced at the fleet, which was coming up; then swung and searched the horizon to the north. One pointed and handed the other a glass. Both leaned over the bridge canvas.

"She's crawling down to you," said the commander. "She's coming, old cock; but we want to see your whale."

"You'll wait, then!" shouted back the little skipper. "I hain't taking no chances on my only hope. Keep away, you! I'll 'ave the law of the seas down on you—I will! You're hinterferin' with the Fish and Whaling Act—you are."

The destroyer moved across the whaleboat's bow and took a position to leeward. A trawler had detached itself from the near fleet in answer to the commander's signals. Its coming drove the fear of losing his quarry deep within the anxious heart of the little whaler. He stamped and swore up and down the limited space of the shattered whaleboat. He poured his troubles into the great ear of the ice pilot, who had taken charge of the whale line and was testing its tension with the anxious fingers of a man who has his all at stake.

The trawler wore alongside. Faces filled with suspicion and doubt glared down upon McMasters and Red Landyard. An order was shouted by a grizzled skipper to haul in the line till it ran straight up and down. This Red Landyard obeyed after a glance at McMasters. The two whalers saw a diver climb over the rail of the trawler. He was lowered to the surface of the sea. He was handed a hammer, which he waved as he disappeared below the surface.

"We're going to take a look at your whale," explained the skipper of the trawler. "It's the commander's orders. You ought to be careful what you fasten to in these seas."

McMasters exploded.

"I'll 'ave the law ——" he shouted.

The grizzled skipper of the trawler held up his hand.

"We're the law!" he said cuttingly. "When did you fasten?"

The volley of questions hurtled at the little skipper was broken by the reappearance of the diver. He climbed up the pilot's ladder. He laid the hammer on the rail of the trawler. Two of the crew unscrewed his helmet. He turned and spat to the deck; then glared down at McMasters. His eyes widened.

"I told them to come up!" he said. "I tapped on their skin in good Morse. I said it was a case of surrender or take a depth bomb. They're coming up—they always do!"

McMasters glanced at the ice pilot. He wheeled and lifted his eyes to the broad faces of the trawler's crew. He blinked and sought the ice pilot's eyes a second time.

"May Gawd strike me pink!" he blurted. "'E's been talkin' to our whale! Our whale! 'E's stark starin' senile!"

"You're blame' lucky!" said the captain of the trawler. "Lucky—let me tell you that, little fellow. You're in—you and your mates—for a big bonus. It might be all of five thousand pounds. Look!"

McMasters and the ice pilot turned as one and followed the long, pointing arm of the British skipper. The conning tower and the gray snaky top plate of a U-boat rose through the surface of the green sea. A German lifted a hatch and held up his hands. Other Germans swarmed out through the fore and aft companions.

"Red Landyard, am I dreamin'?" asked Micky McMasters.

"Nope! It's a fish, all right! A big fish—made of tin."

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THE SHADOWY GLASS

(Continued from Page 7)

Only when Otis and she, after profuse childish explanations to their lord and mother, had slipped away to walk in the park did Lelia dare to cling to him for protection. Even when the door of their room was closed on the woman Lelia had the feeling of her sneaking outside there—watching, listening, creeping. She felt that Mrs. Corvalan was plotting to get rid of her. She dreaded any controversy that would give her a chance to take sides.

And Lelia had nothing to do. Her mother-in-law stated that she would take over the kitchen. Lelia might, if she wished, dust her room and make the beds. That done, Lelia tried to read, with the haunting feeling that Mrs. Corvalan's eyes were on her the moment she looked at a book.

She dared not go to the movies or shop. She felt that she must economize. And call on her cousins she could not. She was afraid that in their presence she would break down. She walked alone, desperate, unseeing. But Otis' cheerful attitude was that she spent her afternoons at the most splendid and expensive parties, while he toiled.

She did not explain. Often when he wanted her to go to evening parties with "the bunch" she pleaded a headache. She did not know what to do. If they had parties they spent money. If they stayed home they were paralyzed by the presence of the mother.

Otis had, with a pretense of casual cheerfulness, renewed his demand that his mother invest in the iron lands. She had listened with a sour smile, and answered only:

"I wrote you that I was not interested. I am sorry I have been so flabby that you suppose I have changed my mind. There seems to be some mistake. I have not changed it. Lelia, will you have some more of the beets?"

Now Otis was helping take stock in a bankrupt wholesale house and devoting his higher self to a wonderful new plan. He said nothing about that plan to his mother; but to Lelia, while they walked in the park, he recited it in a poetic narrative. Farmers, he pointed out, rarely had broad efficient business experience. He himself had, he modestly implied. He was going to unite a dozen farms under his business management and make large wealth in a very short time. Then they should have a new house on the Boulevard and let Mrs. Corvalan keep the flat.

Lelia was agreeable about it, but she couldn't help asking just which dozen farms he was planning of, and what knowledge he had of marketing wheat and cream. He cried: "You're as discouraging as mother!"

In silence they walked home—to the bristling silence of Mrs. Corvalan.

It was the next day that Lelia, wistfully trying to make herself look capable as she sat at her dressing table, caught in the mirror the image of her mother-in-law, spying on her from the doorway.

She followed Mrs. Corvalan back into the sitting room. She told herself: "I won't be imprisoned like this! If she hates me I'm going to make her say so; and then I'm going to get out of this." She got so far in her attack as to snap:

"Mrs. Corvalan!"

"Well?" Mrs. Corvalan spoke evenly, arched her eyebrows, looked bored.

"I—I —— I'm going for a walk!"

Lelia knew that if she did not flee fast and far she would break things, try to kill this hateful enemy. She clapped a hat on her head, seized a topcoat, dragged it behind her down the stairs, and hurried through the street, half running. She looked longingly at two children chattering with their mother. As she had done a hundred times before, she longed for a child—Otis' child, with his own curls and his appealing eyes. And, as a hundred times before, she resolved she would never bear a child to die in the flat of dead desires and murdered hope.

She must have walked for miles. She found a part of Vernon entirely strange to her—a region of immense mills of steel and glass and concrete. They were sooty; but their briskness, their air of creating something and accomplishing something, made them beautiful to her. She admired a crane that picked up carloads of girders and toted them on a platform. She longed to be running such a crane; to be noisy and competent in overalls.

Walking unseeing through a district of undistinguishable houses, she began to make definite plans. She thought of nursing. Always she had been happy to mother small sick things—birds and kittens and puppies. At the convent it was she who had bandaged cuts. The nuns had told her that, if she were not a lady and destined to adorn a splendid home, she would have made a capable nurse. She felt that she was fed up with adorning a home and altogether dubious about this business of being a lady. It cost too much.

She went to the Y. W. C. A. She found she could take a course of lectures on nursing; lectures thrice a week. If she liked them, the secretary said, she could later decide whether she wanted to enter a regular training school. She walked home, excitedly reading an instruction book. As a girl looks at the end of a novel to see whether it has a happy ending, so Lelia peeped at Lesson XVII. "My! I'll know so much when I get 'way over there!" she thrilled.

When she came in she nodded to Mrs. Corvalan and hid the book beneath her lingerie in her bureau. In the evening, when they three were playing a dreadfully silent game of casino, she had a fright about the book; a conviction that when she was out her mother-in-law went prowling through her possessions. She rushed to her room and hid the book beneath the mattress.

She wanted to tell Otis about her plan. She was sure that, despite his opinions on being proper and ladylike, he would understand; but he might laugh at her if she were to tell him before she had actually done any work.

For two months she had three absorbing afternoons a week and her notebooks were filled with notes in her tiny precise script. After two months she left her instruction books and notebooks on the bureau while she ran down to mail a letter. She returned to find Mrs. Corvalan pawing them over. Lelia stood at the door, quaking, looking at that rigid back. She could actually hear those long nails scraping on the precious pages.

Mrs. Corvalan chucked the books back on the bureau and turned. She stared calmly; she sat on the bed; she croaked:

"Lelia, I want to have a talk with you. Sit down." Lelia remained standing, trying to make herself defiant. "I assume you are taking a course in nursing."

"Mrs. Corvalan, I don't see that you have any right to cross-examine me."

Mrs. Corvalan answered by lifted brows and a cool:

"How far have you gone into this thing?"

"Lectures—three times a week."

"Just lectures? Not a very thorough way to learn nursing."

"I hope to go on with it."

"With what purpose?—if I may ask."

"Why—why, I think every woman ought to have something—some profession—if anything happened ——"

Mrs. Corvalan shrugged her shoulders. Now Lelia braced herself for the struggle. Mrs. Corvalan rose, stared a moment, and mused:

"I hope you will be successful. I think you are quite right. And—er—if you haven't told him already, let me advise you not to tell Otis. He is a real Corvalan; he believes that woman's place is in her home."

She was gone. When Lelia recovered from her amazement she rushed to the kitchen and begged:

"Let me help you with the cooking. I really do it nicely."

It was the dry cynical woman she had known who answered:

"No doubt; but I am rather set in my ways." And turning her back, she lowered the gas flame beneath the stew.

Day after day there was no further comment on her nursing, and Lelia decided that Mrs. Corvalan was hoping to get rid of her. But she went to her nursing classes gladly for another month.

She usually reached home before five; and Otis, whether he was actually working or, as now, engaged in ambassadorial negotiations for an "important opening," rarely came home before six. He often told her how lucky she was to be able to spend her afternoons in the delights of bridge and gossip, and she let him rave on. But on the day when the head nurse of a Chicago hospital addressed the class Lelia stayed to talk with the nurse; to ask how, in some vague future, she might support herself while getting her training. She did not return till after six and Otis reached the street door just as she did.

"Fellow is crazy to have me go in with him on a land deal," he shouted amiably. "Been to the library? Good Lord! The lovey-dovey novels you women read!" He twitched the books from beneath her arm and chuckled: "Not going to let you have 'em—bad for naughty 'ittelums to read love 'tories." And he vaulted up the stairs ahead of her.

When she came on him, round the bend in the stairs, he was glaring at her notebooks, bewildered.

He demanded:

"What's all this stuff? What d'you think you're doing?"

"I'm going to learn to be a nurse."

"You are not!"

"What do you mean?"

With that large nobleness of optimistic males, Otis made oration:

"You wouldn't understand if I did explain. Of course I believe in suffrage and all that; though I never did like these hatchet-faced females who want a vote because they can't get a husband, and come round and bother a man and tell him how to run his business."

"Did you ever meet any women like that?"

Otis winged his lofty way onward without heeding her earthy interruption:

"Still, I guess this suffrage is all right; but now I'll tell you my idea of it: A woman ought to adorn her home, and comfort a man when he's all tired out; and you, especially, a Corvalan—you know my grandad was almost the biggest man in Vernon. And—my Lord!—what would people think if they knew you were interested in a common occupation like nursing? Your duty is—well, we ought to teach people good manners; and, anyway, a Corvalan ——"

Was it she who spoke, or was it the voice of a stranger that she heard icily stating:

"My child, somebody in this family has to earn a living!"

She left him, while behind her Otis was proving that hell hath no furies like a Corvalan scorned. He stormed; he wailed. He alternated between ordering her to give up nursing and ordering her to leave his hearth and home at once and become a nurse. She stood in the middle of the sitting room, rather enjoying this melodrama after months of repression. She did not say a word. She couldn't without using a megaphone. And she had nothing to say, except that she was going to continue her study.

Mrs. Corvalan appeared at the door and listened stolidly. She interrupted:

"I don't know what the subject of your address to-night is, Otis, but you are very eloquent. Now you'd better go wash up. Supper is ready."

Otis turned on her:

"Do you know that Lelia is taking up an idiotic course in nursing?"

"I do."

"Are you going to permit it? Do you approve?"

"I do."

"I suppose you'd like me to see my wife working as a servant in the houses of my friends." He looked at Lelia with a sneer.

"My dear boy, don't be so inexact. In the first place, nurses aren't servants. In the second place, if they were I should have a fellow feeling for them—being your servant in this flat. In the third place, you haven't any friends; you have worked them so many times for loans and easy jobs that they despise you."

"Why, I—have—never been spoken to like this—in my life!"

"Oh, yes you have; only you hadn't the subtlety to see it. I myself have insulted you quite frequently. I'll admit I've never spoken quite so plainly before. I've been frozen up. Now I'm beginning to thaw—thanks to this child. I haven't been very affectionate to her. Your father and you have been so full of affection and untrustworthiness that I have soured on endearing terms. But one thing I can do—not let you break her! Now, Otis, don't slam the door too hard; and if you are going to leave us

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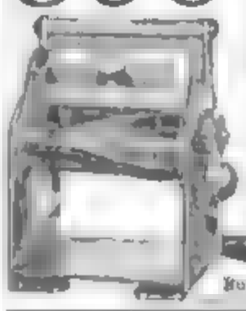

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forever, and never see us again, do try to be back by midnight—and come in quietly."

But he did slam the door very hard. He came back to roar that, since they did not understand him, he would shame them by going to work as a roustabout in the freight yards. He slammed the door even harder on his second exit.

That supper was, of all the meals in Lelia's life, the most strange, the most unreal. Casually eating, talking in a steady unemotional monologue, the mother-in-law undressed her soul. She began:

"I'd better take advantage of my talkative mood and be reasonably shameless, Lelia. Don't think I am unjust to your husband. You see mine, Otis' father, was just like him—sweet and lovable and eloquent, and unbelievably worthless."

At the end, slowly tapping a dessert spoon, she said:

"I've been embittered. I am not a pleasant woman. For some years I was rather proud of being unpleasant. I nursed my hate. And when you first came I was jealous. We women do love these Otises, even when we despise them; and I thought you were too soft for him. But now —— My dear, if you will let me I should like to love you."

Lelia started up, her arms out; but Mrs. Corvalan held up her hand for silence and went on:

"We'll try to work this out together. Perhaps by low cunning we can get our superior Corvalan laddy to become the equal of the average longshoreman. Meantime you'd better go on with your nursing and I will be your assistant. You see ——" The proud voice broke. "At last I have a child of my own!"

She rushed into her bedroom and closed the door.

They sat up for Otis that night; and as they made plans to entrap him into trustworthiness their distaste for him changed back into a yearning love. At midnight he had not come; nor at dawn. Lelia had the impression that if he were brought home dead the mother would not weep—though it might perhaps kill her.

The next afternoon, while they stood, anxious, at the window, they saw him swinging down the street, cocky, energetic, trim.

"The poor dear silly boy—he has gone and got that roustabout job!" said Lelia.

He popped into the room. He chuckled: "Gee, we were all soreheads last night! Was I cross? You folks sure were! Well, I've got a job." Lelia crowed; even Mrs. Corvalan was radiant. "That is, I'm pretty sure I've got it. If I can just raise a thousand plunks I can go in with a fellow on a whale of a real-estate deal. No"—waving his hand loftily—"I shan't take a cent from you, mammy. I know a place where I'm pretty sure I can raise it."

Lelia laughed hysterically and, taking her books, went out to the park to study. It was she who took the lead when they next talked of Otis.

"One thing we might do, Mrs. Corvalan: It's terribly fresh of me to suggest it, but I do think that if you lost your property it might be good for him—make him become responsible."

"Perhaps. I'll think it over."

Then for weeks they sank back into their old dreary routine. The only difference was the grating courtesy with which Mrs. Corvalan treated her. Of affection there was no sign. The land deal disappeared, undealt, and Otis did actually get a job.

A hustler—one of those people who rush about with many papers and engagements, with mysterious telephone calls and catchings of trains and a chronic state of conferences—a hustler was in town to lay out a new motor trail northward from Vernon. He was making short addresses full of words such as "enterprise," "pep" and "initiative." He met Otis at the Vernon Commercial Association clubrooms, liked his suave opinions on motors and road making, and engaged Otis to assist him. For weeks Otis was himself a hustler, with a full outfit of papers, engagements and catchings of trains. He went out of town to see garages and commercial clubs, to get them to subscribe to markers for the trail. At home he spoke affably of himself and his work, gave his womenfolk advice, and always had a not unpleasant odor of sweet Martini cocktails.

He must have known that Lelia was continuing her course in nursing; but he ignored the matter with an open-handed, open-hearted assumption that his womenfolk couldn't possibly disobey so competent a man of the house. He did not go so far in his open-handedness as to bring home much money. But Lelia made herself believe that Otis was becoming genuine. She begged Mrs. Corvalan to believe it. "Huh! I hope so!" was all the mother would say. The more because of that doubt, Lelia let her affection for Otis flow round him now. She listened with quick smiles to his accounts of his triumphs in Gopher Prairie and Joralemon, and the nice things the most prominent doctor of Bjornson Junction had said about him.

In his growing affluence he indicated that they ought to have a baby to carry on the name and glory of the Corvalans.

Lelia felt immodest when Otis discussed the matter rather openly. In Vernon it is good form for married people to be witty and suggestive about love, but very bad form, very Bohemian and socialistic to discuss anything so shocking as the economic place of children. Lelia the girl was miserably embarrassed; but Lelia the nurse refused to have any children till there should be an honorable place made ready for them.

A week afterward Otis furiously announced that his chief, the hustler, was a snake in the grass, and that Otis had shown him where he "got off." Also, that he was glad of it, because he had met a distinguished motor manufacturer who was simply crazy to have Otis' services.

The two women looked at each other and shook their heads. Otis was again unattached; again politely suggestive to his mother about small sums for clothes.

To their surprise the motor manufacturer was not a myth. Otis actually produced him for dinner. They were impressed. His name was Simon Lizechy; he was a handsome man of forty, with the look of an English major; with a hearty laugh, a knowledge of many cities, and a gold cigarette case. It seemed that Mr. Lizechy was going to revolutionize industry in Vernon and in the entire state of North Iosota. He was, he boomed, "a great believer in our great state," though he had been a resident of our great state for only six months.

A cynical lawyer friend of Mrs. Corvalan told her that Mr. Lizechy had sold New York real estate in Oklahoma and Oklahoma mines in New York. But now he was entirely converted to Vernon and permanent industries. He was going to manufacture the Ritoway car. Wherein that motor differed from other makes Lelia could not understand; but Mr. Lizechy assured them it was to be most superior.

There were no Ritoway cars yet to be beheld; but Mr. Lizechy was actually building a factory and permitting his fellow citizens to buy stock. His advertisements splashed the daily papers with assurances that, whatever knockers, pessimists and grouches might think, Mr. Lizechy was a believer in the prosperity of Vernon and determined to develop that prosperity—by selling Ritoway cars.

Lelia had never met so sophisticated, so magniloquent, so beautiful a man as Mr. Lizechy. His frankness swept away her doubts. She was delighted that the magnate should have taken a fancy to Otis. He was thinking of making Otis assistant general manager of the factory—when it should be finished. She was happy at the box party Mr. Lizechy gave at the comedy "with the original New York cast."

Mr. Lizechy announced that he was a lover of labor as well as of prosperity, and that he was going to make his factory strictly profit-sharing. He was going not only to permit his employees to buy stock but, for their own future good, to require them to buy it. . . . If Otis was to be assistant general manager he was to take fifteen thousand dollars' worth of stock.

This announcement he pontifically made at a dinner at the Corvalans' flat. Lelia looked at Mrs. Corvalan. She was astonished to find that the mother was grinning.

"Otis and I will think about it," said Mrs. Corvalan.

"Yes, yes; by all means. Take your time. Just a suggestion of our prosperity program," chanted Mr. Lizechy.

When Lelia and Mrs. Corvalan had a chance to talk it over the mother snorted:

"I didn't think Mr. Lizechy would be so generous! Fifteen thousand dollars he is willing to take off my feeble shoulders! And the utmost I could raise by selling everything I own wouldn't be much over twenty thousand."

"Mother, let's do it!"

"Are you crazy, child?"

"No. I guess Mr. Lizechy is—what is it Otis calls them?—a crook. But don't you remember? We agreed that it might help Otis not to have any income to fall back on. If the thing actually should go through, and he was a manager, the responsibility might get him down to earth. If it breaks—he'll have to go to work! Please ——"

"It's for you to decide, child. You have more years to get through than I have."

So Otis Corvalan became the owner of fifteen thousand dollars' worth of stock in the Ritoway Motor Company and assistant general manager of a still nonexistent factory. His speech became slower with the weightiness of the opinions he had to deliver. He imitated Mr. Lizechy's hearty walk and bought a cigarette case as much like Mr. Lizechy's as he could find.

And the factory actually did open after six months, during which Lelia finished her lectures on nursing and began to read anatomy and physiology. Several cars were produced and Ritoway stock sold widely. Otis was less viceregal now; he was worried by the need of learning the elementary principles of manufacturing. In a moment of weariness he confessed to Lelia that he had been a fool; that he had never concentrated on anything.

He was working hard now, and the responsibility was making him realize that something more than wit and two-dollar ties was required for the management of workmen. He had almost learned the difference between processed steel and leather substitute when the unsympathetic Federal investigators got Mr. Lizechy and suspended the Ritoway Motor Company.

When Otis came home Lelia put his head on her shoulder and comforted him for the hurt. She was ready to sacrifice everything for him. When he mourned "I've ruined all of us!" she chirped: "Never mind, dear. I'll help you."

Then at last Mrs. Corvalan showed herself the traditional mother-in-law, taking the part of her child against the interloper. Only it was Lelia who was her child. She coldly interrupted:

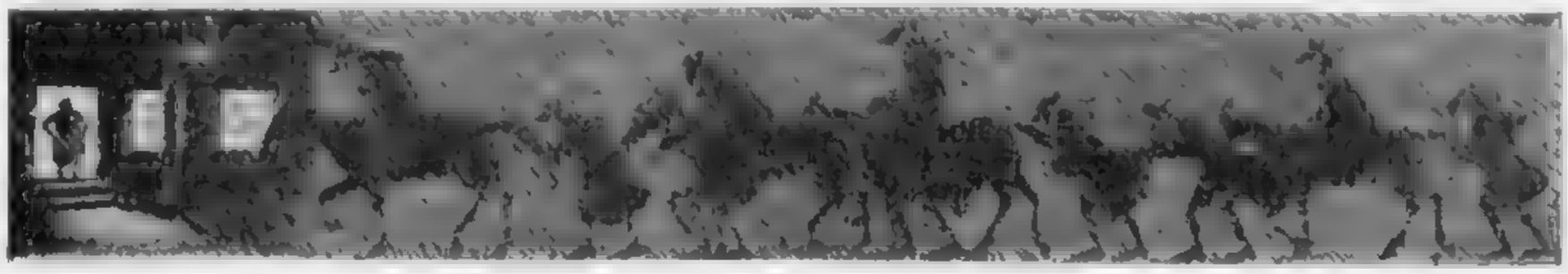
"Yes, Otis, you have ruined us. Lelia and I have a few thousands, though. And we are going to Chicago ——"

"What do you mean, mother?" Lelia demanded.

"I've made arrangements for you to enter a nurses' training school there. I'll go along and keep house for you—if you'll let me. And Otis can come and join us when he succeeds at something—if he succeeds! We'll pray that he does. But if he doesn't ——"

An hour or two later, after Otis had gone out to look for a job—not for an "opening"—Lelia glanced into the mirror of her dressing table and caught the reflection of her mother-in-law watching her from the doorway, like a shadow in the glass; like the shadow of a ghost. She saw that Mrs. Corvalan's cheeks were shining with long-unused tears; that her face and her puckered mouth were working pitifully, as though she was trying to speak.

Mrs. Corvalan turned away, silent. Then Lelia ran to her; and in a passion of hope for the future the two women clung together.



The Man With a Million Dollar Memory

How Any Man Can Improve His Memory In a Single Evening of Solid Fun

A MAN must have a pretty good memory to have it assessed at a million dollars. And yet this is what I have heard business men say was a small valuation of the memory of one of our big industrial leaders.

The man I refer to is one of the giants of American Business. He is the president of one of the largest corporations in the world and one whose employees run into the hundred thousands.

Ask this man anything about the history of his business—about the details of production in any one of his plants—about the characteristics of his thousands of important employees—or, in fact, ask him anything you can think of in relation to his business and its complex ramifications, and he comes back with the figures and facts without an instant's hesitation.

All who know this great man—and there is not a man in America who does not know him—say that perhaps the greatest factor in his marvelous success is his *memory*.

The Amazing Memory Feats of David M. Roth

The New York *Tribune* said:

"David M. Roth gave a practical demonstration of memory at the lunch meeting of the Rotary Club at the Hotel McAlpin.

"Mr. Roth asked the men at any four tables to call out their names. This they did—32 of them. Then the speaker turned his back and they changed seats. Mr. Roth then proceeded to call each one by name and went through them without error. Other astonishing illustrations were given."

The Seattle *Post Intelligencer* said:

"Of the 150 members of the Seattle Rotary Club at a luncheon yesterday not one left with the slightest doubt that Mr. Roth could do all claimed for him. Rotarians at the meeting had to pinch themselves to see whether they were awake or not.

"Mr. Roth started his exhibition by asking sixty of those present to introduce themselves by name to him. Then he waved them aside and requested a member at the blackboard to write down names of firms, sentences and mottoes on numbered squares, meanwhile sitting with his back to the writer and only learning the positions by oral report. After this he was asked by different Rotarians to tell what was written down in various specific squares, and gave the entire list without a mistake.

"After finishing with this, Mr. Roth singled out and called by name the sixty men to whom he had been introduced earlier, who in the meantime had changed seats and had mixed with others present."

Memory and Good Judgment

Good judgment is largely a matter of memory. It is easy to make the right decisions if you have *all* the related facts outlined in your mind — clearly and exactly.

Wrong decisions in business are made because the man who makes them forgets some vital fact or figure which, had he been able to summon clearly to mind, would have changed his viewpoint.

The Power of Memory

A man's experience in business is only as old as his memory. The measure of his ability is largely his power to remember at the right time. Two men who have been in a certain business will vary greatly in their experience and value.

If you *can* remember—clearly and accurately—the solution of every important problem since you first took hold of your work, you can make *all* of your experience count.

If, however, you have not a good memory and cannot recall instantly facts and figures that you learned years ago, you cannot make your experience count.

There is no asset in business more important than a good memory. The man referred to at the beginning of this article, whose memory is said to be easily worth a million dollars, knows more about his business than any other man in his field because he has been able to remember everything he has ever learned.

Easy for Anyone

Any man, woman or child of average intelligence can easily and quickly acquire a sure and exact memory.

When David M. Roth, the famous memory expert, first determined to cultivate his memory he did it because he had *poor* memory. He actually could not remember a man's name twenty seconds. He forgot so many things that he knew he could not succeed unless he did learn how to remember.

Today there are over ten thousand people in the United States whom Mr. Roth has met at different times—most of them only once—whom he can name instantly on sight. Mr. Roth can and has, hundreds of times at dinners and lectures, asked from fifty to one hundred people to tell him their names and telephone numbers and business connections, and then, after turning his back while they changed seats, has picked each one out by name and told him his telephone number and business.

These are only a few of the scores of other equally "impossible" things that Mr. Roth does—and yet a few years ago he could not remember a man's name twenty seconds. *You too can do these wonderful things.*

A Better Memory in One Evening

Mr. Roth's system, which he has developed through years of study, and which he has taught in class to thousands of business men and others throughout the country in person, is so easy that a twelve-year-old child can learn it, and it is more real fun than any game you play solely for pleasure.

Not only will you enjoy every moment you spend on this wonderful Course but so will your entire family—even the small children can join in the fun.

You get results in the first few moments. Fifteen minutes after you start the first lesson you will see an amazing difference in your power to remember. And a single evening spent on the first lesson will double your memory power—and may do even more, just as it has for thousands of others.

Just think what this will mean to you—to have twice as good a memory—to

Remember Instantly

Names and Faces	**Business Figures**
What You Read	**Statistics**
Speeches You Hear	**Facts**
Talks	**References**
Business Details	**Sermons and Lectures**
Selling Points	**Business Reports**
Legal Points	**Good Stories**
Conversations	**School Lessons**
Pictures	**Household Duties**
History and Dates	**Business Appointments**
Streets and Numbers	**Social Appointments**

The reason Mr. Roth can aid your memory in one evening is because he gives you the boiled down, crystallized information right at the start—then how far you care to go in further multiplying your ability to remember will depend simply on how far you want to go. He makes the act of remembering an easy, natural, automatic process of the mind.

Try Before You Buy

So confident are the publishers, the Independent Corporation, of the remarkable value of the Roth Memory Course to every reader of this publication that they want you to test out this remarkable system in your own home before you decide to buy. The course must sell itself to you by actually increasing your memory before you obligate yourself to spend a penny.

Only $5 If You Keep It

Mr. Roth's fee for personal instruction to classes limited to fifty members is $1,000, but in order to secure nation-wide distribution for the Roth Memory Mail Course in a single season the publishers have put the price at only $5. The Course contains the very same material in permanent form that is given in the personal $1,000 class.

And bear in mind—you don't have to pay even the small fee asked unless after a test in your own home you decide to keep it.

Send No Money

Don't send a single penny. Merely fill out and mail the coupon. By return post, all charges prepaid, the complete Roth Memory Course will be sent to your home.

Study it one evening—more if you like—then if you feel that you can afford not to keep this great aid to more dollars—to bigger responsibilities—to fullest success in life, mail it back to the publishers within five days and you will owe nothing.

If a better memory means only one-tenth as much to you as it has to thousands of other business men and women, mail the coupon today—NOW—but don't put it off and forget—as those who need the Course the very worst are apt to do. Send the coupon in or write a letter now before the low introductory price is withdrawn.

EVIDENCE

Terence J. McManus of the firm of Olcott, Bonynge, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York, says:

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I have already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

Major E. B. Craft, Ass't Chief Engineer of the Western Electric Company, New York City, says:

"Last evening was the first opportunity I had to study the course, and in one sitting I succeeded in learning the list of one hundred words forward and backward, and to say that I am delighted with the methods outlined is putting it very mildly.

"I feel already that I am more than repaid in the real value and enjoyment that I have got out of the first lesson."

Frank W. Collier of The American University, Washington, D. C., says:

"I have examined and used the Roth Memory Course, and I wish to tell you how pleased I am with it. I have seven systems of memory training, every one of them of some value, some of very great value; but the Roth Course introduces a new principle which excels them all. It is as simple as it is effective."

W. H. C. Johnson of Macon, Ga., says:

"Memory Course received. Learned lesson No. 1 in one evening. Enjoyed it as much as I did 'Oliver Twist' or 'Mary Pickford' and have more as a result to think about and a better thinker to think with to boot."

Alex. Christie of Philadelphia, Pa., says:

"I received your Course late Saturday afternoon, April 6, and after looking it over I sent Five Dollars by registered mail on Monday, April 8. The Course is nothing less than wonderful and is everything as represented."

Independent Corporation

Division of Business Education

Dept. 196, 119 WEST 40th ST., NEW YORK CITY

Publishers of The Independent (and Harper's Weekly)

Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either remail the course to you within five days after its receipt or send you $5.

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PURE FRUIT

HERE is the stored-up sunshine, the delicate flavor, the pure *naturalness* of beverages such as man never made. Drinks that owe their delight to the fruit of wonderful size and flavor, which grows on the mountain sides and in the valleys of the Pacific Northwest.

So vast is the yield of the orchards and vineyards that the marketing of this fruit was a problem. But now a great new industry has sprung up. Modern plants—bright with silvered utensils and glass-lined receptacles—are located in the heart of the fine-fruit country.

Only sound, ripe, hand-picked fruit is used. All of it is inspected by white-clad women. Into immense presses the fruit goes, from which comes a stream of pure, fragrant juice. It is filtered, bottled, sterilized.

Authorities say these pure, unfermented fruit beverages are the great drinks of the future. Their healthful fruit acids and minerals are good for us. In his article, "Quenching the Nation's Thirst," John R. McMahon says, "Fruit juice is the permanent and coming drink of a dry nation."

Applju—the apple juice *de luxe*

Was there ever an apple juice like this? Light—sparkling—golden-hued. Your first sip of APPLJU is a revelation. Its bouquet and flavor is that of the famous apples of Washington and Oregon. And it is enhanced by the APPLJU process, which gives that wonderful clearness and sparkle.

APPLJU retains all its freshness. No preservatives. Not a cider. Keeps indefinitely until opened.

Buy APPLJU by the bottle or the case from your dealer. Delightful when served like champagne—you'll love to sip it! Adds a rare flavor to jellies, pies, cakes, etc. Be sure your dealer gives you APPLJU.

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Pure Juice of the Loganberry

PHEZ is just the pure, fruity juice of the piquant Loganberry—an *entirely new flavor*—a new taste! It has that grateful tang which drives away the *thirstiest* thirst.

Nature crossed the wild mountain blackberry with the red raspberry. Result, the Loganberry—big, luscious, fairly bursting with this rich, ruby-red juice.

PHEZ is twice as heavy as any other fruit juice. When you mix one part PHEZ and two parts water it is delightful. Loganberry Juice contains healthful fruit acids. One pint of juice has 126 grains of fruit acids—chiefly citric.

A wonderful flavoring for ices, sherbets, punch, gelatins, puddings, sundaes. Make your own jelly with PHEZ at any time. Write for the booklet, showing scores of ways for using Loganberry Juice to make foods more tempting.

Pheasant Northwest Products Co.

General Offices, Salem, Oregon

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Loju

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Loganberry Beverage
-- Ready to Drink

Always add two parts of water to one part PHEZ

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JUICES IN WESTERN AMERICA

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DO you, too, enjoy the refreshment of the pure, floating, oval cake? How freely it lathers—how agreeably it cleanses! Fairy Soap adds real pleasure to toilet and bath.

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